

Ostriches

Today only
Round Trip

Passengers Cars, including admission to the

Life Students

Tuesday, Feb. 20. Admission Free.

AVEL—

SHIP IOWA

NOW ANCHORED IN
SAN DIEGO

Open for Visitors.

More people are now queuing

outside San Diego than at any

other place in the world.

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

KANSAS CITY,

CHICAGO,

BOSTON,

ST. LOUIS,

DES MOINES,

ST. PAUL,

MILWAUKEE.

TO—

TALINA ISLAND

HERMOSA

Private cabins can be reserved

at any time.

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

MOUNT LOWE

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

INGTON'S BIRTH

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

PIANO CO.

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

MONICA-BY-THE-SEA

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

ALIFORNIA

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

Barbara,

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

BROADWAY.

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

Barbara,

Trains leave San Diego at 10:30 a.m.

Arrive San Diego at 11:30 a.m.

Ticket Office Corner of

Spring Streets.

TO—

ARK USED MONEY.

HE SAYS FOR LAWFUL
PURPOSES ONLY.

Millions of Testimonies in His

Behalf in the Contest Affect-

ing His Right to a Seat in the

Senate.

Emphatically All Charges

Corrupt Use of Money in the

Purportance of His Polit-

ical Aims.

That He Paid Out One Hun-

dred Thousand Dollars,

Not Alleged That Was

Honestly Spent.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Senator

Clark today told the Senate

that he had paid out one hun-

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the purpose of securing his

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The Boston Lyrics.

Tonight, Monday, Tuesday,
The Laughing Cyclone

"SAID PASHA"

INTRODUCING—"Leave My Happy Home for You."
—Love Is King.
—Kentucky Babe.
—The Oyster's Romance.
—Get Your Hammer Out and Knock Me."

Wednesday and Thursday

"IL TROVATORE"

Friday Night—JONATHAN CLUB NIGHT.
Friday, Saturday Matinee and Evening.

"La MASCOTTE"

WRITTEN UP-TO-DATE

REMEMBER SUNDAY NIGHT!!

SPECIAL PRICES—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Tel. Main 70.

NEXT WEEK LAST WEEK OF THE BOSTON LYRICS.

OS ANGELES THEATER—G. M. WOOD, Lessee.

The Board of Directors of the Jonathan Club

JONATHAN NIGHT

At the Los Angeles Theater, Friday Evening, February 23d.

Having rented the entire lower floor for that date, including all boxes and loges in addition to the presentation of the opera MASCOTTE, special features will be introduced and the house will be elaborately decorated in the Club colors. The admission of reserved seats will open tomorrow at 12 o'clock noon at the Club, and continue until Tuesday night; thereafter at J. T. Fitzgerald's, 113 South Spring Street, from 5 to 10 o'clock.

MIMPSON AUDITORIUM—BLANCHARD HALL.

Management F. W. BLANCHARD.

ADVANCE SALE OF SEATS

Commences tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock

Prices—\$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00, \$23.00, \$24.00, \$25.00, \$26.00, \$27.00, \$28.00, \$29.00, \$30.00, \$31.00, \$32.00, \$33.00, \$34.00, \$35.00, \$36.00, \$37.00, \$38.00, \$39.00, \$40.00, \$41.00, \$42.00, \$43.00, \$44.00, \$45.00, \$46.00, \$47.00, \$48.00, \$49.00, \$50.00, \$51.00, \$52.00, \$53.00, \$54.00, \$55.00, \$56.00, \$57.00, \$58.00, \$59.00, \$60.00, \$61.00, \$62.00, \$63.00, \$64.00, \$65.00, \$66.00, \$67.00, \$68.00, \$69.00, \$70.00, \$71.00, \$72.00, \$73.00, \$74.00, \$75.00, \$76.00, \$77.00, \$78.00, \$79.00, \$80.00, \$81.00, \$82.00, \$83.00, \$84.00, \$85.00, \$86.00, \$87.00, \$88.00, \$89.00, \$90.00, \$91.00, \$92.00, \$93.00, \$94.00, \$95.00, \$96.00, \$97.00, \$98.00, \$99.00, \$100.00, \$101.00, \$102.00, \$103.00, \$104.00, \$105.00, \$106.00, \$107.00, \$108.00, \$109.00, \$110.00, 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✧ People in Society. ✧

act by Roy Gray, Louis Brown, Frank Tatam, Blanche Baum, who assisted Mrs. Schwarz in living were Mrs. Weber, Miss Bertha Baum. Those present were Misses Jessie Edwards, Estelle Zeld, James,

EVENTS IN SOCIETY.

Overton entertained informally a chafing-dish supper Friday evening. The guests were: Mrs. J. C. Milway Corson, Mrs. H. C. Corson, Miss Mary Belle Elliott, Miss Moore, Mrs. J. W. Lowe, James Field, Turner, Grogan and Overton.

and Mrs. Walter Lindley entered at dinner Wednesday evening honor of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Robertson. The guests were: Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Brainerd, Dr. Mrs. Norman Bridge, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. Robertson is professor of medical diseases in the medical

• • •

Pearl Rutledge entertained today evening at her home on Burnside avenue. She was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Frank Lorange, and Josie Williams. The guests were entertained with a poster-guessing game and a floral contest, after which a play was enjoyed. The first prize, a gold hat pin, was won by Miss Benedict. A silver watch box by Mr.

The consolations. Points on
t. were received by Miss Marlowe
Mr. Gordon. The parlors were
mately decorated with white roses
festoons of smilax along the corners
the chandeliers. The guests were
Mrs. May Bennett, Lena Marlowe,
O'Brien, Edith Norviel, May
Ms. Mamie Fox, Ella Young, Lot-
Edith Davis, Ines Shephard,
Ashman, Gertie Smith; Mesars. C.
Mrs. J. Gordon, W. Hamilton, W.

W. E. O'Shea, J. Daniels, F. Mar-
w. F. X. J. Richardson, L. Ross,
Arnold, W. Gamble.

... ..

and Mrs. Henderson Hayward
Mrs. Annie F. Young, were the
of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cutler
at the Valentine dinner and
given at the Pasadena Country
on last Wednesday evening.

... ..

M. A. Wright entertained a few friends Wednesday evening at her home, No. 125 West Sixth street. The occasion was in honor of St. Valentine's day. The house was decorated with festoons of hearts and valentines. The mail box was opened during the evening, the contents being original valentines, and their reading caused much merriment. An elaborate supper was served at 12 o'clock. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Keller, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Bassatt, Mr. and Mrs. George McMaster, Mr. and Francis Day, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harts, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cranford, and Mrs. John Gilman, Miss Kellogg, Messrs. James P. Keane and J. F. Wood.

. . .

Ms. Antoinette Trebelli was the guest of honor at a dinner and reception given at the home of Mrs.

Henderson Mathewson on Love-
avenue Wednesday evening. The
at the table were Mr. and Mrs.
Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Wil-
James Chick, Robert Clarence
and Miss Elizabeth Louise
A number of the representa-
people of Los Angeles were pres-
ent at the reception during the even-
Music, reciting and palmistry
tained the guests.

William Molony was the host Wednesday evening at a delightful Valentine whist party, at the residence of Richard Molony-on Prospect. The occasion was in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brule of Denver who are sojourning in Southern California, on a pleasure trip. The tables were decorated with smilax and carnations. After the whist was finished, refreshments were served at small tables. Punch

arrived in an alcove leading off from the parlor. The guests were entertained until a late hour by Joseph L. Newman, the singer and author, at the Orpheum, who was among the guests. Mr. Newman sustained his reputation as the prince of parlor entertainers, with his card and coin songs. Miss Salmon rendered several selections on the piano. The evening was assisted in entertaining by Miss Rose Krerer, and the Misses

Y. First prizes were won by D. Stein and C. Morton. The consolation prizes were won by Mr. A. and Miss Salmon. Among the present were Mr. and Mrs. A. of Denver, Mr. and Mrs. R. of Mr. and Mrs. Clark; Misses Egerer, Heaney, McCann, Dora Ada Stein, Amy and Aggie Oller, Anna White, Moriarity, Francis and Anna Molony; Messrs. Joe New Ford, McCann, White, Seaver,

... and Mrs. Cameron Erskine
save a box party at the
on Wednesday evening, followed
upper at Leys'. Their guests
Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Balch, Mr.
Mrs. J. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs.
Bally Mrs. Day, Miss Ger-
Gonding; Messrs. Joe Cook

... and enjoyable hearts party given at Gray Gables on St. Valentine's evening. Feasts of red and white were used in great profusion for the occasion. Appropriate prizes were given. Refreshments served and dancing continued until a late hour.

pleasant surprise party Wednesday evening. The occasion was the day of Mrs. Adams. Musical numbers were rendered by Mrs. G. W. Baldwin, and Mrs. L. Abraham. Present: The following named
Mmes. Fannie Lynch, M.
R. Rheim, F. E. Harwood,
Zena, George Salmond, M. J.
Mary Dunning, H. Spence,
G. W. Barnes, Franklin, J.
Miss

and Mrs. E. T. Earl gave a
ing dinner party Thursday even-
their handsome home on Wil-
leaved. The dining-room and
were decorated with nasturtium
and vines. The guests were
and Mrs. C. H. Clark.

William G. Nevlin Mr. and
F. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs.
Mossin, Count and Mrs. Jaro
Gabl
and Mrs. W. F. Botsford of
Heights gave an informal din-
ner Wednesday evening, in honor
of Mrs. Clark, who have re-
turned from the East for an
extended stay in Los Angeles. Other
guests were Count and Mrs. Jaro
Gabl
W. I.
aggrav
will
Reul
street
Mr
moth

... Mrs. Jaro von | be a

ir was
e Jessie Schwarz. The

The marriage of Miss Alice Lisk and Robert Lacey, February 20, will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Lincoln avenue. A recep-

large number of friends Thursday at the home of the former, in honor of J. J. Tootles, who is spending winter at the Florence.

J. N. Wiley and daughters, Mrs. Birdie and Edith Wiley, who just returned from an extended stay at Honolulu, are the guests of J. D. Edward of Oakland is the

About thirty persons witnessed the ceremony. Mrs. Stickney's beaumont was tastefully decorated with flowering smilax and an abundance of carnations. Mr. and Mrs. left on the afternoon train, and

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235 S. Broadway.

place at the house of the bride's
parents on Lincoln avenue. A recep-
tion was given by Mrs. F. W. Kellogg, of Omaha, who
was the hostess for the occasion.

... D. Edward of Oakland is the

flowering smilax and an abundance of carnations. Mr. and Mrs. left on the afternoon train, and

235 S. Broadway.

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 moved to their new store
 opposite Public Library.
235 S. Broadway.

The name Silverwood on an article means the same as the "sterling" mark on silver.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

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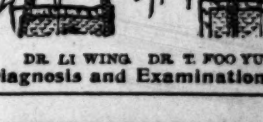
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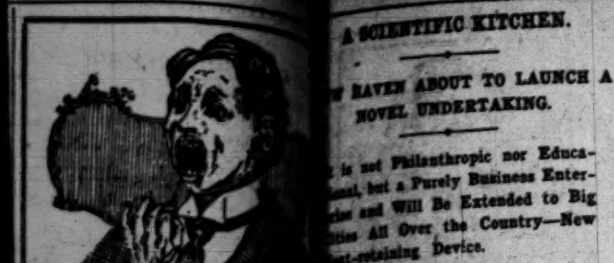
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A SCIENTIFIC KITCHEN.
HAYEN ABOUT TO LAUNCH A NOVEL UNDERTAKING.

Philadelphia (North American) Correspondent, New Haven, where she is engaged in the launching of a novel undertaking, is about to launch an experiment in the kitchen, whose results do not seem to be very promising. The experiment is to be conducted in a kitchen, and the results are to be published in a book.

Some of Our References:
Col. R. J. Northrup, President of the California Automobile Club; J. R. Newberry, J. W. Blinn, Lumber Co.; E. B. Tufte, Tufte-Lyon Arms Co.; E. B. Tufte, Tufte-Lyon Arms Co.; E. B. Tufte, Tufte-Lyon Arms Co.

AUCTIONS.
Public Administrator's Office, Real Estate, Monday, Feb. 13, 1900.

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seventy-three miles, were as hot and painful as if they had just been sent up from my own kitchen. In fact, they were delicious in quality, and evinced skill in preparation. With adequate capital, I am convinced that a company could be formed to meet the requirements of many households, at an enormous saving of time and money.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.
ATHLETES CONTEST FOR THE FIELD-DAY TEAM.
The University of Southern California Athletic Association held its home field day and track meet at Agricultural Park yesterday afternoon. Several hundred spectators watched the sports, which were interesting.

The events yesterday were hotly contested; in many instances good records were made and there were many exciting finishes. The most exciting and closest match of the day was the half mile relay race. Two teams of four men were entered, each team running eight miles. Each lap was run in good time with the exception of the mile run. In that event there was a scarcity of pace-makers. The hot weather also made speed difficult. Average records were made in the high and broad jumps.

The first race was called at 2:30. Van Dyke, George Oates and J. Enyeart faced the line for the 220-yard dash. Oates got away first but Van Dyke broke away at the finish, winning easily in 0:24. Oates was second.

The running broad jump, Miller cleared 18 feet 8 inches, and won. J. S. Ferguson was a close second. Van Dyke won the high jump, Miller and J. S. Ferguson tied at 5 feet 3 inches. The half mile relay was won by the team composed of Crowell, C. Enyeart, Smith and R. Ferguson. Each man ran a lap of 220 yards. The second team was ahead till the last lap. L. S. Enyeart, Oates, Flint and Hansen were the losers. R. Ferguson made a star finish and overcame the lead of the rival team, winning in 1:44. The men taking first and second places qualified for the intercollegiate contest.

The officials of yesterday contest were: Judge, Wilfred E. Smith and D. A. Stephens; referee, F. C. Wright; starter, R. B. Pratt; timers, Charles Hayner and E. L. Ward.

Lawton's Fatalism.
[Collier's Weekly:] A western orator recently attributed to Gen. Lawton the dying speech of "Bucky" O'Neill of the Rough Riders, who was struck in the mouth by a bullet at San Juan just after he had remarked that the bullet had not been made by which could hit him.

A brother officer of Gen. Lawton in the Philippines corrects this report in this issue. He had remarked, jestingly, that he offered a very convenient target for a bullet, and he laughed and replied that the right bullet would always find its mark, no matter how small. Then he said an incident which occurred during the civil war. In one of the engagements of his command, he can't remember now whether or not he mentioned the place—a piece of shell hit the ground near where a soldier was standing, and he jumped straight up into the air, like a man who had been hit. The soldier, who was actually hit, jumped after him. He spoke in a light, offhand fashion, but there was an undertone of seriousness in his voice, and I inferred from the story that he was, like most veteran soldiers, a pronounced fatalist.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

A. D. GERVAIS retires from this firm, and in order to settle the affairs of the partners we are obliged to make a quick and terrible sacrifice of our immense new stock at whatever prices can be realized at a forced sale. Cost will be entirely disregarded—Everything goes, without reserve.

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Store closed all day
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This is absolutely the greatest
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Call at my office and avail yourself of a trial of that grand remedy—electricity. The free treatments I am giving illustrate the curative power of my
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Now you can realize something of the effects of my improved Electric Belt, which has become so famous by the thousands of cures it has wrought. No more skepticism about electricity as a cure. The treatments I am giving scatter all doubt and prejudice and prove the application of the current to be the supreme remedy for NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, PAINS IN THE BACK AND KIDNEY TROUBLE. Look this matter square in the face without biased opinion; test it by a trial treatment, and you will see what a natural restorer it is and how well it accords with your condition. It's a sublime blessing to have your pain and weakness driven out by that magnetic which is the mysterious, healing touch of Nature. You take no physic; suffer no torture. SPECIAL—My advice is free. My illustrated book is free. Send for it, or call and get a trial treatment free.

RESTORED HIS STRENGTH.
DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN—Dear Sir: I have used your Belt about one month, and it has done wonders for me. As a general investigator it has no equal, and it is worth to me many times the amount I paid for it. I feel ten years younger than my age (60) and say it all to your wonderful Belt. You may refer any one to me. Yours very truly,
MORRIS, Los Angeles Co., Cal., Jan. 4, 1900.
OHLAND SPRING

10,000 MEN WEAK, WASTING, and Despondent, Cured in One Year.
Startling Record of "Gran-Solvent."

Discover Stricture like snow before the sun, reduces ENLARGED PROSTATE, contracts and strengthens in 15 days. No drugs to ruin the Stomach, but a direct, local and positive application to the entire Urethral Duct.
GRAN-SOLVENT Discovered by the Chemist, Fabron, it quickly interested the great Scientist and Physician, Erdman, who developed it and proclaimed that it was the wonder of the century.
At enormous expense Dr. C. J. Carter outstripped all competitors and secured exclusive control on the Western Coast for the St. James Association.
The great virtue in the method of application is its direct and positive action. No vile, drastic drugs to ruin the stomach and digestive system. The Gran-Solvent used upon retiring at night dissolves by the heat and excretion of the body in three hours, which is sufficient time to penetrate and dissolve stricture, thoroughly medicating the entire tract.
Prostate Gland, reducing enlargement and forever stopping drains and curing while you sleep without pain or inconvenience. The absorbent and antiseptic action of "Gran-Solvent" assures itself in destroying the germs that infect the Bladder and Prostate Gland.
During the present year over 10,000 men born aches to begin life anew with fresh vigor, full of strength and the consciousness of restored vitality. Under the influence of this sovereign solvent Stricture is dissolved and dislodged in 15 days to months, without cutting and discharging, and without the brutal, fruitless record of treatment in Stricture, and yet there has never been ONE CURE by such savage methods. The experience with which this solvent is now applying for this solvent is an open confession of their error in the past. OVER 50 LEADING PHYSICIANS in the United States and Canada have abandoned the safe and comfortable Gran-Solvent in their practice as a human and unfailing agent.
"GRAN-SOLVENT IS NOT A LIQUID"—It is prepared in the form of Crystals or Pearls, smooth and flexible, and so easy to pass the clearest Stricture.

Shaving the form in which Gran-Solvent is prepared.
HOW THE CRAYONS OR PEARLS ARE USED.—The Crayon slips into position, every particle dissolves, literally melts, and is absorbed. The Crayon is then removed, and the patient is left in perfect health. We have prepared a valuable work, previously illustrated, showing the various ways of the crays, and the use of the crays, which we will send securely wrapped in plain package, prepaid, to any applicant.
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On account of some unfortunate experience I had in the extraction of my teeth, I became a great coward in this respect. Today Dr. Schifman extracted one of my very refractory teeth without causing me any particle of pain.

DR. H. K. FRANK.
Judge Superior Court, L.A. County.
My father, Judge Franklin Blakes of Pomona, had long suffered with bad teeth. As he is nearly 70 years of age he naturally shrank from the ordeal of having his teeth extracted and a new set fitted. The possibility of painless extraction induced him to consult Dr. Schifman. The operation was indeed painless, he commented with extreme reluctance to the forceps. There were both lower and upper teeth to extract, but he stipulated that the operation that only the lower should be done. Dr. Schifman, however, declared he wished all upper as well as lower, had been removed, and a few days later he returned to Dr. Schifman and had the upper teeth extracted. Dr. Schifman was present when the first operation was performed, and he was so gentle and kind, and greatly pleased that the patient, so old and infirm, was able to undergo the operation with such slight discomfort. My father says he felt absolutely no pain. PAUL H. BLADDER, General Manager Record Publishing Co.

Some of Our References:
Col. R. J. Northrup, President of the California Automobile Club; J. R. Newberry, J. W. Blinn, Lumber Co.; E. B. Tufte, Tufte-Lyon Arms Co.; E. B. Tufte, Tufte-Lyon Arms Co.; E. B. Tufte, Tufte-Lyon Arms Co.

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THE LOS ANGELES TIMES.

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Here's the best bargain news you'll find in this morning's paper—the very goods that you want and are willing to pay full prices for, we're able to offer you at half their value.
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Heavy, standard, 10c goods in an endless variety of patterns, checks, figures, bright, clean and fresh, but short lengths that you may buy by the yard, so what difference does it make if the pieces are short? but in the price **7½c**

10c Outing Flannel 6c.
As fine and heavy as any 10c goods we ever sold. In light and bright colors. It's the best the mill man had and he was willing to lose if we took the whole lot—500 pieces. **6c**

The Emporium Sale—A Triumph of Trade

We'd like it if there was more of it. We bring forward tomorrow the last installment—fully one-half of what was first shown has already been sold.

Every day has seen a greater volume of trade than the day before. Folks who have been here can't keep the good news from their friends—they in turn have hurried here.

This is the Most Satisfactory Lot of Bargains We Ever Offered

Everything is so spick-and-span—you can hardly believe your eyes. If we'd have put these goods in stock you could not tell them from our own, and you'd as willingly pay full price for the one as the other. But we're not here as tricksters, we're suppliers. We could easily double our profits if we held the stock 60 days. All we ask is a commission for handling goods, and you buy from us proportionate to what we pay. That's crudely put but it's as clear as daylight when you see it in connection with prices attached to the Emporium stock.

Men's Collars.

From the Emporium Stock.
Corliss, Coon & Co.'s standard 12½c collars in all the best shapes and styles. Someone must lose money if you ever buy for less than 12½c. In this case it's the Emporium. Come while they last. **8½c**

Men's Shirts

From the Emporium Stock.
Unlaundried white shirts of heavy muslin, union linen bosom, sizes 14 to 17, usually ask 40c for these; Emporium Sale price. **25c**

Boy's Shirts

From the Emporium Stock.
These shirts are made of a fine quality percale with attached collars and cuffs, an endless variety of patterns, worth 50c, but tomorrow we ask only **33c**.

Men's Shirts

From the Emporium Stock.
100 laundered percale shirts, a lot of odds and ends of different lines and many sizes; worth 75c, will be sold now for **49c**.

Work Shirts

From the Emporium Stock.
Have a double front yoke, wide body and full length—made of black and white striped duck, double stitched seams, while they last take what the Emporium had left for **33c**.

Notions.

From the Emporium Stock.

- 12 dozen Agate Buttons 3c.
- A card of Hooks and Eyes ¼c.
- 2c Dress Shields, fine quality, 14c.
- Black Enamel Darning Balls 1c.
- Hat Elastic, flat or round, yard, 1c.
- Dozen Hair Pins, aluminum, shell or crimped or straight, 3c.
- Dress Stays, all colors, silk stitched, a dozen, 4c.
- Dog Collar Belts with fancy nickel plated trimmings, patent lock, but. **25c**

Ladies' sample shoes worth \$2, for \$1.39, several styles.

Another lot of Ladies' \$1.50 Shoes for 98c, and there are a few slippers among them.

A few more Child's 75c Vesting Top Shoes for 49c.

Ribbon Sale

Prices Lower Than They Used to Be.

It took clever maneuvering of our buyer to make that possible—He says he'll never give up to new prices until he has to. So—What's the use paying new advanced prices when you can buy lower than the old prices? For example—Taffeta All-Silk Ribbons in the finest pastel effects. We hint of the prices, but you must see them to get the full force of their beauty—a full range of all colors.

Inches wide	Per yd.	Price.	Inches wide	Per yd.	Price.
No. 5.....1½-16	5c	80c	No. 16.....2½	15c	\$1.35
No. 7.....1½	7½c	75c	No. 22.....2½	18c	\$1.75
No. 9.....1½	10c	90c	No. 40.....3½	20c	\$2.00
No. 12.....1½	12½c	\$1.10	No. 50.....3 15-16	23c	\$2.30

Muslin Underwear.

From the Emporium Sale.

- Ladies' Muslin Gowns with tucked yokes, edged with fine cambric ruffles; instead of 50c we're able to make them **39c**.
- Ladies' Muslin Drawers, plain wide hem and cluster of tucks—**14c**.
- Another line of Ladies' Muslin Drawers, trimmed with plain, wide hem and cluster of tucks—but **19c**.
- Ladies' Muslin Skirts, plain, wide hem, cluster of tucks—think of it, **13c**.
- Ladies' Muslin Chemise, embroidered yokes, edged with linen lace—only **25c**.

Torchon Laces

From the Emporium Stock.

Some 200 pieces. In all the new designs, ¼ of an inch to 3½ inches wide with insertion to match. No matter what the Emporium sold them for you may have what you like for the ridiculous price of **5c**

Embroidery

From the Emporium Stock.

There's upwards of a thousand pieces of cambric and Swiss embroidery as well as insertions that came to us with a 10c mark on it but we'll let you choose while they last for **6½c**

Hosiery

From the Emporium Stock.

Ladies' 5c black cotton hose, seamless, 3½c a pair.

Ladies' black cotton hose, seamless, spliced heels and toes, full fashioned, the Emporium's 10c line, closing out for **8½c**

Boys' bicycle hose, two and one ribbed, double knees, spliced heels and toes, very elastic; what the Emporium sold for 23c you can have now for **15c**.

Ladies' black cotton hose, with heavy, double soles, spliced heels and toes, and guaranteed to be fast colors. These are the Emporium's 15c hosiery that we will sell you for **11c** a pair.

Special values in a fresh lot of Japanese ting. At 22½c is a fine quality of linen

Dressmaking

Have Been Waiting

Discounts are that's why we don't. We believe in one price—the lowest. We're glad so many think our way too. Judge from the dressmakers' trade doing.

—10 yds. of 10c Percale

—10 yds. of 10c Silks

—20 yds. of 5c Cambric

—2 yds. of 30c Collar

—10 yds. of 10c Tailor

—6½ yds. of 15c Linen

—12 yds. of 8½c Barred

—10 sheets of 2½c Sheet

—12 yds of 7½c Plain

—Sewing Silk, 100-yd

—Currier's for 6c

—Button Hole Twist, Car

—Best, now 3 spools for

—Cordova Binding, a yard

—Balmoral Velveteen

—Boots 12½c, or one-half

—Brush Binding, fine

—or a dozen yards for

—Binding Ribbon, all

—10c, or one half doz

—Whole Bones, good

—per doz 5c, or a gross

—Whole Bones, approx

—lengths, a dozen for

—Whole-bone Casting

—stitched, all colors, 6

—or one-half dozen bolts

—Hooks and Eyes, 10c

—white, all sizes, 6 can

—Glove Fasteners, 10c

—patent sort, per doz

—\$1.00.

—Dress Stays, 10c

—colors and sizes, a

—one-half gross for 49c



Gray Granite Ware at One=Third

And It's not the Cheap-Blue-Counterfeit Kind—Made to Sell.

Ours is made to wear—the good old-fashioned Haberman sort that our grandmothers liked so well. It's the truest kind of steel enameled in gray, thoroughly tested and guaranteed against leakage. Are we clear?

We don't want you to get confused and compare these prices with those of trumpery lots.

We feel this word of warning is due you; the high prices that have been maintained on strictly first-class graniteware have tempted unscrupulous makers to throw on the market a lot of the make-believe. So, you can see what good reason there is of being a little shy in your graniteware buying now.

We Quote Here a Few Random Hints to Show You How Our Prices Run:

Coffee Pots, 1½ qt., worth 39c for **24c**.
Tea Kettle, 5 qt., worth 82c for **49c**.
Rice Boiler, 1½ qt., worth 56c for **34c**.
Water Pail, 10 qt., worth 62c for **41c**.
Kettles, 3 qt. sizes, worth 28c for **16c**.
Lipped Preserving.

Berlin Kettle, 2qt., worth 36c for **18c**.
Bucket, 2 qt., worth 33c for **16c**.
Straight covered.
Dish Pans, 10 qt., worth 60c for **29c**.
Wash Basin, 10 in., worth 13c for **8c**.
Basting Spoon, 10 in., worth 8c for **2½c**.

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Broadway, corner Fourth, Los Angeles.

Los Angeles 8:30 a.m.
San Francisco 11:30 a.m.
San Diego 1:30 p.m.
San Jose 3:30 p.m.
San Francisco 5:30 p.m.
San Jose 7:30 p.m.
San Francisco 9:30 p.m.

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Tickets admit stopover at any point on
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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

FEBRUARY 18, 1900.

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France: "Say, boys, he's all tied up now. Let's jump him."
Germany and Russia: "Suppose you try it first."

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
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Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

THE USE OF PROFANITY.

AN ORGANIZED movement in Albany, N. Y., against the use of profanity is attracting notice outside of that city. The movement originated with the Holy Name Society of St. John's Roman Catholic Church of that place. A large public meeting was held and measures were adopted to further the purpose of the movement. The speakers represented that profanity was used to as great an extent now as ever before in history. Dr. Lynch, assistant rector of the Albany Cathedral, is quoted as having "compared the prevalence of the habit at the present time to the condition which prevailed 400 years ago, when in Italy, France, Germany, and especially England, blasphemous oaths were almost universal, with the result that St. Bernardino of Siena, raising on high the cross of Christ, with the holy name written above the figure of the crucified Savior, preached against its abuse with all the ardor of his soul." Gen. Amasa J. Parker spoke of the present prevalence of profanity as constituting "an alarming situation," and Dr. Milne of the State Normal School corroborated the assertion.

Whether profanity is more prevalent now than it has been in years past or not, may be an open question; but that it prevails to a deplorable extent cannot be denied. Considered entirely apart from its religious aspects, the habit is one which is not justifiable by any reasonable excuse. The purpose of the use of the profane oath, whenever it is sufficiently considered to have a purpose, is in nearly every case to give emphasis to an expression. As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind. On the other hand, the assertions of the man who interlards his speech with oaths are not generally given the credence nor consideration that is given those of the plain-spoken man who expresses himself without imprecations. In fact, swearing is a mere use of superfluous words; and useless words, whether oaths or adjectives, detract from the force of language instead of adding to it.

The practice of using profanity once indulged in one which has a tendency to grow rapidly. It is like a stimulant; the more it is used, the greater the tendency to increase its use, and when the habit has been well formed it is difficult to shake it off. As a result of this tendency of the habit to grow, men come to use profanity thoughtlessly and often without even being aware that they are doing so. To be profane in the presence of ladies is recognized as a breach of propriety, and it is a gratifying fact that among men who respect the proprieties of life, and are influenced by considerations of good breeding and refinement, oaths are not indulged in to the extent to which they once were. Profanity is by them recognized as an evidence of vulgarity.

Considerations of common courtesy forbid the promiscuous use of profane words. A very considerable proportion of the people of every civilized community are professed Christians, and are, or at least ought to be, pained to hear the name of the Deity profaned. Their attitude toward that Deity is, if their professions amount to anything, that of affection. The profane oath amounts to an evidence of contempt for the Being they call their best friend. To show such contempt for a man's human friend would be recognized at once as the grossest breach of courtesy. It is manifestly no less so when his friend is the Savior.

From the still higher standpoint of duty to society, the use of profanity is to be deprecated. It cannot be successfully denied that profanity tends to lower the moral standard of the community. It finds its most natural and most congenial habitat in the saloon, the gambling-room and the den of vice of every form. It is not the associate of benevolent and reformatory effort, nor a promoter of higher and better living. It blunts the moral sense toward sacred things generally, and encourages a habit of reckless expression, both as to words and to facts. In fact, all its tendencies, both subjective and objective, are

toward degradation and degeneracy, without a single purpose or effect to justify its indulgence.

There is a field for usefulness in every community for such a movement as that started at Albany.

WHY ONLY TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS.

ACORRESPONDENT has requested an explanation as to why it is that the year 1900 is not a leap year. He says he has lived on this earth more than half a century and never before has known February in a year evenly divisible by four to have less than twenty-nine days. As it is the recognized duty of this great religious daily, and especially the Sunday issue, to teach science to some extent, as well as morals and religion, the explanation will be given.

According to the calculations of the great French astronomer, Le Verrier, the length of the solar year—that is, the time consumed in one revolution of the earth around the sun—is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds, or a trifle over eleven seconds less than 365½ days. If the earth completed its revolution in precisely 365½ days, the extra quarter day each year would, it is easy to see, be equivalent to precisely one day in every four years, and the intercalation of one day at the end of February every fourth year would make the civil agree exactly with the solar chronology.

Inasmuch, however, as the solar year is about eleven minutes less than 365½ days, the addition of one day every four years throws the civil time ahead of the solar time by about eleven minutes a year. In order to correct this difference, Pope Gregory XIII directed that ten days be suppressed from the calendar to restore the civil chronology to its proper place at that time, and, in order to reduce the variation in the future, that the intercalation be omitted on all centenary years except those divisible by 400. This method of reckoning has since been adopted by all Christian nations except Russia, which still adheres to the "old style," as it is called. Hence, in those nations, 1600 was a leap year, 1700 and 1800 were not, nor is 1900; but 2000 will be a leap year.

A little calculation will show that the difference between the civil and solar year is not yet entirely provided for. By adding one day to every fourth year except the fourth centenary year, ninety-seven days are intercalated in 400 years. Four hundred years therefore contain 400 times 365 days (146,000) plus ninety-seven days, or a total of 146,097 days. Dividing this total number of days by 400 we find that the precise average length of the civil year is 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes and 12 seconds. This period is twenty-six seconds longer than the solar year, an excess which amounts to one day in 3393 years. Had Gregory gone a step farther and directed that the addition of the day be omitted in the year 4000 and in all multiples of that number—that is, in 8000, 12,000, 16,000, etc.—the variation between the civil and solar years would not amount to more than one day in 30,000 years. As he did not, and no one else has yet established the custom, we shall doubtless have to worry along under the present arrangement until that time at least.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] Good morning, Gen. Buller; have you crossed the Tugela this morning?

[Chicago Tribune:] One noticeable thing about the Boers is that they have never acquired the retreating habit.

[Detroit Free Press:] The English find it just as hard to get into Ladysmith as do the Boers. It is not a hospitable place.

[Indianapolis News:] When you speak of the seat of hostilities these days it is necessary to specify whether you mean Ladysmith or Frankfort, Ky.

[Florida Times-Union:] When a woman makes a mistake, she sits down and cries about it; when a man makes a mistake, he looks around for some other fellow to lay it on.

[Baltimore American:] It has at least been established by the Clark Investigating Committee that there was plenty of money in Montana, and there was some steep swearing.

[Savannah News:] The sooner the United States Senators leave off making academic deliverances respecting the Philippine Islands, and get down to something practical, the better it will be for both their own country and the islands.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] As nearly as we can gather from the organs the correct position at present is that Puerto Rico is, and also is not, a part of the United States, while the Philippines are a little more so on both wings of the proposition.

[Omaha Bee:] Senator Pettigrew charges the great newspapers with intentionally suppressing the facts regarding the Philippines. At the same time these same newspapers are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to obtain the news, and are printing it every day.

[Boston Globe:] When a man has persuaded himself that Aguinaldo somehow possesses the right to establish his rule over all the Filipinos, and can see no difference as regards freedom between Spanish miscontrol and American sovereignty, he may fairly be pronounced "pretty far gone."

[Baltimore News:] The one thing clear is that the fighting ability of the Boers, the strategy of their generals, and the range of their guns are no longer being ignored. The English give evidence at last of not underestimating their opponents or of overestimating their own prowess, one of the first essentials in winning battles.

[New York Mail and Express:] One of the things which the people of the United States still insist they would like to know is why the Declaration of Independence is incompatible with national expansion, when Thomas Jefferson wrote one and achieved the other, and lives in the hearts of his countrymen as a result of both.

[Philadelphia Times:] The Senate is rapidly becoming

the rich man's club of the nation, and bared that it should be the most effective check upon governmental errors, the creation is entirely lost sight of by those who seek to crawl or climb to the highest of the republic. The people are the nation, and they should be empowered United States Senators by a popular vote.

MADE RUSKIN WRANGLER.

THE AUTHOR'S FIERCE ANSWER TO THE AGER OF A LONDON LETTER.

[London Letter:] Ten years ago a well-known firm of iron and bell foundrying some inquiries about their bell metal to inspect their works. Now, the author of "The Stones of Venice" to be deciphered after long and painful efforts, therefore pardonable that the manager of the foundry should have addressed his reply to "J. Ruskin, Esq., of the office of the 'Bona Fide Business,'" he could inspect the works tomorrow if he liked. In addition to the respondent, this gentleman committed sins. He omitted to date his letter; he forgot to place the account of the word bona. Upon receipt of the Mr. Ruskin "went for" that devoted copy of his letter, registered, written and it noted—updated:

"Messrs. — & Co.—Gentlemen: To copy the inclosed envelope in your bell with all the t's crossed, like that. I'll be in my way. And date your letter, without a date may be next year, and your 'bona fide business.' I care as much for your 'bona fide business' as I care for your foundry than about any other foundry. To know if your bell metal is good or bad, I know whether it is or not without any of your yorns. If you choose to send me some, not, I'll break up the bells you have sent and let you know the quality of it; and know, too. John Ruskin. Learn, if you any more 'bona fide business,' my business is to know the quality of your bell metal."

The envelope inclosed in Mr. Ruskin's following Kyrillie of titles and dignities: D.C.L., LL.D., P.G.S., Hon. Student of Oxford; Hon. Fellow of Corpus Christi College; Member of the Academy of Venice, Sanadgate, Kent." The registered envelope of these communications was perhaps a daily. It was addressed: "Messrs. Founders (?), Bell Hangers (?), London (?), C. (?), S. W. (?), or S. E. (?), Middlesex."

THE AGE OF LOVE.

[W. R. Merriam, in North American Review, taken at the dawn of the twentieth century, the greatest epoch in our national life, has come to a climax with a force almost unprecedented. The golden age of Augustus, of Elizabeth, the era of great wars and progress in the arts and sciences; but the century culminates, behold! the age of electricity, telegraphs, sewing machines, automobiles; an age which is devoted to the accumulation of wealth, and to vast enterprises and which holds the crowned king of commerce, the consummate industrial life has been attained, and the enumeration to be taken next year will show the work of the twelfth century will be the growth of the nation and be another marvelous history.

TIME AND LOVE.

Old Time is abroad with his scythe and And the flowers fall with the beautiful As he cuts the pathway broad and deep For the garner Death, who follows him.

No season he knows. 'Tis the same to him Be it ripened ears, or young, budding The harvest always is ready to reap. And full and round are the mortal days.

He comes from the North, doth old Frost Where the Frost King reigns, and his His breath is chill, and its touch is like Raven, and aburn, and gold, to smite.

Life shudders and dills at his coming And the blood grows thin, and the Be it peasant or prince, good, bad, rich All bow at his coming. He rules the day.

But one thing only, his coming may be Vouchsafed to the earth from the 'Tis a power that laughs at Time and Through eternity; and men call it Love.

Love was born ere Time was a thought And Time in its presence powerless With an empty glass, with a broken With resting feet, and with folded hands.

Love's warmth can temper Time's And the silver threads that he weaves The aburn and raven, Love does not Love's vision but sees what the best of us.

There cometh to all when the heart is The touch of the flame from the altar That burns in each breast; and its Lights the path of life as the yearning.

Though our locks grow gray, our youth And youth itself, nor knows it For love is immortal. It fadeth not, But lasteth forever; for aye and ever.

First in Everything. By Robt. J. Burdette.

Lock We Yet?
When Washington was President,
As cold as any icicle,
He never on a railroad went,
And never rode a bicycle.
He read by no electric lamp;
He never saw the Yellowstone;
He never licked a postage stamp,
Nor "hello'd" through a telephone.
X-ray helped this noble man
To gaze at his own skeleton;
Wires, 'scopes and 'phones that our eyes scan—
He never yet heard tell o' one.
He never saw a "jessless" thing;
And his typewriter was a quill;
No "rag-time" music could he sing,
Nor swear a golf ball up a hill.
His trousers ended at his knees;
By wire he could not snatch dispatch;
He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
And never had a match to scratch.
But in these days, it's come to pass,
All work is with such dashing done,
We've all these things, but then, alas—
We seem to have no Washington.
Old Days.
Sincerely, son, times are not what they used to be
Washington was President. Not at all. I hadn't
said it so much myself, but I've often heard your grand-
father say so. "The women aren't nearly so pretty as
used to be," he said, the other day; "they are not so
modest and demure in manner and attitude; the boys are
not so respectful; the men are not so industrious and they
are not so honest; children are more artificial and forward
than they were in my day; the stars don't shine so
brightly, either; and there aren't so many of them; the
days are shorter and the nights are longer; the winters
are colder and we don't have so much seasonable weather
as we used to have; there isn't anything just as it used to
be." And I assented, for I knew he was right. He had
been telling me how once upon a time his father had
walked through the snow more than half a mile to the
neighbor, to get a bit of lighted punk because the
candle had gone out in the house. Yes, indeed, times have
changed. Even your father can remember when it took a
week to go to the nearest town with a sack of wheat and to
get a letter. When a letter would lie in the postoffice
for you could raise the 10 cents postage. And the mail
when the stage could get through. Other times it
was the good old days, when our fathers could whip a
man on Boston Commons just for being a Baptist, and
him just for being a Quaker—those were good old
days enough—for everybody but the Baptists and
Quakers. I should like to have lived, then, if I could have
had a good bombproof at a reasonable rent. When you
think just as well have suggested opening a faro game
house, as to put in a stove. When nobody was al-
lowed to vote—not 300 years ago in our own dear land—ex-
cept members of the church—and "The Church" wasn't
founded with a capital "C" in those days, not by a
long way. When a woman was whipped for being
impudent to her pastor—great days those were for
parsons; Mr. Ambrose Martin was fined \$50 for be-
ing disrespectful, and inhuman punishment, ordered "to be lec-
tured by Mr. Cotton Mather!" How he must have enjoyed
his lucky moment who got off with only a public whipping.
Then Robert Byrneston was fined \$50 for "speaking
against the law about hogs." Even a hog had some rights
in those days, although it does not appear that he was
allowed to occupy four seats in a passenger car with two
men for his baggage. Those were great days, my boy,
the best thing we know about them is that they are
dead and gone, and that a man in these days can even
express his opinion about singing in the church—
and getting into trouble by it, as did your great grand-
father Edward Tomlin of the colony of Massachusetts.
But, my boy, while we are given to deriding the wis-
dom of our fathers, and to denouncing their bigotry and
superstition, it is just as well to remember, while we pause
between our sarcastic utterances, that out of just
that government, out of just such a rich soil of hard and
strict discipline, grew the wise, humane, liberal, broad-
minded government under which we live today, and under
which toleration of which Billy Mason blushes (?) and
I hope brays.
Fashioned Qualities.
And then, my son, there are some old-fashioned qualities
that have gone into the making of men and governments
since the world was, that we can't afford to forget,
that we couldn't forget if we could afford it. We
sometimes speak of "old-fashioned honesty" as though
it was a new fashion in honesty, and the old-time ar-
ticle had become obsolete. That's a mistake, son. There
was but one kind of honesty. When we try to im-
prove on it, we do just what we do when we improve pure
gold for the market and the arts. We make an alloy of
it. Well, you say, an alloy of gold is better and more ex-
pensive for some purposes than pure gold. Yes, I know
it. Makes better money for one thing. But money
isn't the best thing in the world, my boy. And a judicious
alloy of honesty may be, indeed, I think it is better for
very practical purposes than pure, plain honesty. It
enables you to tell lies with, for one thing. If you want a
lot of honesty that will enable you to lie like sin about
people you are trying to sell, I guess you want a com-
pound alloy. But you mustn't brand it "honesty." But
alloy mark on it—so many carats coarse. The alloy
of honesty is better to steal with. Boss Tweed's famous
"straight brand," now was far better for money-making pur-
poses than Abraham Lincoln's plain honesty, that didn't
steal any brand, because it didn't have to be advertised.

And because there was no copyright and no patent
on it. There are as many alloys of honesty
as there are brands of baking powder and
makes of bicycles. But there has never been and
there never will be but one kind of honesty; just honesty.
It was its honesty that made the Puritan commonwealth
endure both in old England and New England, for there
were things in it that through all changes endure unto this
day. England has never been the same England that it
was since Cromwell's day. It never went back to its old
life. And the heaven of Puritanism is felt in our own
land and will be an influence in all that is best in it, so
long as this government endures. "Yes," you say, "honesty
is the best policy." Well no; I don't think it is. I
think that as a policy it's no better than any other policy.
The man who is honest, just because he believes that "honesty
is the best policy," will be honest until he finds a
policy which he thinks is better, and then he will let the
old one lapse so quick it will make your pocketbook swim.
Making a "policy" of your honesty is like trimming the
straightedge to fit the plank; it spoils the straightedge
and doesn't make the plank plumb. "It pays to be honest?"
Well, yes and no. It doesn't always pay in money.
It loses you a good sale, sometimes; it spoils a bargain
in which you might have sold a bill of goods as big as
the manifest of a government transport, a ranch as big
as a county, and your own self-respect, about the size of
a mustard seed. But if you believe that honesty is not a
policy at all, son; if you believe it is a principle, pure as
truth and eternal as the sun, if you are going to be honest
because you hate a lie and despise meanness, because in
the very soul of you, you love the truth, then it will out-
pay any policy that was ever invented. It will rain in-
terest and dividends on you faster than you can count
them. You know that. You know there are great business
houses in this country, commercial fabrics solid as granite,
that are living gospels of honest dealing, and every man
that ever dealt with them believes in them. There are
merchants whose names stand for integrity, and whose
business lives have ennobled the name "merchant"—made
it a patent of nobility such as the Queen herself could not
confer upon a man. Your honesty—if it be a principle
of your life, my boy, may pile up your wealth by mil-
lions. And it may keep you poor in pocket all your life,
and dependent upon the love and kindness of your friends
for a grave when you die. And yet it will make you a
rich man, living and dead. Jesus Christ lived and died in
just such penniless poverty—the richest man that ever
lived. What do you want, son?
Time to Breathe.

I think maybe our fathers had one great advantage over
their sons in the leisure of their lives. I didn't live among
them, so I can't speak too confidently, or from personal
observation, but as I read about them I can "speak by the
book." Maybe they hurried all they could, but in the
days when you had to write a letter, and wait for the
postman to take it, and then there was nothing on earth
to do but wait until your correspondent over the sea took
his own leisurely time to answer that letter, and the post
brought you the reply—six weeks by packet if it missed
the pirates, and only your captain's ears with a demand
for ransom if it didn't—why, you simply had to do some-
thing else while you waited. Now, if you try to gain a
little time for yourself by neglecting to answer a letter
by next mail, the irate correspondent has you up by
'phone. Some wretched men, enemies of human peace,
are hard at work trying to perfect devices by which they
that trouble you may communicate with you on moving
trains and on ships far out at sea. All the sweet loneli-
ness of the world is disappearing. Even the much-talked-
about man "who doesn't advertise" has no seclusion, for
he is daily and hourly pestered by agents who are trying
to convince him of the error of his ways. Our fathers had
long intervals of silence in their lives. Then when they
did speak, they could converse in proverbs and blank
verse. When they wrote you a letter, they began, "John
Jones, Esquire; Jonesville, Jones county, Estate of Jones;
Esteemed and Respected Sir." Rather formal. And the
correspondent had the time and the grace to "subscribe
himself, Very respectfully, Your Obedient Servant." Some-
what stilted it seems to us now. But after all, is "Dr.
Sir" and "Yrs truly," much of an improvement? About
as much of an improvement as a con song in rag time is
over "The Messiah" or "The Creation."

We Talk Too Much.

Don't you know, as the parrot said to herself, "Polly,
you talk too much." Now, take your own case, son; you
are a young man, yet, how many times in your life have
you talked too little? Recall the instances in which you
didn't say quite enough? When you stopped three or four
minutes within your own limit? Why, the bane of con-
ventions and great meetings of all kinds, where there is
much talk, is the stealing of other people's time by long-
winded orators. A chairman of any sort of convention,
who has the nerve, and the power to ring a speaker off
when he has talked clean up to his limit without begin-
ning his speech, is a man among men. He is fitted to be
President of the United States. Nay, he knows enough
to keep a store. Or, to apply Riley's great test of great-
ness, "He ought to be able to spell Rensselaer." I have
a notebook, in which I have entered the names of three
men, who upon different occasions asked a convention for
ten minutes, and sat down inside of nine. That was be-
cause a brother sitting away up in front of him, deaf as
a post, couldn't hear him and didn't see him, and sud-
denly seized upon the idea of "improving" the long and in-
explicable silence with a few feeble and nebulous remarks
of his own. His voice was a roar that more than com-
pensated for his deafness, and after he got started it was
impossible to stop him until he ran down, which was in
about a quarter of an hour. Poor, happy, innocent old
boy; he babbled and chattered and "hollered" away, fan-
ning the air with his arms, while people made gestures
and signals at him and jerked at his coat-tails as though
they were bell cords. But he could say with the apostle that

none of these things moved him. They only encouraged
him. I can't remember that he said anything, but he kept
the convention awake, and amused everybody except the
forlorn brother saw his own time ruthlessly devoured
when he had laid a deep plan himself for swallowing an-
other fellow's. In the old days, a man only had two or
three speeches in a lifetime. But they are in the school
books to this day. Where are the speeches of our own
statesmen? In the Congressional Record, some of them; in
the pulp mill, most of them. Heaven is good to us, son,
far beyond our poor deserving.

But on the other hand, think how many times you have
talked too much. How many times you have said some-
thing you could have bitten your tongue off for saying.
How many times you have said things that you had no
call to say at all, and which straightway got you neck
deep into trouble. How many times you have said things
that were maliciously, or stupidly, or thoughtlessly mean
and cruel. Oh, well, you say, you do make some mistakes,
but you don't want to go through life asleep. You do
want to make "a little fuss in the world." Well, my boy,
emulate George Washington, then. He wasn't at all a
loquacious man, and yet he was fussed in war, fussed in
peace, fussed in the hearts of his countrymen.
Cumulative Courage.

And yet, it does require some courage to speak up at
the right time, like a man. I think one of the most thrill-
ing instances of this sort of courage I ever witnessed was
in a hotel in Western Missouri, sometime ago. I think
the night clerk in that hostelry was the bravest man I
ever saw. I was sitting up, waiting for a late train to
come in. I was the only guest in the office, and the clerk
was scratching away at his books. It was very quiet, and
I was dozing off to sleep, in a very uncomfortable attitude,
when something occurred which seemed to break the
silence as a brick might shatter a mirror. The porter, a
great, big giant of a man, with a shirt cut décolleté, show-
ing a brawny breast with a bunch of hair on it, came
slamming in out of the baggage-room. He appeared to be
irritated about something. At any rate, he strode up to
the counter, and leaning over the register he grabbed the
clerk by the collar, shook him until his diamond fell off,
and then he pounded the register with his fist. I thought
the man was vexed about something, and his language
confirmed my suspicion. "You miserable little snipe," he
roared, "I've a good mind to come around there and stab
ye with yer pen! Ye sneakin', tale-bearin', little whelp!
If ye was worth killin' I'd break yer neck afore I let go
of ye, ye spike-legged little cur! Wagh!" And so speak-
ing he hurled the clerk under the counter, fiercely threw
the inkstand down on top of him, grabbed the register
and threw it against the water cooler, wrecking both of
them, and as he passed me, he savagely kicked my chair
out from under me, wrecking both of us, and with a bitter,
taunting laugh went out into the winter night, whither I
deeply regretted he had not gone some time before. But
the clerk amazed me. He was on his feet while I was
collecting my pontoons to recross the Tugela, defiance
blazed in his eyes—a little dimly, it is true, but never-
theless there was quite a perceptible blaze, such as one
sees on the blaze end of a down Nantucket match. I
could see that the fire was started. "See—see—see here,"
he said, his voiced choked and tremulous with rage which
he could not illly restrain, "see—here, looka here, Mister
Trunkslammer, I—I don't want you to m-make so much
noise; you'll disturb the guests and get me into trouble.
Now, d-don't kick things around that a-way! s-say, what
you do that for? Don't annoy the gentleman—he's a guest
—I say—(porter reached the door; clerk raised his voice.)
Say, you!" (porter opened the door; clerk tuned up about
half an octave higher and quickened his time a little.)
Here! I ain't goin' to stand any more of this! (Porter
slammed the door behind him like a cannon.) "Get out
o' here!" roared the clerk, leaning upon the counter, "get
out o' this 'r I'll bounce ye in a minute, ye great, big
bluff! Shut that door (forte.) Shut it! you white-eyed
coyote, 'r I'll cut the liver out o' ye fore ye can squeak!
Git!" jumping down from the desk and walking slowly
toward the door. "Git! and be lively, if ye don't want a
hole kicked clean through ye! Come back here!" he
howled, fortissimo, with his hand on the door knob, "Come
back here" (piano,) as he thrust his head cautiously out
of the crack of the door. "Come back," he yelled, seeing
the coast was clear, "and I'll mop up the floor with you!
There he goes," the champion added, "steaking down the
street like a scared dog. Say," he added, savagely, turning
toward me, "what made you let him kick your chair like
that? Ain't you got any sand? Why didn't you shoot
him? Let a man bully you like that! I'd a killed him in
a minute if he'd touched me." And he looked so threaten-
ingly at me, that I feared he was going to practice on me.
He began to turn back his sleeves. It was a moment of
intense peril. I glanced toward the window, and started.
"There he comes again," I said. The next minute I was
alone, but I could hear a rustling sound behind the counter
as of a human being nestling under a pile of old news-
papers and obsolete registers. There wasn't a soul in
sight, but the distraction gave the champion time to cool
off. So when he came up, by and by, he was ready to at-
tend to my wants. With a lofty scorn of my miserable
cowardice, he gave me a room on the first floor, beginning
at the top, with an old-fashioned colonial bedstead, with
the same old-fashioned colony in it, no chair, a tin wash-
basin, one towel and six holes, and a brick of indestructible
flint soap. And as I followed the bellboy to my "apart-
ments," I heard the night clerk say to the bus driver, in
a harsh, strained voice, "I do hate a coward!"
When I began this little interview, son, I intended to
talk to you about the father of his country. But I per-
ceive that I am already crowding dangerously close to the
frontiers of the next Boer, who wants to get at you, and I
have exhausted my time and space in building the portico,
and haven't yet reached the house. Never mind; don't
cry; you'll get George Washington at every pore before
the week is ended.
ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

MANY FINNS COMING.

FACTS ABOUT THEIR FARAWAY NORTH- LAND HOME.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—It has been generally expected that, owing to present prosperity in the United States, this year's immigration figures would exceed those of a decade ago. Present indications, however, point in the contrary direction, the number now coming in being much below the number arriving in the early months of 1890. This is true of nearly every nationality, but there is one noteworthy exception—owing to Russia's recent policy toward them, more Finns are coming than ever before, and unless all signs fail they will arrive almost by the shipload throughout the warm weather.

There are now about two hundred thousands Finns in the United States. The heaviest Finnish immigration was in the early 80's, when the demand for labor in mines and on new railroads was most pressing. The last two years only are covered by the existing records of the Immigration Bureau, previous records having been burned up in the fire which wiped out the Ellis Island buildings. In 1898, 1945 came in, and this is known to have been about normal. In 1899, under the stimulus of the threatened Russian oppression, the number was more than trebled, the total being 6450.

With this increase for a basis, some extravagant prophets have predicted the arrival here of from fifty to sixty thousand Finns this year. Others have predicted the bodily transfer of whole Finnish communities to Canada, as the Dhoukoberski were removed thither from Russia last year. But neither of these predictions is likely to come true. Finland is about as large as Minnesota, and its population is not much in excess of 2,500,000. It is incredible that in every fifty of the whole people should leave the country in a single year, and it is almost equally incredible that so intelligent a people as the Finns could be induced to pack up "in block" and seek new homes in a strange land. Besides, while the new conditions are bad enough in Finland, as yet they affect only the young men liable to service in the Russian imperial army through the threatened conscription.

The Situation in Finland.

Even if all classes were affected and the Finns were of the sort that could be handled in the mass, like cattle, they would hesitate about accepting any offer Canada might make them, since the move that the transplanted Dhoukoberski have been having a hard time to escape starvation has been well circulated throughout Finland. Under all the circumstances and in spite of the favorable report made on Canada by the Finnish Committee of Investigation, it is the view of prominent Finns in New York that the vast majority of emigrants from their country will come to the United States, where they can settle among friends and relatives. But the extent of this year's emigration from Finland is still very uncertain.

Should the proposed conscription measure become law, it is conservatively estimated that from 20,000 to 30,000, mostly young men, will probably come over. This number, even, will be a heavy drain upon the population, since it will amount to about one in every hundred, and cannot fail to cripple the industries of the country to a certain extent. This is perceived clearly by the Russians, who have already begun an imperial investigation of the facts. Should it result in killing or even postponing the plan for Finnish service in the Russian army, the present outward movement will be somewhat checked. At the least, however, no fewer than 8000 or 10,000 Finns are likely to leave their country for America this year.

Had the Russian attitude toward Finland remained unchanged there is little probability that there would have been any increase of Finnish immigration to this country at all, for labor has already become so scarce through emigration that wages are almost as high there as here—quite as high, when the cost of living is considered. But should Russia go ahead with her threatened policy Finland will undoubtedly send us as many of her sons and daughters to America as Ireland has, and their influx will not be inopportune, now that the supply of buxom Irish girls for domestic service and sturdy Irish lads as laborers is beginning to run short.

The Land of the Finns.

The average American knows little of Finland or its people. By the well read, even, the country is generally regarded as backward to a degree; its inhabitants are suspected of being only half civilized and of low standards with respect to culture and the amenities of life. They are supposed to be much like the Lapps. But nothing could well be farther from the truth.

The Grand Duchy of Finland is the most northerly European area in the Russian Empire. It is still largely covered with forests. Beasts of prey—the bear and the wolf—still persist, and in the far north the reindeer is still an important factor in human life. The winter is long and the summer is short. The sun will not ripen wheat, maize or any cereal save rye, barley and oats, or any fruit save apples. Much of the territory is wet and swampy, but despite all these things, the Finlanders of today are entitled to a high place among the nations of the earth. They have developed agriculture to a remarkable degree. They raise an abundance of such grains as will ripen, both for home use and for export, and they have transformed their damp marshes into dairy lands that will compare favorably with any in the whole world. They are better supplied with railroads and canals than any part of Russia proper. All through Europe, except in the far south, Finnish butter and cheese are well known, and the industries of the dairy fairly divide the honors with lumbering and fishing.

Literature and the arts, moreover, are held in high esteem, and there is very little illiteracy in the Grand Duchy of Finland, those under 20 who cannot read and write being less than one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the whole popu-

lation. There is an elementary school in every neighborhood, and all the children must attend it, not because of a compulsory law, but because of a universal sentiment which is stronger than law. This sentiment is complemented by the universal custom of beginning the children's education at home and not allowing them to attend school until they can pass rigid examinations in reading and writing.

The country is Lutheran to the core, and the pastor is the leading personage in many ways in every community. He it is who examines the children for admittance to the schools; his tour of examination every spring and fall is an event eagerly looked forward to by all the people, and the pride of the boy or girl who has just read successfully before him and written to his satisfaction is only matched by the shame of one who has failed.

Remarkable Educational Movement.

The Finns believe the Russian government would be quite as well satisfied were the people of Finland less well informed, on the theory that then they would be more amenable to restrictive Russian rule. This belief has brought about one of the most remarkable educational

help by personal effort contribute money to the expenses of those who teach.

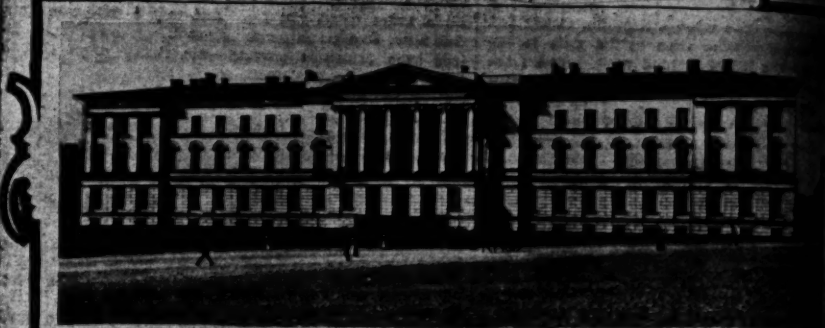
The Lighter Side.

The Finns have been made a nation by the rigors of their climate and through which they are by no means without a lighter side. They are extremely musical, for one thing, at least one singing society in every town. Once a year the singers hold a festival like a German Singsfest, under the auspices of the sanvlistus Seura, or Enlightenment of the Singing. At this great musical meeting the best competition, prizes being awarded as at a singing competition, are also great choruses of a thousand women and men taking part. The Kanto is held in August and its location is always by a great concourse of people.

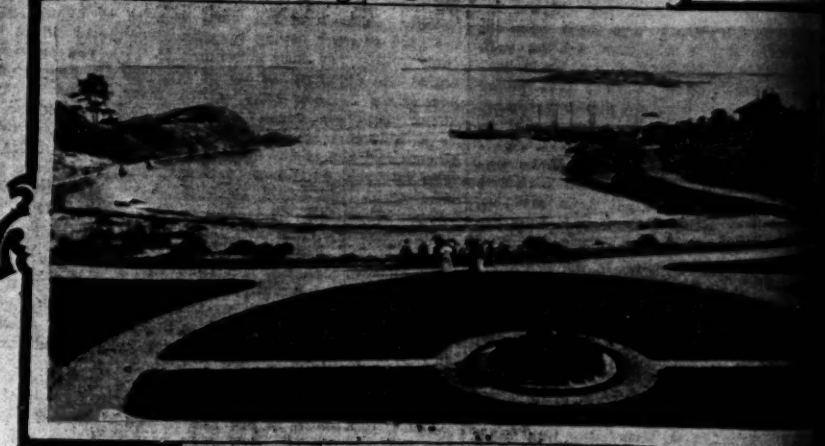
May 1 is a great day in all parts of Finland. At Helsingfors it is given over to the dancing on the streets wearing their snow-white



Statue of Runebergin, The Finnish Poet, Helsingfors, Finland.



Main Building, The University Helsingfors, Finland.



Shore Resort, Hango, Finland.

movements on record. The Finns believe in the higher education quite as firmly as in the elementary; the little country has many academies and special schools, and the ancient university at Helsingfors, the capital, has a very large student body. When the impending restrictions first seemed imminent there was a general agreement that the further extension of learning among the people would help them more than anything else to resist Russian encroachments. Accordingly it was arranged that special opportunities for special study should be offered free of expense to all who desired them.

The plan adopted to this end was novel and effective. Instead of establishing free scholarships at the higher schools and the university, educated men and women in every part of the Grand Duchy volunteered to give their services as teachers without compensation. And since many who wanted the training were unable to go to the teachers, the teachers decided to go to them. In furtherance of this plan the entire territory of Finland was unofficially cut up into districts, and the voluntary teachers now make regular trips over their districts in carrying out the scheme, while many among the rich who cannot

in the morning, and go about town all day late in the evening singing student songs to a folk give up their pursuits to listen another big day, of course, but the great day on Säng day (in Finnish, Laskiainen) the second Tuesday in February. Then the poor, young and old, turn out in all the snowshoe races and coasting are in order. June 24, is another great occasion. The festival, while the night is shortest, and midnight bonfire—made of light wood, tar barrels and burned on the summits of the hills, while the young men and women dance round the games from the beginning of the twilight of gray dawn.

There are also noteworthy harvest festivals have no special date, extending over the season. The same spirit of mutual helpfulness among the Finnish farmers that used to be a characteristic of the farmers here in colonial days. All hands help in the harvest turn out and go down

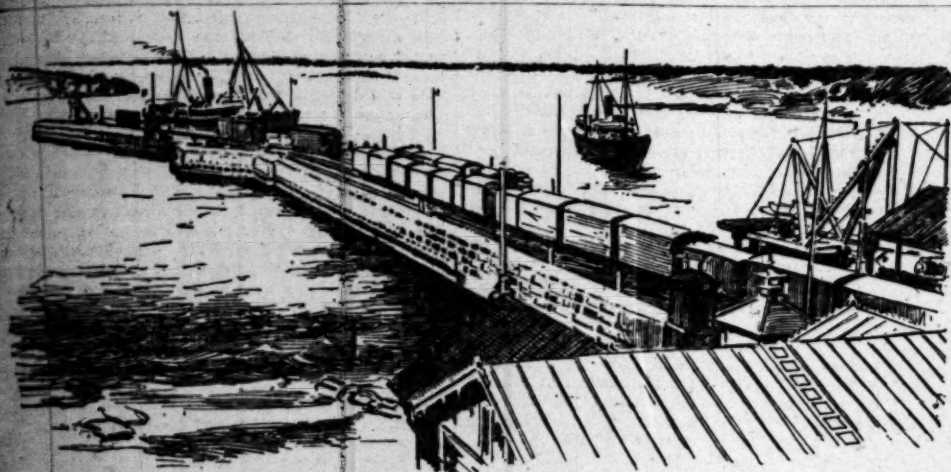
gathering in the crops. Often the neighborhood band of harvesters will number forty or fifty persons, men and women and boys and girls. They will generally accomplish the harvesting on a medium-sized farm in less than one day, wages not being thought of, since those who are helped today in turn help others tomorrow. While the harvesting is being done in the fields, a great feast for the harvesters is being prepared in the house, and when the work is finished all hands turn to and eat and drink. Later there is dancing, and games are played, songs are sung and courtships go on among the young folk, while the old folk "visit."

Long Days and Short Days.

Away to the north the sun never sets in summer and the days are tremendously long, even so far south as Helsinki, where in late June and early July the darkness lasts only two or three hours. Then the farmers begin work by 4 or 5 o'clock, and rarely leave off before 9 or 10, except to rest. In midsummer they never get along on less than four meals, often taking five, two being largely composed of meat. And, of course, their hours of sleep are as brief as their hours of toil are long. In the winter, when the days are short, they make up amply for their lack of summer sleep.

Shooting is a favorite and necessary sport, owing to the prevalence of big game, and Finns generally are almost as good marksmen as the Boers. The speeding of horses is another amusement in which they take delight, especially in winter, when time is plentiful. The Finnish "ice sulky"—light runners on which a high seat is perched—is a curious looking contrivance. Much of the cloth made into wearing apparel for the farmers and their families is spun and woven at home by the women in the long winter evenings, and the old-fashioned hand-loom is still to be seen in many of the low, but roomy Finnish farmhouses.

Down to the present time most of the immigrants have



THE DOCKS, HANGÖ, FINLAND.

come from shore regions, but the young from the interior are sure to come in greater numbers from now on. They are of a sturdy type and picturesque in appearance withal, especially the "cowboys" with their gigantic antique horns. The majority bound for America have hitherto sailed from the port of Hangö, but there is some chance that emigration may be forbidden by imperial decree, and, if so, many in future will steal across the border into Sweden and sail from there. Strenuous efforts will be made to put a stop to that, of course, but it will not be an easy task, for the entire Finnish and Swedish population will help the would-be emigrants.

Finnish city life does not differ essentially from city life in Europe generally, and the cities themselves are well built, possessing many points of extreme beauty, while the government and other public buildings would be creditable anywhere. This is especially true of Helsinki, the metropolis and center of learning and letters, as well as the capital. Emigration from the cities has not hitherto been large, but it is bound to become so in case conscription comes.

With regard to the character of the Finnish immigrants, the testimony seems all one way. They are industrious, steady, anxious to get on, and good citizens. Fewer Finns have been deported under the various exclusion laws than of any other nationality. In 1898 none was sent back, and in 1899 only 13, 12 as being liable to become public charges, 1 because he had become a pauper inside of a year, and 1 because of disease.

OSBORN SPENCER.

A MODERN GALATEA.

[New York Commercial Advertiser:] The impressionist painted a very impressionist picture of what he thought was a beautiful girl. The curves of her form fled around at right angles, and the flow of her garments, if developed into an ultimate conclusion, would have left the canvas, gone down the studio wall and the stairway and out of the front door. By great strength of mind he had stopped the garments at the picture frame. Her complexion was an ink deep and like unto a pink mud, he thought he had seen or could see if he hunted for it, he didn't know which exactly. Then he fell in love with the image and turned Pygmalion, praying that she might come to life. His prayer was answered, and the picture, vivified, stepped from its setting. Then he regretted his prayer. "Why," he said, "you are not at all like a real thing. I'd have to get a new house to keep your skirts in. And your face is disgustingly rouged, not fit even for vaudeville," and he made supplication for her to go back into the picture, that he might sell her for a poster in a hurry. All of which shows that while impressionism is very nice in a gilt molding, it is fortunate that life is not true to art.

A LITERARY LION.

[Washington Star:] "Yes, sir," said Bronco Boh, "when I was East I was a regular literary lion. I got in with some people who are interested in dialect."

"But you can't write dialect."

"No, I can't write it. But I kin talk it, great."

OUR NEW ISLANDS.

THE OPPORTUNITIES THEY WILL OFFER
FOR INCIPIENT STATESMEN.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.), Feb. 12.—How would you like to have a berth in Uncle Sam's future colonial service? Here is a long list of offices to be shortly created. Make a modest choice, and hustle.

Congress has already embarked upon the preliminary work of creating thousands of positions, which will surely be bestowed as soon as permanent government in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines shall have been effected.

No doubt you would like to become Governor of Puerto Rico. This is the most lucrative colonial job yet appearing in pending bills. It carries a salary of \$10,000 a year, \$2000 more than given the Vice-President of the United States. It will be a Presidential appointment, to be confirmed by the Senate, and the term will be four years. In addition to his generous salary, the Governor of Puerto Rico will be allowed free use of the imposing palace at San Juan, which city is to be retained as the Yankee capital of the island. This modern edifice, once the official residence of the Spanish Governor-General, and already the American headquarters, stands in a beautiful park of tropical shrubbery extending to a steep sea-wall, washed by the picturesque harbor.

Four years in a palace at a salary of \$10,000 a year is an inducement not offered to Governors of any States, not to mention Territories. It is true that the Governors of

rated in the pending bills are allowed to stand. Certain generous perquisites, however, are specified solely for the Governor of Hawaii. He is to receive \$500 a year for stationery, postage and incidentals, \$2000 for his private secretary, and the further payment of all of his traveling expenses while absent from Honolulu on official business. He will also have his office, and perhaps his residence, in the palace occupied by King Kalakaua, and later by the ex-Queen. This is a sumptuous abode of modern French architecture, with Mansard roofs and capacious balconies commanding one of the most inspiring views of tropical landscape to be seen in the new possessions.

A further amelioration for the lower salary of the governor of Hawaii will be his princely patronage. He will according to the pending bill, nominate, and, with the consent of the Hawaiian senate, appoint a chief justice and associate justices of the territorial supreme court, the judges of the circuit court, attorney-general, commissioner of agriculture and forestry, superintendents of public works and instruction, auditor, high sheriff, and a number of public boards. Needless to say, Hawaiian, and not continental Americans, will receive these offices. But in addition to the governorship, the President will be given the right to appoint a United States district judge for the islands, at a salary equal to that of the governor, a secretary at \$3000 a marshal at \$2000 and a district attorney at \$2000. According to the Cullom Bill, the fifteen senators and thirty representatives composing the Hawaiian legislature are to receive \$400 apiece for each regular session and \$200 apiece for each special session, in addition to mileage at the rate of 10 cents a mile.

The Philippine service will offer more numerous and more lucrative positions to Americans than either of the other insular territories. The governor, or governor-general will be given a salary perhaps greater than that of the territorial executive of Puerto Rico. In the islands obtained from Spain—especially the Philippines—the responsibilities of reconstruction will be much greater than in Hawaii, Americanized before annexation.

Berths in the Philippines.

The Philippine governor will probably be given gratuitous use of the palace at Manila, a structure quite as formidable as those of San Juan and Honolulu. In the oriental archipelago especially, the most striking way to inspire respect for our representatives is considered by many to be through the magnificence to which they are accustomed.

Next to the governorship, the highest berths in the Philippines will very probably be such Presidential appointments as the secretaryship, attorney-generalship, auditorship, treasurer and several commissionerships. These places together with the more important judgeships, will probably pay something like \$5000 a year. The higher classes of Filipinos, such as the Tagals and Viscayans, will doubtless be allowed to elect their lower legislative body and half of the executive council, or whatever the upper house may be termed. The other half of the latter will probably consist of Presidential appointees. In this legislature of the archipelago will be represented provinces of Luzon, Panay, Negros, Cebu, Leyte, Samar, Guimaras, Bohol, and perhaps those along the populated coast of Mindanao. In the Sulu group, and wild parts of the other islands, the governor will exert his authority through the sultans and hereditary chiefs, as England does in her African crown colonies.

Throughout the archipelago there must necessarily be an organization similar to that of our Indian Office, for educating and civilizing these wild tribes. As in some of our western reservations, army posts may cooperate in this work. There will be needed, in addition, a vast civilian force of commissioners, superintendents and agents with salaries ranging from \$3000 to \$10000 a year. This will mean hundreds of remunerative positions. A similar organization will probably be needed for the care of our semi-civilized and savage subjects in Hawaii, Tutuila, the Manua Islands and Guam. The highest degree of bravery and vigor will be demanded for this work. Doubtless in the native schools for children there will be many excellent openings for plucky women.

Hundreds of new registerships and receiverships of territorial land offices, with salaries from \$3000 down, will be created with the opening of the public domain in all of the new insular possessions and the extension of the homestead laws thereto. Each of these officials will require a considerable force of clerks and draftsmen. Thousands of such minor offices in the postal, customs and revenue services, as they are extended over the islands, will be filled probably from the eligible registers of the Civil Service Commission. Those who take their examinations early and secure high standing are the ones to profit by the best chances.

Qualifications Necessary.

The prime qualifications for the higher colonial positions will be knowledge of Spanish language, Spanish history, and, in many cases, Spanish, American or international law. The study of Spanish has become a popular fad here in Washington, especially among ambitious government officials and clerks. Many young Spaniards, Cubans and Puerto Ricans are making fair livings by teaching their native tongue at rates varying according to the size of their classes. The class in which your correspondent is studying may be taken as a fair average. It includes, besides himself, four department clerks—two women and two men—a young lawyer and a woman of leisure. "El profesor" is a Castilian, with the etiquette of a Chesterfield and a thorough mastery of English. "Your language," says he, "is one of irregularities and exceptions. Mine, after the understanding of a few simple rules, is phonetic in spelling and homogeneous in grammatical law!" And, truly, there cannot be a modern tongue less difficult, especially to him retaining a remnant of Latin or a smattering of French.

A thorough speaking and reading knowledge of Spanish will be essential to the success of all colonial officials or employés brought in close contact with Puerto Ricans and the higher classes of Filipinos. Conversation through interpreters will be slow, expensive and unsatisfactory. Our representatives sitting with natives in the upper houses of the Puerto Rican and Philippine legislatures will find discussion well-nigh impossible unless all can speak and understand the same language. Of judges and court officials will be demanded not only a knowledge of Spanish language, but of Spanish law. Of many high officials brought in contact with foreign officials will be required a mastery of international law, as well.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

Hawaiian Government.

The governor of Hawaii will receive \$5000 a year—just half the pay of the governor of Puerto Rico, if the salaries

DR. METCHNIKOFF.

HE SAYS THE NEWSPAPER MEN WERE
UNDULY "HASTY."

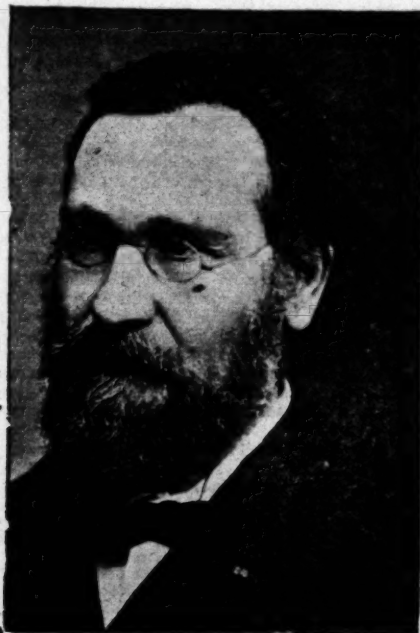
From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, Feb. 6.—Dr. Eli Metchnikoff, accounts of whose experiments at the Pasteur Institute have been cabled to the world, giving hope to thousands that human life might be indefinitely prolonged, is a little man, perhaps not more than 5 feet 6 inches in height. He walks with a slight stoop, which throws forward his heavy, shaggy head and his broad shoulders in such a way as almost to give the appearance of deformity.

His big head, which seems expressly fitted to butt against obstacles, and his sturdy shoulders built to carry heavy burdens, are the most noteworthy points about his appearance. His eyes are of the mildest, meekest, palest blue. One would say they were quite expressionless, if it were not for the peaceful good nature that shines through his steel-rimmed spectacles. His face is plain, almost to the point of ugliness; the complexion is of a yellowish gray and the cheeks are furrowed deeply, in curious contrast with the forehead which is absolutely unwrinkled.

The great scientist does not pay much attention to his dress. He wears a shabby suit of thin gray cloth, with huge pockets generally bulging with newspapers, reviews, books and letters. His turn-down collar, his loose, flowing black tie, his general air of negligence and abstraction make him look much like one of those Bohemian book hunters or print collectors, who haunt the quays of the Seine. To be fair to him, however, it should be added that he possesses a magnificent fur coat, which he will tell you, half apologetically, his wife forces him to wear upon the street.

"Mme. Metchnikoff," he explains, "insisted that I was



DR. METCHNIKOFF.

(From his latest photograph.)

habitually of too disreputable appearance to be allowed to show myself in public, and so she bought me this magnificent affair to cover up my sartorial deficiencies. And you know it is the women who rule this world. That is a discovery which I made long ago."

A Simple Abiding Place.

The simplicity of Dr. Metchnikoff's temperament is reflected in all the surroundings of his home life. He is so entirely devoted to science and to the Pasteur Institute, that he has fixed his abode in the same street as that establishment, only a minute's walk from its laboratories. At No. 18 Rue Dutot, he and Mme. Metchnikoff live in a tiny second story apartment, which is approached through a typical Parisian court, from which leads a narrow winding staircase, covered with cheap matting. The lower part of the house is occupied by an uninviting restaurant, where, at noon, the laborers at work on the new building, which the Baroness Hirsch is presenting to the institute, swallow their stew and wine and gossip while they smoke their cigarettes.

It is very evident that the Metchnikoffs are not rich. Their flat has only four little rooms, such as might be inhabited by the family of a fairly paid skilled workman in any big American city. In New York one would pay about \$15 a month for such accommodations in an equally remote and unfashionable neighborhood. A small hall nearly filled by a huge fern and a hatrack, leads into the reception-room, in which four people would be comfortable enough, but in which six would jostle one another, if they moved their chairs.

The furniture is solid, comfortable, ugly. It is a Burgeon interior, utterly and helplessly commonplace. A large portrait of Pasteur, bearing his autograph, a few ordinary engravings, a couple of framed diplomas bedecked with huge seals in red and green wax—these are the only decorations on the walls.

A neat little maid of all work ushers the visitor into the reception-room. "Yea, M. le Docteur is at home, but he is at table. Still he will probably accord a few minutes." And he does. He is amiability itself.

Bays He is a "Victim."

"Some personal details? Well, there is very little to say. I am not at all an interesting personage. Just a sim-

ple scientist, who has been the victim of the hasty journalists, I work and hope, but I promise nothing. I regret very much—please say that I regret very much—all the talk that has arisen about my researches.

"You see I am an old man now. Oh, yes, an old man. Fifty-four and a half years old." (He looks, by the way, a good ten years older.) "And I assure you I haven't the faintest hope of being able to prolong my own life by a single day. For you, you are younger monsieur—you permit the observation?—and I will not say that the institute may not be able to do something for you by the time you have reached my age. But I want you, I beg you, to write that nothing definite has yet been discovered in the direction of prolonging human life.

"Yet I am already receiving letters from elderly people, asking whether I can help them not to die, and if they may come to me for treatment. It is a crime to nourish such false hopes as you journalists—excuse me, monsieur—have begun to inspire. Yes, it is really very wrong."

The doctor muses a moment with sad eyes. Then he resumes, smilingly:

"As for my personality, I am a Russian, as my name shows, and I was born near Odessa. I made my first serious studies in Germany at Bonn. When I had taken my doctor's degree in science I returned to Odessa and was appointed to the chair of zoology at the Odessa University. It was then that I began to study the new science of bacteriology. As a result of my researches, I published some treatises on the nature and treatment of various maladies of sheep and oxen and horses.

Was Close to Pasteur.

"I had founded a bacteriological laboratory at the university, and had made known to a very large class of students the new methods and lines of research.

"M. Pasteur followed my work from the time when I first sent him my first treatise, and was kind enough to maintain a constant correspondence with me, acquainting himself with my results and communicating his own to me. On the foundation of the Pasteur Institute, eleven years ago, he invited me to come to Paris and join his staff. He appointed me chef de service, responsible immediately under him for a large part of the general direction of the researches at the institute. Chef de service I have been ever since, and I have every expectation of remaining chef de service until they bury me. For let me again assure you that I by no means expect to live forever—or even for half that time."

And as the doctor makes his little joke, his mild eyes twinkle for a moment behind his spectacles.

"Honors, decorations, titles? Oh, yes. More than I can recall at the moment. Most of the learned societies have granted memberships and fellowships to me; two learned societies of America have honored me by according various distinctions. One of these societies is in Philadelphia, I think, and the other—oh, you must excuse me; I really do not remember now the locale of the other. You see these things do, of course, give one a very real pleasure, but they are not very important after all."

"But governmental decorations, M. le Docteur?"

"Oh, of course, I have two Russian orders, and I am really proud of having been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. Yes, I am proud of that recognition.

The Scientist's Daily Routine.

"My daily life. I go to the institute at 8 o'clock every morning, week days and Sundays. I work here till noon, then I cross the road and take my lunch, at 1:30 o'clock I am back at the institute. At 6 o'clock I leave it for the day and come home to dinner. I generally spend the evening at home, reading, writing.

"No time to live? Oh, but I live for my work. I do not care to go out much into society. I am an old man—oh, yes, an old man—and there is so much to do, so much to find out. Mme. Metchnikoff is fond of society and goes out a good deal; sometimes she drags me out of my shell, but I slip away as soon as I can. I like my shell, you see."

And Mme. Metchnikoff—who has looked in for a moment—taps her husband on the shoulder and says: "Yes, that is your only fault, but it is not a small one."

For Mme. Metchnikoff, a tall, stately woman of the highest distinction in manner and appearance, is known as one of the most brilliant conversationalists in Paris, and is much sought at the gatherings of "the intellectuals."

At the institute Dr. Metchnikoff a little later shows his study and laboratory, where he works in the long, all-enveloping blouse, which, in Paris, artists and doctors and workmen alike find convenient, and which the stranger finds very picturesque. Finally, a young doctor attached to the permanent staff, is invited to do the honors of the immense building where the miracles of modern science are thought out and perfected. He is eloquent with regard to the merits of Metchnikoff. All through the institute it appears, there is only one opinion of the doctor. Every one entertains for him an immense respect; a respect which amounts to veneration. In his personal relations with his colleagues and subordinates, he is the simplest and kindest of men.

"And undoubtedly," the young doctor adds, "one of the first scientists in the whole world—a marvel of erudition and the very embodiment of scientific method and precision and patience. His treatises, published in the Annals of the Institute, and in the scientific reviews of France, Germany, Austria, England and Russia, have long since established his reputation on the surest basis. Hitherto his researches have not been of the kind which set tongues wagging outside of the laboratory, but they have been of immeasurable and permanent utility to scientific progress. His life-long study of the influence of microbic action on the health of the human and animal organisms have opened countless new lines of research. He has cleared the ground for fifty years of further work. Even if he had never conceived the idea of prolonging life, which makes such an immense appeal to every human being, he would none the less have been known to all whose scientific opinion is of value."

The portrait of Dr. Metchnikoff, which I send with this letter, is a striking likeness in all essentials, but it represents, not so much the Metchnikoff of the lunch hour, at the Rue du Tot, as a Metchnikoff trimmed and combed and generally improved, under the eye of madame, for a public appearance.

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

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PROF. HEWETT'S EXPLORATIONS.

DISCOVERIES AMONG THE CRUMBS
OF THE CLIFF DWELLINGS.

[Santa Fe Correspondence New York Tribune.]
Hewett, whose discoveries in the cliff dwellings near Santa Fe have already been briefly mentioned in the Tribune, found in the older cliff dwellings, rudely carved, which were made of ivory, and not fossil ivory, and this seems to be the cliff dwellers were contemporaneous with the mammoths and other mammals, from which alone they derived ivory. On the walls of the cliff dwellings under the plaster put there more recently by the Indians, who sought the caves as a refuge from the Spanish invasion, were found rude carvings of a number of which Prof. Hewett photographed. These seem to be stories of historic incidents, and of such prehistoric animals as those of which were found in the Tesuque Valley and at San Juan, winter, and include the mastodon. Consequently, the discovery of a path in sandstone, which was volcanic tufa, which at several places had been deep—a process which must have taken thousands of years. The cave dwellings near Santa Fe, if stretched out, would extend sixty miles, and must have given to hundreds of thousands of people.

On the mesas above the cliff dwellings are numerous houses, which contained from fifteen to two thousand rooms each, and in which were found fragments of very ancient pottery, and other objects, which showed that they were built by the Pueblos, which reoccupation gave credence to the belief, until lately generally accepted by the cliff dwellings are only from three hundred to five hundred years old, and were built by the Pueblo Indians, who were driven from the cliff dwellings by the Spaniards. Some of the cliff dwellings were, but the vast majority of them were built in the tertiary period, and here near Santa Fe, the cliff dwellings will probably find conclusive proof that even before the quaternary period, now generally accepted as the time of the first appearance of man.

The question of how these vast multitudes of people found sustenance in these arid regions is a matter of great interest. The fact that in the tertiary period the Upper Valley was a vast lake, into which running streams from all directions, over fertile areas, the lake still remaining. Finally the lake broke through the volcanic tufa twenty-six miles thick, and the Grande River. The large amount of charcoal found in the cave dwellings thus far explored shows that the staple products. It is of peculiar interest, as it is different from the Mexican corn of today. The cliff dwellings by the R. V. G. S. Mackenna, the original dwellers in the cliffs were not but of gigantic stature.

Prof. Hewett found five varieties of cliff dwellings, an improvement upon the former, the oldest of the perpendicular walls of the volcanic tufa, the more recent have outbuildings and are built on the top of the cliff. Hewett will continue his explorations in the summer, and will then give the results of his discoveries to the world in book form. He has found remains of prehistoric animals found in the

THE LADY CHAPLAIN.

CONVICTS IN A PENITENTIARY PETITION
GOVERNOR TO APPOINT MRS. SLOSSON.

By a Special Contributor.

Mrs. May Preston Slosson, wife of Prof. Slosson, Platt University, has recently been appointed to the Wyoming State Penitentiary at Laramie.

Before her formal appointment as chaplain, Mrs. Slosson devoted several hours each week to the welfare of the prisoners called for the appointment. When the Governor of the State called for the chaplain, he naturally turned to the clergy, but expected that some popular preacher of the day would accept the appointment. The convicts held a convention, and with one voice petitioned that Mrs. Slosson be made State chaplain.

Mrs. Slosson is a native of New York State, at Cornell University, where she was one of the first women enrolled; she was also the first woman from the university the degree of Ph.D. Her graduate days she attracted the notice of Prof. H. H. Boyesen, and was distinguished in college course for her knowledge of literature and readiness in composition, in both prose and verse.

"The chaplain's work is still in the experimental stage," Mrs. Slosson says, in speaking of her appointment. "The results cannot yet be looked for. What I am doing to do for the prisoners is to awaken their hearts, to reiterate words of encouragement, to give them a desire to cultivate their higher nature. As a chaplain can have in persuading the prisoners aided by a realization of the truth that they are not unlike others—'save these chains' of material things. I try to make my afternoon sermons as practical as can be; one series of sermons an ideal man took some manly quality for the day. Sunday; for instance, courage, honesty, industry, etc. Sometimes I read to the men, sometimes I talk. I get the best music I can, and I have a guished orator comes to Laramie I beg a talk from him."

"How much I am doing for their reformation," she tells; and she loves me, and that gives me a certain leverage. The men are violent and their personal letters to the chaplain are often full of attention and an early answer. They are often the chaplain when released, and many of them me of their determination to live a better life. Things encourage me, however, in my work; the warden's report that cases of insubordination are lessened 50 per cent. since my appointment."

Upon occasions Mrs. Slosson has been called to different churches. "Whether I preach a sermon or only deliver a lecture, I cannot say."

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

REMINISCENCES BY THE FIRST PASTOR
OF HIS CHURCH.Contributed to *The Times*.

WAS the first pastor of the Chicago Avenue Independent, or "Moody" Church, in Chicago. Before the church was organized I was employed by a State committee, of which Mr. Moody was manager, to organize county Sunday-school associations through the State of Illinois, and to hold county conventions with the same. The arrangement was that, after I had got the association formed, and had got the convention called, Mr. Moody should in each case come to my help. This was in 1863, 1864 and 1865. Mr. Moody's idea was, not only to hold conventions and discuss Sunday-school questions and awaken interest and impart information, but to use the gatherings for evangelistic purposes. They always resulted in a series of meetings of greater or less duration, and, in many cases, of great fruit in conversions among young and old. In each work we went through nearly all the northern and much of the middle portion of the State, and had many interesting experiences.

At this time Mr. Moody was conducting the largest Sunday-school in the West, if not in the nation. After a few other larger schools arose, but not many. The average attendance at his school was about twelve hundred. It began in huts and hovels and old rookeries, but was admitted by the city into the great hall over the "North Market," as it was called, and held there till the stone-street church was built, mainly through the gifts of John V. Farwell, when the school was moved into this building. This church cost only \$20,000, but its auditorium would seat twenty-five hundred people, and there were ample rooms for prayer meeting and social purposes in the basement. At this time Col. G. G. Hammond, who was superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad; a Mr. Stillson from Rochester, N. Y., who was then employed in erecting the first great Court-house of Chicago, and John V. Farwell, the merchant prince, and several leading clergymen of the city, were Mr. Moody's main supporters. After a period of work together in the Sunday-school conventions, Mr. Moody unfolded to me his plan to organize a church from the attendants and converts of the Sunday-school and other work in the new building. He said that had not been his plan, but to send the converts to the neighboring churches, and to keep his work wholly a mission. But he said the converts were mainly from the poor and irreligious classes, and they had no acquaintance in these churches and found little sympathy, and so were often discouraged and fell back into their old ways. So Mr. Moody said it was a necessity to make a church house for them, where they would be among acquaintances and friends, and where they would find encouragement and help, and he said he wanted me to take charge of this work, to organize the church and become its pastor. We organized with only twelve members, of which number Mr. Moody and myself constituted one-sixth, and our wives another sixth, but at the end of one year we had 180 members, and the church had become a power in that part of the city, and entered upon a career that has made it famous the world over. We were associated intimately in those early days, and probably no man knows as much of Mr. Moody's inner life and of his work during those few years as I. This is not boasting, as it would naturally be so, and I refer to it here only as my warrant for presuming to write a word on his early work. I kept up my association with him to the end, and loved him as a brother. He was one of three or four of my dearest life friends.

Mr. Moody in 1863.

I first met Mr. Moody in the summer of 1863. I was a young pastor at Crystal Lake, Ill., forty miles out from Chicago on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Before my church work I was engaged and much interested in holding county and local Sunday-school conventions in the county in which I lived. At the same time I was making a series of articles in the county paper on the various phases of Sunday-school work. The young pastor of the Methodist church said to me one day, "There is a young man in Chicago whom you ought to know. His name is Moody. He is the greatest Sunday-school man that I ever met." So I got his address, and wrote him, telling him to come and help us in a convention, which we were about to hold. He came and spoke. I did not know what to make of him at first. He was as wide-awake a young man as I had ever seen, and wholly unconventional in his manner, without any sanctimonious or even religious atmosphere about him. He was just thoroughly business in all his movements and spirit. He did not seem to care for flattery for any compliments or attention. He just wanted a chance to do something. And his address was nothing I had ever heard. While wit and pleasantness flashed out now and then, he was downright earnest from beginning to end, and the one thing apparently aimed at was a spiritual impression, an effort to induce those who were not Christians to become such, and those who were to be more faithful. The whole gathering of people was held spellbound from beginning to end, and for one I was completely captivated. Mr. Moody grew in breadth and power to the end of his days, but in intensity of interest and excitement he never afterward equalled the days of his youth and young manhood.

They tell about his blundering speech at this time. He was often ungrammatical in his language, but if he was ever unsmooth and stumbling, this characteristic of new converts must have been of short duration. He had got nearly over it by this time. In 1865 he was not only a leader in the lines of work in which he was engaged, but he also led all advocates in his ability and power in promoting their claims in public. In this meeting he told the story of Mary Richardson, which has, I am sure, never

been printed, and which I do not think he has told in the last quarter of a century.

The Story of Mary Richardson.

Mary Richardson was a little girl, a dozen years old, in a workman's family, all of whose members had been brought into Mr. Moody's school and meetings, and brought under the impress of his earnest spirit. In the winter work slackened in the city, and her father got employment in the lumber region of Northern Michigan. In due time he sent for his family. They crossed the lake in one of the lumber company's sailing vessels. On the way over a violent winter storm arose suddenly. It soon became a hurricane. Till now the sailors had been very profane, and till now Mary had done the work of a missionary among them. But after a long, hard struggle the vessel became unmanageable. A mast was broken off, and the rudder was disabled. Mary was clinging to the side of the ship. She saw everything that was going on. She saw the sailors' fears arise. She saw their hopes depart. She noticed the change in their language. No profanity now, then a prayer from one and another. Then she burst out in one of her Sunday-school songs.

"We are joyously voyaging over the main,
Bound for the evergreen shore,
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
And never see death any more.
Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er;
We will weather the blast,
And will anchor at last,
Safe, safe on the evergreen shore."

One of the sailors near her said, "Don't you know we are already wrecked and are going to the bottom of the lake?" "Yes, I know it," she said. "Then why don't you pray and get ready?" "Oh, I did that long ago," she said, and sang her hymn through to the end.

The impression which Mr. Moody made for a religious life with this little story can hardly be imagined by one who never heard him tell it. The storm subsided, and the ship drifted ashore, and the sequel of the shipwreck experience was the beautiful work which Mary and her father and mother did in the lumber camp that winter and the changed lives of the sailors. She afterward became the most noted infant-class teacher in the city.

Mr. Moody, while winning everybody who heard him speak, at this time, often provoked great opposition by the momentum with which he moved in the prosecution of any good work to which he laid his hand, a momentum which disregarded conventionalities, and often overrode anything and anybody that got in his way. The story is told of the eminent clergyman, whom he asked to offer the opening prayer in his Sunday-school. A Sunday-school, composed as his was, could not stand a prayer of more than two or three minutes' length. This man started out on a very long presentation of the case before the Lord. Moody surprised him into a pause by twitching his coat-tail, and before the astonished clergyman could gain his senses, Mr. Moody had the whole school singing at the top of their voices one of their favorite hymns. The man was indignant, and went away to abuse his host. Mr. Moody's only reply was, "When it comes to be a question whether to offend some man, or to displease the Lord and injure his cause, it don't take me long to decide."

His Y.M.C.A. Work.

At this time Mr. Moody was very active in the Y.M.C.A. work in Chicago and elsewhere. The association work had very much declined in the city association. Nearly all the business meetings, and there were few others, were taken up with some wrangle over the constitution. Mr. Moody was elected president. He would have beforehand a definite and important plan for each meeting, as it came. The constitution tinkers would have their objections and suggestions. Mr. Moody said he didn't care whether they had any constitution at all or not, they were going to have good meetings, and they did, and it was not long before everybody forgot all about the constitution. The noon-day prayer meeting was a feature of the early days of the Chicago association. In Mr. Moody's mind it was the main feature. It had dwindled to a handful, as we say, and nearly everybody lost interest in it. Nothing shows Mr. Moody's ability to see and form a plan to wholly correct a fatal condition more than his conduct in this matter. He called aside two or three of the most faithful members, and presented to them the condition of things, and asked them to pledge themselves with him, first, to be present at every meeting, if possible, and, second, not to allow a moment's pause to fall on the meeting till each of this number had taken part in the meeting, both in speaking and in prayer. It was the Christian Endeavor pledge, doubled up and pushed to the front. It wasn't a week till it began to be noised abroad that they were having a different kind of meetings down at the Y.M.C.A., and the meetings began to fill up, old members came back and new ones came in. The time was well filled, and then it began to be hard to get a chance to speak at all in the meetings. That was more than thirty years ago, but they have had no thin or dull meetings in that association since.

At about this time the State Sunday-school Convention was to be held at Springfield. Mr. Moody was one of the moving spirits in this work. But it came to be a great meeting, a popular gathering, and the time was often largely consumed by fine speeches. Mr. Moody believed in work and results, and he was troubled over these gatherings. He invited me to go, with him and B. F. Jacobs, to Springfield on the Saturday before the convention, to inaugurate, if possible, a series of Sunday-school evangelistic meetings to be continued in the city through the convention. His object, he said, was to show the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Sunday-school workers throughout the State, the real end to be sought in Sunday-school work, and to arouse them to effort in the same line.

Broke Into a Church.

We left Chicago on Friday night, and arrived at Springfield in the very early morning on Saturday. We started out to make ourselves known in some way to those who would be interested in our work. But few people were on the street. As we passed up a street we came by a church. Mr. Moody tried the door, then the basement door. Both were locked. Then he tried one

window after another, till finally he found one that was unlocked. He pushed it up and crawled through. We followed. He went to the desk of the prayer-room, took the Bible, and opened it, and read passage after passage, and then we knelt in prayer. Each one of the company led the others in turn. I remember well one of Mr. Moody's characteristic petitions in his prayer. "Lord," he said, "give us a hundred souls in the meetings we shall hold." No one expected us, and no one was responsible for our coming, but, while we were praying and talking together, a rattle came at the front door, then the key was put into the lock, and the door opened, but Mr. Moody, who was leading the meeting, and perhaps praying at this time, paid no attention to it. He was on business with the Lord. He was arranging a campaign. The man, who had come in, sat down in the rear of the room, evidently astonished at what he had found in his church, and at what was going on before him. As soon as the praying had ceased, and we had arisen from our knees, he came forward, saying, "Welcome, brethren, who are you? What are you here for? and what do you want?" Mr. Moody said, "We want this church tomorrow afternoon for a union Sunday-school meeting, and we want you to build a platform in front of and around your pulpit, large enough to hold all the ministers and leading Sunday-school men of the city. We want also to get notices of the meeting into all the papers of the city and have invitations to the meeting sent to all the pastors and Sunday-schools of the city."

Our new acquaintance, the pastor of the church, said, "You shall have it. But, in the first place, where are you going to stay while in the city? I will take you to one of my families." And he took us to the elegant home of one of the Union generals, where we were entertained during the week. The meetings accomplished all that Mr. Moody had planned for. They were eminently successful as meetings, and were copied by a large number of delegates, who on their return home inaugurated the same kind of work in their own schools and localities, and it was reported that just about one hundred members were received into the churches of the city as the fruits of these meetings, which continued through the convention.

These incidents show the manner and spirit and methods of Mr. Moody in that early day. But there is one thing not generally known of him by those who have seen only his intensely earnest spirit and work, and that is the joyful, hilarious nature of the man when "off duty." He was as fond of jokes, even what we call practical jokes, as any one who carried no burden for humanity. He would roll on the floor for an hour at a time with a little child or with children, in the most gleesome child's play, and never seemed to consider it any less dignified or important business than a public meeting or a conference of workers, and the romps which he would have with the children at his Sunday-school socials would set at naught all the ideas of decorum for the children in such a place, to say nothing of their superintendent and pastor and teacher, as he always was, no matter who was the minister of the church or Sunday-school. He was not only, as some one has said, one of the three greatest preachers that America has produced, and one of the three greatest evangelists of the world, but the one greatest general of the church in the latter day.

J. H. HARWOOD.

HEAVY GUNS AFFECT THE EARS.

[Blackwood's Magazine:] The stunning report of each gun at it is fired is something that a stranger on the deck will long remember. There is an old saying, "deaf as a post." Now, in the royal navy, this is changed to "deaf as a post captain." No man can go through a long series of gunnery practices without having his hearing very seriously affected. Some men put cotton wool in their ears, but even this precaution does little to deaden the terrible shock. And if the firing of one or two guns has such a shattering power, what would be the effect if the whole armament were in action together?

It is almost impossible to conceive the strain upon nerve and senses of the reading concussion. If a visitor watches the firing of one of the monster 9-inch guns, and then places himself beside one of the smaller pieces, the report made by the one will not appear much louder than that of the other. The extra distance to the muzzle of the big piece discounts the sound. The only apparent difference between the two appears to be that the small pieces have a sharper, higher-pitched note, and that the 6 and 9-inch guns speak with more of a bellowing roar. One piece of advice may be given to any one who finds himself in the neighborhood of a gun in action. The noise will not have nearly the same effect if you are watching the gun as if the crash comes unexpectedly. Unconsciously nature prepares you to resist a shock which is known to be impending.

A MAN OF COURAGE.

[Washington Star:] "A man of real courage, that is, courage as courage goes in politics," said a man of experience in political matters, "is Solomon Hirsch of Portland, Or., and the Minister to Turkey under President Harrison. He is a millionaire, thereby being eligible to the United States Senate, and was a Senatorial candidate before the Oregon Legislature in 1885. Matters were badly mixed, as they are likely to be at times, and there was a deadlock for sixty days. Hirsch was a member of the State Senate and president of the body, and the vote was a tie between himself and his opponent during the whole time. And here is where the courage, or heroism, of the man came in. He had cast his vote for the other man and would not change it. His friends urged him with every argument in their power to vote for himself, break the deadlock and get the Senatorship; but he did not believe it was the right thing to do, and notwithstanding the great prize and the perfectly legitimate manner by which he might have secured it, he let a principle lead him in another direction, and in a compromise threw his forces to John H. Mitchell, who was elected. I don't know of an instance where greater moral courage in politics was ever shown than that, and I think it was more of a credit to Mr. Hirsch than to have been a United States Senator."

By a Special Contributor.

During the battle of Magersfontein the huge shells

The light began to leave Mr. Everts's eyes ten years ago, after an accident when he was thrown from a car and struck his forehead upon the pavement. Notwithstanding his eventful career of nearly sixty years at the bar, in politics and public offices, Mr. Everts has resisted all persuasion to write the reminiscences of his busy life. He was Attorney-General in Johnson's Cabinet, Secretary of State for four years and served six years in the Senate. He was the attorney for the United States before the Geneva arbitration tribunal and secured a judgment of \$15,000,000 for this country. He defended President Johnson against the impeachment of the House of Representatives, defended Henry Ward Beecher in the Tilton scandal, for a quarter of a century was the acknowledged leader of the bar in this country, and is said to have received the largest fee of any lawyer in history.

There is more than a jest in Mr. Chamberlain's remark. The British were not intended to be either complimentary or uncomplimentary to the British soldier, a man, with a modern rifle, and a beltful of ammunition, who can pick off a score or two of men advancing a mile of level ground before he could be killed. The British generals appear now to have decided that to send British soldiers to kill Boers is simply to throw them away.

THE IRISH POLICEMAN.

HE SMILES BEHIND HIS HAND AND THINKS HE RULES THE ROOST.

By a Special Contributor.

ALL age of superstition has not passed. William McKintley and his Cabinet flatter themselves with the harmless fiction that they rule America. And a percentage (a small percentage) of American citizens, too, are into the same belief. But my respected countryman, the policeman, smiles behind his hand, for he knows the true ruler is.

The third day that I was in this country, traveling up the side quarter of New York, I was attracted by a smacking of Cork, raised high in rebuke, and I drew I found a burly Irish policeman in dispute with a citizen. The latter began quoting the law to the former. "The law of the United States," said the citizen, "is a triumphant crew. 'D— both you and the law of the United States,' said the policeman; 'it's my law that this block while I'm on it.' The outraged citizen took up his hands, but he yielded the field to his foe and away, cursing the Irish policeman in his heart, I thought. Though the policeman was in a fury of natural indignation at the fellow having dared to dispute his law, I comforted him and said in a mollifying voice: "A common scoundrel, that!" "Oh, d— every fool of them," he replied. "One would think they were running the country," he said, and he walked away, snorting.

Just before me were three young scamps, English boys. There was beautiful moonlight, so I walked the streets. They were not behaving themselves as they might. They pretended drunkenness and were so seriously to disconcert the passerby. And they succeeded in annoying a gentleman who was walking a lady over the bridge, they laughed, or rather they laughed and long. I was sorry some one did not lead to wring their necks. The farther they went the more they conducted themselves; but, just as they reached the pillars, a big policeman stepped forward, and, in a hoarse, throaty voice, he said: "You three young jackanapes, straighten up your year nose for home as fast as yer feet can carry. And imagine ye're Christians till ye get out o' my sight." The three lads did straighten up at once, but they looked at the big policeman with that haughty and astonished expression which is a perquisite of blue blood, for the duty of the British policeman is to look after the conduct and the "lower classes" only.

He knew them.

"I said one of them, 'do you know who you are talking to?'"

"No, I don't. It's God only knows who ye are. If ye don't take yourselves off o' here in good order, and in quick time, I'll be after makin' the inside of a lock-up acquainted with who ye are."

He said to one side, enjoying the comedy.

"We are Englishmen, saw! English gentlemen, saw! We only come to ye d—d country to see the yacht race." "Ye hear ye talk I know ye're Englishmen; and yer behavior shows ye to be English gentlemen, sure enough. The bad that ye have missed seein' the yacht race for the bad that ye are coming to our d—d country; but ye must come value yer money. Race yourselves now as if ye was the devil take the hindmost. Right about face, go without stoppin' to thank me." He blew his whistle, and the three lads scattered and bounded along the bridge like the wind. I laughed heartily, and when I came up to my blue-coated friend, he laughed heartily.

"The Catholic races," said I. And thereupon he took me cordially by the hand; for he was a Connaughtman.

The Irish policeman at home is a British policeman, and, as a spirited Irishman enters that force. He is almost expected to shine, and he is the terror of the law. If he finds a rich and loyal man overtaken by a car, he calls a car and conveys him home; but a poor fellow under the same circumstances is taken neck and heels and bundled into the Black-hole. He is as truculent as he is truculent; and his moral strut, what is it? He is a trader in Ireland cannot sell liquor on any one but a bona fide traveler—and, under the law, a man must have slept, on the previous night, at least from the whisky; or from the town which the whisky is ladled out to him. A policeman in a little Donegal town, was examining a witness in connection of a publican who had violated the Sunday law, and he propounded the question, "On the virtue of oath, were ye or were ye not a boney fidey traveler?" "I object," said the opposing attorney. "The police must explain to the witness the meaning of the word." The peeler (as he is called in Ireland) gave a scornful smile. Said he to the witness, with the official manner of a linguist, "Boney fidey is French for 'ye sleep in this town las' night?'"

He said a Goat in Plain Clothes.

There was also a policeman in my part of the world, finding that a goat was a very necessary requirement to complete the family circle, desired to go to Ballyshannon to purchase one. A comrade, Patrick McCaffrey, had permission to go to the fair in civilian dress, and, and Michael (his name was Michael Brogan) followed going in like manner. So, writing his inspector permission, he said:

Respected sir: I wish leave for the second of February to go to Ballyshannon fair to buy a goat in plain clothes, your obedient servant, MICHAEL BROGAN.

Whether Michael obtained leave to go to Ballyshannon or not, whether he succeeded in getting a goat in plain clothes, and, if he did, whether said goat did or did not

bear a flattering resemblance to Constable Patrick McCaffrey, subsequent history saith not.

The Irish policeman in America to the Irish policeman in Ireland, in qualities is as a man to a mouse. And it gives me supreme and amused pleasure to find a brigade of boys who swung a fir-hatchet or a caman (hurley) at home, wielding the truncheon and running the country, in America. The brawny autocrat who stands at the noisy crowded crossing and, by merely raising his hand, stops the roaring tide of wagons, cabs, coaches, motors and trolley cars whilst he arms you safely through like the Israelites passing through the embanked Jordan—that autocratic fellow first opened his eyes on a mountainside in Kerry. A bare-footed, mischievous little rascal whom his mother could not control, he scampered about its hills and its gleams, and plowed through its bogs, and clambered its cliffs, and skipped like a goat from boulder to boulder, little dreaming that one day the American-born, whose boast it is that he does not fear the devil himself, would in his presence stand in awe, admiration and trembling. As he grew up he trained for an autocrat with the spade and the gaip in his fist round the week, and the hurley on Sunday evenings, and perhaps a scientific twist or two of an oak stick or blackthorn, on Fridays, when a man is naturally inclined to be light-hearted.

Graduated from a Good School.

The flashes of wit, the cordial grip of comradeship, the quick word and the hasty blow were his characteristics at home. He passed through the best training schools for the man required to awe your bold, but generous American. And he has always graduated with honor, and taken up the task that falls to him here with as much ease and self-possession as if, when he was born, his destiny was to police America. All this any one may see for himself, who pauses at a crossing at 6 in the afternoon. The Irish policeman, with an heroic calm, stands in the center of danger, and with his finger beckons this interrupted stream of humanity, and that, to flow forward, and the confidence-inspiring ease of the man nerves the repressed mass to walk with assurance the gauntlet of quick danger. In his bounteous goodness he is not above leading a child by the hand and at the same time conducting a timid woman with his protecting arm around her. Or he keeps a hand on this boy's head and the other flat against that old gentleman's back, prepared to help him forward when, in the apprehension of coming danger, he would retreat. And anon he lifts a hesitating, dapper little old maid, whose successors are growing angry—lifts her bodily, and drops her on the other side of the car tracks; he heeds not, he sees not, the indignant glances with which she would wither him, nor the grateful smiles which those whom she had blocked would repay him with. He has done his duty, and he minds not praise nor blame. He is at once, too, an encyclopedia and a walking directory. He stands to be questioned all the day long, and never once gets ruffled in temper till the woman laden with parcels persists in intercepting the traffic from all points of the compass, whilst he proposes, "Where is the what's-its-name big apartment house? How do I reach Haltman's? Is it near 12:30 yet? and, I got a bad quarter in change when I was downtown on Monday, and I don't know where the store is; it had pocketbooks in the window and not far from a photographer's." That is the only time the poor man is in danger of losing his temper; but he controls himself with an effort and says dryly: "Ma-am, would ye mind talking that all over again to a very shorthan' expert, an' then bringin' me a written copy?"

Patrick in the By-Streets.

This is the Irish policeman of the thronged crossing who has reduced himself to a machine. But there is quite a different genus who lags and lounges in the by-streets, where the high tide of commerce has forgotten to flow, where dirty little stores struggle hard for a fitful existence, and to which waifs of all nationalities on the face of the earth gravitate. Here, too, he is lord of all he surveys, yet he tolerates his subjects and their ways so long as they do not make themselves wantonly assertive. He knows every one of them, man, woman and child, by name; and he notes each new kid that sneaks in out of another quarter—and gives him his warning how he is expected to behave himself if he wants to live in this district. He saunters from lamp-post to lamp-post, and from door to door. He condescendingly sits down for a few moments on a soap box in that store, and on a bag of flour in this; and there he only comes to the doorpost, and leans against it, chapping the wall with the end of his club, whilst he lazily swaps the news with Mary within. Though he looks forward to the greater dignity of (say) a Broadway crossing, he rather enjoys the sleepy quiet of life here, far from troubling inspectors and prying officials. It reminds him much in its easy, gossip life, of the little village at home in the County Clare, and he makes no prodigious efforts to get a change.

But even the Old World political differences sometimes make trouble for the Irish policeman here. There was a cranky North of Ireland Orangeman who, by some singularly strange mismanagement, was not only given a place on the New York police force, but actually advanced to sergeant. For the poor fellows under him it was bad enough that he was an Orangeman, but that he was an ill-tempered one who could not take in good part ordinary abuse on the subject, aggravated matters. All his men were, of course, passively rebellious; but one of them, a fellow full of mischief as an egg of meat, Danny MacFadden, was the particular thorn in old Barrington's side. MacFadden's natural end, Barrington believed, was the end of a rope, with either a knot or a noose to it. MacFadden never lost an opportunity of salting his sergeant and rubbing it in, doing it all, too, so cunningly that it baffled Barrington to get a hold on him.

The Joke Was on Danny.

Now, the 12th of July, the anniversary of the battle of Boyne, is the day for sporting the Orange colors; and on this day Barrington was black as thunder, and the men were in the common room of the station, laughing and joking, and winking knowing winks when "old Barr" went in and out. With Danny they were plotting how they might play off a good one on the sergeant. Danny was fooling with a long green feather, and proposing that some

one should stick it in the old fellow's hat. Danny was suddenly summoned to the sergeant's presence on some ordinary errand. A comrade clapped Danny's hat upon his head, and at same instant inserted the feather, which stood up and nodded forward like a plume. All innocent of the trick, Danny marched into Barrington's office. The others who stood around there, moved their fists into their mouths when they saw the spectacle.

Barrington, bent over his books, put several questions to Danny, before he looked up. But when he did look up and beheld this fellow standing bolt upright before him, with a tall green feather nodding from his hat to Barrington, and this day the 12th of July, of glorious Orange memories, he got scarlet in the face, and, stamping his foot, cried, "Sir-r-r!" Danny looked at the fellow in amazement and replied, "Sir-r-r?" "D—n you, sir. What do you mean?" and old Barr jumped to his feet in a passion. Danny, a picture of outraged innocence, drew himself to his full height and with every move of his body the green feather was nodding defiantly at the fuming sergeant. He snatched the hat off Danny's head and shook the green feather under Danny's nose. "Sir! Sir-r! I'll have an investigation on you! I'll get you dismissed from the force, sir-r. I'll not rest till I have you in prison, sir-r, for such r-r-rascally conduct!" Poor Danny, telling the thing himself afterward when he could afford to laugh at it, said he didn't know whether he was on his head or his heels or whether to laugh or to cry when he saw the feather and the trick his comrades had played on him. But by hook or by crook (the latter most likely) Danny contrived to escape the consequences.

It wasn't easy getting the better of Danny MacFadden. Still his unworthy friend, Terence McGaughey, outwitted him. Terence was a n'er-do-well and, as he was from Danny's own hillside at home, Danny was especially severe on him. Danny twice caught him in the act of abusing people with both tongue and fist—and let him escape with a wrathful caution. Still a third time, though, he found Terence in the very exuberance of spirit, thrashing a man on the sidewalk at 12 o'clock at night. In a fury at the perverse villainess of the fellow, Danny got him by the neck, and, with curse and cuff, run him into the nearest patrol-box. The moment he here let go of him to ring up the patrol wagon, Terence quietly stepped out and locked the box upon Danny. From the distant corner he watched the fun when the patrol wagon rattled-up.

One day, chatting with a big Tipperary policeman in the park, I remarked that theirs must be a healthy life, and this was evidenced in their appearance. "Ah," said he, "God give ye wit. It's all ye know about it. If ye were after standin' at a good airy corner for a handful of hours of a February day and all the winds of the world blowin' through and through you like a sieve an' you soaking the rains like a sponge, and the rheumatism would begin shootin', and the lungs begin' troubling ye'd stir your take up to another tune. Lungs! oh, may God be with the country where he hadn't any lungs and didn't need them!"

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

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MEN OF NOTE.

Bourke Cockran will give an address on imperialism in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on February 23.

Gen. Miles's new saddle horse is a great black charger. It was bought from a famous Kentucky farm.

Senator Hale of Maine is something of an athlete, and is particularly fond of fencing, at which he was once an expert.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts is one of the wealthiest clergymen in the country. He enjoys an income from \$2,000,000.

King Humbert has decided to visit the Paris Exposition. He will be accompanied by the Prince of Naples and the Duke of Genoa.

Senator Tillman has forsaken his old method of extemporizing his speeches, and has taken to writing them out before delivery.

Alois Burgthaler, who has been hailed in Germany as the coming king of tenors, was but a few years ago a farmboy in upper Bavaria.

Jerome K. Jerome declares the beginning of his good fortune was when the inundation of his father's mines at Cannon Chase, England, sent him out into the world in search of work.

Despite the eastern flavor of some of his verse, T. B. Aldrich does not know any oriental language. He is at present, however, studying Persian, with a view to a translation of "Omar Khayyam."

President McKinley is a lover of chess, a game with which he frequently amuses himself. He is an expert at all chess problems, and believes firmly in the value of the game as a training for logical thought.

Col. George T. Perkins of Akron, O., has presented to that city eighty acres of land, to be used for park purposes, and largely as playgrounds for children. The property is valued at \$100,000.

Percival Lowell, the astronomer, will lead an expedition which will go to South Africa next May for the purpose of observing the eclipse of the sun. Mr. Lowell will pay most of the expedition's expenses out of his own pocket.

One of the most celebrated of the Alpine guides, Jean Payot, died at Chamounix not long ago in his ninety-fourth year. He was one of the best known of all his class, and has piloted many distinguished persons up the Alps.

The junior Senator from Alabama in point of service, but not in years, is Edmund W. Pettus, who is 78 years of age. His term expires on March 4, 1903, in which year he will attain his eighty-second birthday. His predecessor, now 79, was 77 at the close of his term in 1897.

Capt. Fuzat, who lately died in Grenoble, France, was a veteran of Waterloo. He was but 13½ years old when he joined the colors after Napoleon's return from Elba, and he served continuously in the French army, except for a time spent in Greece during the revolution, until after the Franco-Prussian war.

A SECRET MISSION.

A STORY OF THE LATE WAR TOLD
IN FIVE LETTERS.

Contributed to The Times by O. Clute.

I.

DEAR FATHER: My cough is better. This climate has saved many others; it may save me. I want more of it. Uncle Wau just came in and said he was looking for a confidential agent to send to Cuba in charge of dispatches, arms and medicines for Gomez. I offered myself. After a bit of hesitation he said: "It's hardly fair for you to go without consulting your father. Write him. Meantime, you can help me by superintending the loading of the Three Sisters."

Dear old fellow, say yes. The doctors said I had but one lung. Give me a chance to use that. Tell mother I am going to help the mothers and children of Cuba. She cannot refuse. I was as good as dead when I left home. I may as well die for something as just to evaporate. Telegraph your consent. I am going now to look after the loading of some cases of goods which reached here this morning. More are expected on the next steamer from New York. The Three Sisters will be loaded and manned in four days. Tell Kid if he keeps the American and Cuban flags always flying I will bring him a young alligator. It will make a lovely pet. Your one-lunged,

JOHN ALLEN.

Jacksonville (Fla.), March 11, 1898.

II.

JACKSONVILLE, 15 March, '98.

Dear Father: Uncle Wau came from his office five minutes ago with your telegram. You are the best fellow in the world. And mamma is the best fellow in this world or the world to come. Have been busy every night getting the cargo of the Three Sisters on board. Spanish spies are thick. They know uncle of old, hence he has to be mighty careful. He is on the street or at his office all the time, apparently very busy with the work of his cigar factory. They don't know me, and I am careful never to be seen with uncle. Have a room at the New Placide, and am thought to be a promising candidate for a trip home in a good-sized box with caribolic acid accompaniments. You would not think that if you saw how the beaten biscuits, fried chicken, and sweet potatoes disappear. As an annihilator of consumption bacilli, fried chicken is great. Cod-liver oil isn't in it. As I have to be up all night I have to sleep in the day, and this adds to the impression of my good-for-nothingness. But somehow the climate and the night work and the grub are building me up. Have gained four pounds. Hardly ever cough, except when the Spanish spies are around, when I am often in convulsions.

The Spanish I learned during those two winters mamma and I spent in Cuba comes in handy. Have been brushing up here with Señorita de Mena, a Cuban lady, who, in the pauses of her fiery outpourings, in picturesque English, against the Spanish people, occasionally manages to put in five minutes of instruction in the Spanish language. Am now able to understand about all of a conversation in Spanish and can manage to speak it a little. You always laughed at my many gestures. Well, I find that a bit of pantomime helps my "poor faltering, stammering tongue" a good deal when I am talking with Spanish and Cubans in their own language. The men who are helping to load the Three Sisters speak only Spanish. That I can speak it a little gives them a high opinion of me. They call me "buono cubano." They left their families when they joined the insurgents. Now their wives and children are among the reconcentrados at Cien Fuegos. These fellows consign the Spanish to a "hundred fires" with unctious. The Spanish tongue is a beautiful one to swear in—which you need not mention to Elder Rigor.

At dinner tonight I sat at the table with the Spanish Consul and some of his friends. One of them addressed a remark to me in Spanish, which, of course, I appeared not to understand, hence while I was absorbed in dining they talked freely. They are excited over a report telegraphed from New York today that an important shipment of goods has recently been made from Philadelphia to Florida, to be sent from here to Cuba on a filibuster. They are watching for the Three Sisters, which has a noble record for its frequent trips to Cuba. But the Three Sisters left this port a week ago, bound for Brunswick, Ga., "to do some towing." When a short distance down the St. Johns, she put into a lonely cove, and lies hid there among the brush and trees. At night she comes to a small wharf a little outside the city, and we put aboard such goods as have arrived. The last consignment was loaded this morning, and before 3 o'clock she was back in her cove.

I had the following "report" published in The Metropolis this evening: "The Three Sisters is at Brunswick, ostensibly for towing, but really to get a cargo for Matanzas. She will be ready to sail in three days."

The Consul and his spies "bit." They agreed that all should go to Brunswick on the train tonight, and prevent the cursed Americans from helping the enemies of Spain. After all, the newspapers, when wisely manipulated, do some good!

The Three Sisters leaves at 10 tonight. Everything is ready. The cargo consists of 1000 rifles, 2000 machetes, 250 cases of ammunition, 200 ounces of quinine, 50 cases of blackberry brandy, some ginger and morphine, and some bales of cloth and clothing. It is carefully stored under coal. To the insurgents, it will be a very valuable cargo if we are able to take it to them. It was bought with money contributed by the cigar makers in this city, Tampa and Key West.

Uncle says the dispatches we are to carry are from Senator Domo, one of the sincere friends of Cuba in Washington, and from Estrada Palma, of the Cuban junta. The junta is especially anxious for immediate communication

with Gomez, in view of anticipated action by Congress. There will be no moon tonight, which is in our favor. The revenue cutter lies in the river with her steam up, ready for the saucy Three Sisters, and other filibusters. Capt. Busby of the Three Sisters is a good seaman, a daring fellow, and a strong friend to Cuba. He has taken more cargoes to the relief of the insurgents than any other man. He will meet the rest of us tonight at the home of one of uncle's cigar makers in the outskirts of town, where carriages will pick us up and take us about three miles down the river, where a boat from the Three Sisters will meet us.

Tell Kid to lay himself out to run up the flags every morning. I have sent his alligator by express. Put it in the fountain in the greenhouse. This trip is not a picnic, so I do not take much baggage; still shall be better off than the parishioner of the South Sea missionary, who was clothed in a friendly smile, for I wear also a shirt and overalls. Will try to send you a line before we leave the southern coasts of Florida. Good-by, all.

Yours for Cuba Libre,

JOHN ALLEN.

P. S.—You know, dear dad, that I deplore leaving you, even for a short time. But I am sure you will remember all I have told you, and so be a credit to me. Look out for your flannels; boiled water is your only safe drink; read your daily chapter; and don't be out late o' nights. Thus you will take a load from my mind. JACK.

III.

OFF KEY LARGO (Fla.), March 17, '98.

Dear Father: Since my last, we have had stirring times on board the Three Sisters. But the sea air, the equable temperature, and the absorbing interest of the trip are working wonders with my health. My appetite is insatiable, and I sleep ten hours in the twenty-four.

The cigar maker, at whose home we met in Jacksonville, to start for the boat, lived far out in the borders of the city. All around his cabin the saw-palmetto grew in a dense thicket, the cabin was a mere box of boards and shingles, the furniture was improvised from blocks, and old boxes and barrels, his wife and children were dressed like paupers—except that they were clean. "We send our money every week to the junta to provide for the men who are in the field fighting under Gomez for dear Cuba." He made no other apology. It was enough. He and his family had the appearance of refinement. Uncle says he is from an old Cuban family, ruined by the ten years' war. He and some other Cubans are constantly spying the Spanish spies, whose headquarters are at Jacksonville. He assured us that the way was clear for our start, as the Spanish credited the report of the Three Sisters being at Brunswick.

Two carriages took us to the boats, which were lying in some bushes three miles further on. It was a charming drive, over the soft, sandy road, then through thickets of saw-palmetto and among straggling pines, to the boats. As we came near the landing, our guide, José, croaked like a frog twice at brief intervals, and was answered in the same way. Then a rustle in the bushes disclosed a sailor. The two boats were tied at the end of a plank, laid on trestles. We stepped silently aboard, the two sailors pulled out noiselessly, and in a few minutes we were on board the Three Sisters.

No one would suspect the character of our cargo. Capt. Busby has a contract to deliver coal at several points on the coast, for use by the numerous yachts with which tourists sail these waters in winter, so he has covered our goods with coal. The Three Sisters is a fast vessel. She can make 23 knots an hour. She is built for shallow water; Capt. Busby says that, "she can run on a heavy dew." And she has good sea-going qualities; has often made the trip to Cuba.

We knew that one of the coast guard was lying off the bar. But we knew, also, that something would happen to the machinery of her searchlight about 12 o'clock that night, for this had been arranged with a Cuban servant of one of the officers. Capt. Busby kept the Three Sisters hugging the shore; all lights out; no sound but the occasional subdued puffing of the engine. Before 12 o'clock the searchlight of the coast guard went out; our Cuban on board had been faithful and successful. The apparatus had "accidentally" broken down. We put on all steam, and at a speed of more than 20 knots, had soon left guard, and harbor, and bar behind us. We were at sea, bound for Cuba, freighted with a burden of blessing for those who were sick and suffering.

How shall I tell you, dear home folks, of the beauty of that night! The clear, moonless sky bent above us in silent friendship; the friendly north wind brought us a refreshing touch; the friendly waters bore us bravely up. The little vessel strained every nerve to carry swiftly its helpful cargo to the fair-skied isle under whose soft air the last few years have seen so much of misery and death.

Our captain knew that other boats of the coast guard were south along the Florida coast. They all draw several feet more water than the Three Sisters. By keeping close to the coast he hoped to elude them. His life has been passed in these waters. Every key, every channel, every little bay, every secluded cove is known to him. That first night went rapidly by. As dawn began to appear we were ninety miles from Jacksonville. Then we headed the vessel toward the land, which was scarcely a mile distant, entered a small bay, and steered directly for the dense woods with which its shores were lined. It seemed as if he would beach the boat, but suddenly the screw stopped, a rope was attached to a ring in the top of the smokestack, a small encircling band at its foot was loosened, showing that the stack was hinged to the deck. Then the stack was lowered toward the stern until it lay prone upon the deck, a few turns were given the propeller, and we drove through the foliage into a small harbor, not more than three rods across. The bushes closed behind us, the tall cabbage palmettos reared their heads above. We were completely hidden. A watch was set in a large live oak, giving a sight of the sea. Then the captain's cheery voice said, "Now, boys, for breakfast and then sleep." I was dead tired. In a few minutes slumber held me fast.

Eight solid hours of sleep refreshed us all. Then dinner at a o'clock, after which we made everything snug, and had time for a bath, and a smoke after game. Four tur-

keys were brought in, and an immense fisherman must have turned on its back before, and for some reason had not away. Turtle soup, turtle steak and addition to the stores of the Three Sisters my big colony of bacillus tuberculosis death, but are adding pounds per day to which I am determined not undertake expressing north. After supper we were the captain's keen eye guiding us over and his voice in musical Spanish directing the men.

By 5 o'clock we were at the southern Large. This letter I shall drop into the kept in a palmetto shack, of marvelous that stands on the edge of a pineapple this morning we bought a hundred pieces of flavor as you poor dwellers in effects saw. It is claimed here that pineapple giving virtues sufficient to raise the dead a medicine which no man would allow homeopathic doses. When this blessed shall buy a pineapple plantation on one build a shack to keep off the sun and life of paradise. Dear old man, "you see me, and bring mamma and the kid, Busby to cruise with us for a month in among these islands that long ago dropped borders of heaven and brought with them ravishing beauty and its resplendent air.

We sail this afternoon for the coast of some distance east of Key West. There is sight now, so we shall start at 3 o'clock. see us in Busby's hidden harbor in the You know that I think of the home folks

IV.

In camp at

Dear Father: A group of royal palms, tops the north winds blow coolly, tall orange trees, wherein the glowing fruit and flowers mingle their fragrance, clumps laden with an odorous burden, great swish musically in the wind—these are Insurgents, newly clad in overalls and denim, of which the Three Sisters are sleeping in the shade after a hard night's miles beyond, the shining sea stretches land, to which, and to their own brave look for redemption from slavery and

Nothing of special interest occurred after leaving Key Largo. The Little straight path for Cuba. All on board excitement. But not a craft of any kind one slept. At 3 o'clock we took a breakfast coffee, hot rolls, sweet potatoes and fried we were about ten miles from the Cuban the early light lay like a bank of clouds southern sky. A few small sailboats were ward shore. We came up with one, and guard boat had gone east the night before, probably return before 10 o'clock. All possible kept up, and our brave boat flew landward the western end of a reef, then went shallow water, entered the mouth of a were in Cuba. Cuban waters were under winds blew around us, Cuban allies gave embrace. The vessel lay so close to the gang plank reached from the deck to the eager feet I stepped upon the land that with the blood and the bodies of the who in the last few years have preferred or by starvation to the degrading power of after we had tied up the frogs began to distance up the bank, and were answered Our friends were at hand to welcome our cargo. Our letters were so important came in person to receive them. First he list of our cargo, made a few notes as which different packages should be sent, an aide, who led a party of stalwart followed the boat and packing the mules. When introduced me to him, he gave me a warm buttoned my shirt at the neck, took from scarlet protector which, in obedience to doctor, I continue to wear, carefully ripped revealed a delicate bag of the thinnest at uncle's house in Jacksonville the letters care had been smoothly stitched and written on the thinnest of silk paper, which when carefully spread make but very Gomez smiled grimly, again gripped my letters. After examining them, he said the president of the republic and his cabinet assembled for this purpose in a dense wood land. I urged him to permit me to go would looked me steadily in the face, and said: us a great service; I will trust you." Needless.

Of the road inland, of the meeting place ful men gathered there, of the consoling speak. Those few hours were freighted with of Cuba. When the lone star floats in fair land the seal may be broken and the told.

It was far into the night before the ended. We slept in tents under the great the morning we returned to the coast, to state going with us to write dispatches with two weary men breakfasted with the after our return. They spoke with feeling of their hopes for the republic of shall foster the development of its resources great debt to the people of the United States warm sympathies they are fully aware of in Washington they said little, but name that the course of events would lead to eminent to action. After breakfast they

to their state and military papers, and I began this letter.

Most of the coal on the Three Sisters has been unloaded here. It will be needed by some of the filibusters, or other small steamers in the service of Cuba, that know of this harbor. At dark tonight we leave with only enough coal for fuel and ballast. With so light a load the Three Sisters can show her heels to any craft in these waters. And should we be overhauled there is nothing to convict us save the dispatches, and these they will not find. Always yours,

JOHN ALLEN.

WASHINGTON (D. C.), March 24, 1898.

My Dear Father: When Gomez, in our camp on the river bank in Cuba, had finished his letter he called me to him and said: "In bringing me the letters you delivered two days ago you rendered to Cuba and to me a great service. I showed my trust in you by admitting you to our conference yesterday, and will further show that trust. It is most important that the letters I have just written should not fall into the hands of the Spaniards. It is even more important that the information they contain should reach the man in Washington to whom the letters are addressed. Let you should be compelled to sink them in the sea, while yourself escaping, I will read to you the dispatches in full. Charge your memory with their contents, and, if you part with the documents, go, if possible, at once to Washington and call on the parties and give them the word I will now give you. He gave me the word, and then read the two letters, carefully explaining as he read. When he had finished he said: "Now repeat to me the contents of the first letter." When, unfeeling parent that you are, you used to give me every day two chapters from Bancroft to be read and the contents to be repeated to you at your desk in the library the same evening, you hardly thought that you were training a bearer of rebel dispatches from the incipient Cuban republic to the greatest republic of the world. I was able to repeat to the faithful leader of his struggling countrymen the contents of both letters almost word for word. He looked his satisfaction and said: "When Cuba comes to her own you will not be forgotten." He mounted his horse and in a moment was lost to sight among the trees. I wrapped his letters in the rubber, put them in the protector and hung it over my chest. Surely a poor consumptive lung never had a more honorable nor a more strengthening shield!

As darkness came on the Three Sisters again put to sea. We were all in good spirits; had eaten and slept abundantly. The sky had been threatening for two hours. Almost as soon as we started rain began to fall and the wind rose to a gale. But it blew from the southeast, and helped us forward. The little vessel was so light that she rode the waves with joy. About 9 o'clock a light was seen at the southeast, and a searchlight swept the waters. Doubtless it was one of the coast guard. Capt. Busby determined to try her speed, so kept on his course. A shot was fired at us, but it fell far short. Evidently our pursuer saw that we were gaining, for after a few minutes her head was pointed east and we were left alone.

Our course was laid a little west of the southern point of Key Largo. It was our purpose to run behind some small island close in shore, lay here among the trees for the day, and then work north the next night, in about the path we had taken in coming south. Toward morning we saw a light a little to the northeast, which gave me some alarm. If it was on a coast guard coming south we might be caught. Even if we got into the shallow channels, where the vessel could not follow us, it might send its boats to cut us off. If we succeeded in hiding from it for the day it might run to the north end of Largo and wait there until we came out. The captain thought our only way was to run for a hiding place for the day and trust to not being found among the many small islands and shallow channels. So all steam was kept up. Every man was alert. Our craft cut the water at a rate of twenty-three miles an hour. When daylight came the guard boat was seen three miles away. As the courses lay our pursuer would be within a mile of us before we could reach the island. But if we could reach there but a mile ahead there was strong probability that we could hide for the day. A gun was fired at us, but the aim was wild. We moved on; in ten minutes ran behind a small key; pushed ahead to groups of keys closer to shore; turned still more to the west, and after two miles, again to the north. We then threaded among a wilderness of keys to a group of small trees and bushes, where the boat was entirely concealed. It was the best we could do. We would trust to fate. Breakfast, and sleep for all but one watchman followed.

At 3 o'clock I proposed to Capt. Busby that at dark, instead of continuing north, we should turn south, round the southern point of the Florida mainland, turn north and reach the Ten Thousand Islands before morning, hide among them for the day, and at night run for Punta Rassa, at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River. (There I could take the small steamer which leaves Fort Myers daily for Punta Gorda, touching at Punta Rassa. The Three Sisters could return to the Ten Thousand Islands, wait among them for a day or two, and then go back to the east side and on to Jacksonville. Even if she was overhauled there was nothing on board to incriminate her. Capt. Busby agreed. And at dark we went south, had a successful run to near the neighborhood of Punta Rassa, when the small boat and a single boatman took me to the queer building, which is hotel, store, postoffice and dwelling, and the landing place of the cable to Key West and Cuba, and which constitutes the whole town of Punta Rassa. I passed easily for a tourist who had come from a party on a yacht lying a few miles off. I "allowed" that I was going to Punta Gorda to see some acquaintances at the big hotel there.

In due time Punta Gorda was reached. The train north left at 5 o'clock and at 7 the next morning I was at Uncle Wan's in Jax. He telephoned the chairman of the local Cuban committee, and to the two I gave an account of the cruise. That night the train on the Plant system carried me toward Washington, which was made in twenty-seven hours.

I called on Estrada Palma, asked him to go with me to the home of Assistant Secretary Light, and in the presence

of both ripped open my chest protector and handed them the precious documents from Gomez. Of the contents of the documents I may not now speak.

In two days I shall leave for home, to visit you and mamma and the kid. Even if I am not a prodigal I hope to have some fatted calf, not to mention other fixings. I trust the family will make no remarks about the large size of my appetite, my dark complexion, my increasing girth, and my improved beauty, and so will spare my feelings. Remember that I always was a modest youth. With love for all,

JACK.

A PARISIAN'S PLAIN.

HE VIEWS THE COMING EXPOSITION WITH ALARM.

[The following article has been translated for The Times Magazine from the French of the noted critic, Emile Faguet, in Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires, by Mrs. L. McKee Rice.]

DO YOU realise to what this exposition exposes us? Oh! to a great many things. To starvation, owing to the impossibility of finding room in the restaurants; to death from exhaustion, for lack of room in the omnibuses and trams and the dearth of cabs at the stands or on the streets; to death from heat or suffocation in tramping the halls of the exposition itself, which in truth a Parisian will never do voluntarily, but which he may nevertheless be forced to do in order to show the exposition to his aunt of Castelnuovo; to death from the disgusting nausea produced by the odors peculiar to the Fiji villages and the Hottentot hamlets; to death from the plague, which the noble foreigners may bring to us from those distant countries where it reigns, although the effort is being made to prevent it from ruling; to impoverishment and death on account of the increased prices of all the necessities of life.

Death, everywhere death; *plurima mortis imago*, which being interpreted means that death presents itself under all aspects, and that the best of us are helpless before it. "And death is the end of all things," as Shakespeare says. Death is at the end of every avenue of the exposition, and it is as the messenger of Death that the exposition is universal.

"Thrice happy," says the passage in the Aeneid, "those who have had the good fortune"—in Latin "contagiti"—"to die before the fall of Troy the Great!" As many times happy as there are doors to the palaces of the exposition those who have had the good fortune to die before its opening. They will not have escaped the fatal and necessary step; but they will have died a natural death, and not by an international and cosmopolitan accident, which would be necessarily humiliating. An ox would prefer death in the midst of his family, to being massacred in a hecatomb. The promiscuousness of such a death would be an odious thing.

The exposition exposes us to all this, but there is worse yet. "Worse than all this? Worse!" That which is announced to us now is the following dishonor, and by as much as dishonor is worse than death, this perspective is more grievous than all those which I have just spread before your horrified vision.

We are told now that the boxers, the prize fighters, of the whole world will make our "good city" the rendezvous, where they will mash each others' faces. James Jeffries, the illustrious James Jeffries, of whom you have never heard; James Jeffries, fistick champion of the world, recent victor—after a terrible fight—over Sharkey, the sailor, has just challenged Jim Corbett, the illustrious Jim Corbett, first fist in the athletic and pugilistic contests of the "civilized" world.

The projected meeting gives sweet promise of twenty-five consecutive rounds, and one naturally wonders what will remain of the combatants at the end of No. 25. Of one doubtless, and of both probably, it can be said as of the Marshal de Schomberg, with a slight variation, "Le poing ne lui laissa rien d'entier que le coeur." (The fist left him nothing whole but his heart.)

To me the school of James Jeffries and that of Jim Corbett, as well as that of Sharkey the sailor,—whose followers dress in sailor costume—are utterly indifferent; and whether they agree or "pitch into" each other what matter? But what is less indifferent to me is that these gentlemen chest-crushers should make Paris the rendezvous of their noble company.

"At length it has become painful," as Bacon said when he received the fourth kick. This is the fifth or sixth affront of this sort we have received, I will not say without protest; but, in truth, without enough protest. First it was bullfights, which, at all hazards, were to be imposed on us, which drew near slowly, coming step by step from south to north, surrounding us with their circular approaches, with their strategic circumvallations. They were at our gates, and we were deliberating. They approached as nearly as possible to our pomeroium, or sacred inclosure, and it was necessary that a bull himself should tread under foot, and crush the ribs of the public itself, before an interdiction, provisional, alas! came, not to arrest, but to interrupt, suspend for a few months, this dishonoring invasion.

Next were fights between cocks, spurred like men-of-war, their feet provided with goads or spurs like Parthian cavaliers. Cocks with feet sheathed in nickel, armed for war like the hoplites of antiquity. The sand was stained with their blood, and they bit the earth; they were dead, and it was all abominably repugnant. Although none of them put out the eyes of any spectator, which I regret, this also was prohibited. For all that, I would not swear that this "sport" has disappeared. Yet its resumption is not talked of for the moment. God grant that it may continue so.

Then about two months ago occurred the unique prize fight. It was frightful. It aroused indignation to the point of fury. All its chroniclers fulminated against it. I was one of them, on which I congratulate myself. Interdiction again. But scarcely has the edict gone forth, from the highest authority, as was necessary in order

that it should have the requisite weight, when now comes the Jeffries, and now the Corbetta, to introduce themselves to us, and there seems to be no disposition to thwart their design.

It is odious and insupportable. Paris should not be allowed to become the capital of universal ferocity, under the pretext of inviting the civilized world to the high court of peace. O! beautiful Peace and charming civilization! The blood that flows, the teeth that drop, equally with the danse du ventre, the tooth dance, the ribs which resound under the blows of the boxers! O, civilization! O, peace! O, concord!

And I fear it will be a difficult matter to prevent these monstrous exhibitions! What will you? The exposition is the foreigner in our home; it is all foreigners in our home; it is the foreigner at home in our home for the time being. He comes with his manners, his customs, his eccentricities, his vices. He comes to be seen and to see. He comes to display himself in all the range of his diverse personality. The Spaniard brings his bulls, the South American his horses to catch with the lariat, the Englishman his fighting cocks and his prize fighters, the American his prize fighters also.

Is the exposition the rendezvous of all nations? Is it that? If not, then it is nothing at all. Well, then, that it is. And it is the rendezvous at the same time, of all national customs. Would you have approved in the seventeenth or even at the beginning of the eighteenth century a universal exposition in Paris at which the Spaniards would not have had the right to give themselves the diversion of an auto-da-fe? Undoubtedly not! They would have said to us, "It is our public pastime. It is our opera. It is our Spanish mountebank. You should yourselves give us this entertaining spectacle. You do not think of it. Never mind, we think of it ourselves; so permit us to present it to you. Are we at home in your home by temporary arrangement, by international courtesy? Yes! Then—"

Nothing to oppose to this reasoning. It is pure logic. France in exposition is neutral territory, international territory. The world should see itself reflected as in a mirror, and rejoice in the contemplation of itself. It wishes to see itself, and it would seem that the exposition was instituted for nothing else. Is it not right—the world? At any rate it would be difficult to prove to it that it is wrong.

We shall see the boxers, we shall see the prize fighters, as we shall see the cockfights and bullfights. The exposition will be a bellicose Noah's ark. I could have dreamt it otherwise. It is not a question of my dreams, however, but of the necessities of the situation and the logical consequences of the institution itself.

I will simply say, let us not again have an exposition. We know what the cost is, we do not know all that it brings, it has many self-asserting (fiery) disadvantages—rather many disadvantages of which there is no occasion to be proud (fiery). You recall the words of the old lady in "Jean Beaudry" about porters: "I do not know of what use they are; but they must be very serviceable since they have so many disadvantages!"

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE—Emile Faguet, the author of the foregoing article, and one of the leading French critics of the day, is a prominent candidate for the vacant chair in the Academy, the election for which will soon occur. He is one of the most popular and interesting lecturers at the Sorbonne—the University of Paris—and his room is invariably crowded. To one seeing and listening to him his striking personality is most fascinating, particularly as it vaguely suggests Victor Hugo, whom a casual observer might say he imitates; but on longer acquaintance the conviction is borne home that he would stoop to imitate no one, and we recognize the fact that the fancied resemblance is owing merely to our recognition of the same direct, simple, strong and penetrating character of mind which the two men have (I say have, as it never seems that Victor Hugo is dead) in common.

Sitting behind a sort of desk (all the lecturers sit) surrounded with books of reference, from which he frequently reads, he talks familiarly to the student, his keen, intelligent face eloquent in the interest of his subject, which he enlivens with spontaneous sallies of rare wit; his small nervous, brown hands, often soiled, protrude from dark coat sleeves, frequently innocent of cuffs, and aid almost as much as his voice and face in the expression of his thought.

L. M. R.

WHISTLE AWAY.

Whistle away, my merry boy,
With happy face and heart of joy;
If it will help you to be strong,
Whistle a tune when things go wrong.
And whistling lightens it for you,
If e'er your task is hard to do.
Whether it be sowing the seeds,
Hoing the corn or pulling weeds,
Gathering fruit or raking hay,
Or driving cows, whistle away.

Whistle a tune, if you can't sing,
And that should seem the next best thing
That you can do; perhaps 'twill cheer
The hearts of some who chance to hear.
Better to whistle than to pout,
And scold and fret, no one can doubt;
So keep a merry heart, my lad,
And thus make other people glad;
Do all the good you can each day,
And as you toil whistle away.

—[Toronto Truth.]

AGRICULTURE IN PUERTO RICO.

[Chicago Record:] At present little in the way of plant products is exported from Puerto Rico outside of coffee, sugar and tobacco. All other crops are considered unworthy of the serious attention of the planters, their cultivation being generally left to the desultory efforts of the most ignorant of the population. There has been little attempt at the improvement of varieties, either by selection or by the introduction of superior seed.

STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

INTERESTING STORIES OF THE AUTHOR
NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

By a Special Contributor.*

AFTER traveling the whole world over in search of a climate that suited him, Robert Louis Stevenson finally decided that there were only two countries that he cared to live in—one was Egypt and the other Samoa; and realizing that in the latter place he would have a freedom of life more agreeable to his Bohemian tastes, he finally settled down there, as it turned out forever. Although he took several trips to Sydney (Australia), New Zealand, Honolulu and San Francisco, he never stayed away from Samoa for any length of time.

Before taking up his abode permanently in Samoa, Mr. Stevenson chartered a small schooner in San Francisco, and, in company with his wife and her son and daughter, took a trip through the South Pacific, calling at the Marquesas, Marshall and other islands. He made arrangements with a syndicate to contribute descriptive letters on the islands and their inhabitants, but, strange to say, although at the top of the tree as a novelist, his newspaper articles fell very flat, and several papers discontinued publishing them. Mr. Stevenson felt very sore about his non-success in this line, and declared he would never attempt work in this line again. The truth of the matter is, he had to get his facts second hand, being physically unfitted to tramp through the bush and climb hills, and, as for the manners and customs of the South Sea Islanders, it is only after one has learnt the language and actually lived among them that a true idea can be obtained of their habits.

His Home in Samoa.

After deciding to settle down in the group, Stevenson bought about three hundred acres of bush land, overlooking the town and harbor of Apia. It was situated about four miles back from the town, and the last two miles of this distance was over a native trail, where there was room for only one person to walk at a time. The lumber for the house had all to be carried by natives over this trail. Although Samoa is situated only 17 deg. south of the equator, Stevenson found that he could not get along without a fire, so he gave orders to construct what is probably the only brick chimney in the tropics. The bricks were imported from New Zealand, and carried by natives to the plantation. Each native carried only four bricks in a load, and made on an average only one trip a day. As each received \$1 a day, and there were 4000 bricks, it is not a very abstruse problem to calculate the cost of the chimney in addition to the original cost of the bricks.

Love for Samoans.

The great novelist fell in love with the natives at first sight, and declared that he would not have any other kind of labor on his estate. He proposed employing them in clearing the whole 300 acres and planting cacao (the tree which produces the cocoa nibs of commerce.) The old residents smiled when they heard this. A Samoan, in his own group, will seldom work after he has \$5 coming to him. Stevenson refused to be convinced of this, as he said that he had made inquiries from the natives themselves, and found out that if they were properly treated they would work for years continuously.

So he engaged fifty of them for a start, and for the first few days they made the chips fly—after that it was "Malolo" (take a rest,) "Au te fia ula" (I want a smoke,) every few minutes. Out of the fifty, not more than half would be working at the same time. Some smoked, others were listening to an interesting story, others fixing their "lava lavas" (loincloths,) and the rest swinging boys' axes (they won't use a full-sized ax) in a manner that would disgust an American woodsman.

After the first pay day only half the gang showed up, and at the end of a month there was not a single Samoan on the job. Several remained as house servants, one or two continuing in that capacity during the remainder of Stevenson's lifetime, becoming strongly attached to the family. Stevenson soon picked up a number of Tongans, Fijians and savage islanders, whose work was more satisfactory. He contented himself with having the light timber and undergrowth cleared out, and planted the cacao in the shade of the larger trees. After his death, however, the place was neglected, and the young plants were soon choked.

Life on a Plantation.

After having a rough road made from the town to his house, he enlarged the premises considerably, adding a dining hall, 40x25, where he entertained in great style. Whenever an American or British man-of-war visited the port, Stevenson's house was at once thrown open, and native dances, feasts and tennis and shooting parties were arranged for the officers. Nor were the men forgotten. On special days they were invited, one watch at a time, to come up and have a good time.

The plantation has the making of a lovely spot. Situated for the most part on a small plateau overlooking the harbor, with the small stream Vaillima (five waters,) which gives its name to the property, running through it, and the mountain of Vaea towering above, it is surrounded on all sides by the tropical bush, and forms one of the many beautiful scenes to be found in the group.

The property lately passed into the hands of a German merchant, who had made his fortune in Vladivostok, at the absurdly low price of \$5000. It is estimated that Stevenson put \$40,000 into the house and plantation.

Wore Neither Shoes Nor Hose.

Stevenson and his whole family (with the exception of his mother, who was a Scotch lady of the old school) were extremely unconventional. Nine times out of ten visitors would find the whole family going about their daily vocations dressed in utter negligé clothes, and all barefooted. The novelist had peculiar ideas on this sub-

ject. He used to say that shoes were "an invention of the devil," for the sole benefit (no pun intended) of corn doctors and bootmakers. He made one visit to the town of Apia in his plantation outfit, but a personal friend politely suggested to him that it was the duty of every white man not to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the natives, so he gave way and afterward appeared in more conventional costume.

Entertaining Natives.

Stevenson would occasionally invite a whole Samoan village to a feast. On such occasions legs of beef, tins of meat, loaves of bread and pies were prepared, and at the appointed time laid out on banana leaves on the lawn. After the feast the native "talking men" would stand up, leaning on their long staffs of office and whisking horse-hair fly-flappers, and make long orations to "Lou Alofa Tusi tala" (His Royal Highness the story-writer.) A Samoan, it may be mentioned, always calls a white man "Royal Highness," if he wants a favor or has just received one. If he is refused a favor he goes away muttering, "Tuzialo" (stinking pig.)

Stevenson's fame as a novelist and newspaper writer soon spread among the natives, and this, combined with the uniform kindness with which he and his family treated them, gave him considerable influence among them. Stevenson and Mataafa.

Stevenson arrived in Samoa just after Malietoa had been returned by the Germans, who had deported him to the Cameroons about a year previously. By the Berlin Treaty it was found that he was to be reinstated as King, and no provision whatever was made for Mataafa. In fact, it soon leaked out that the only condition under which the German government would go into the conference was that Mataafa should never again hold office in Samoa. It was this fact that led Judge Chambers to decide against him in the last election, and led to the fighting between American and British marines on the one side and the Mataafa natives on the other.

Mataafa and his followers were, of course, very angry at this slight, as he had just concluded a successful revolution which had made Malietoa's return possible. He sulked about Apia for a while, and finally went down the coast about five miles and started up a government of his own. Here he was frequently visited by Stevenson and other sympathizers, and it is charged against the former that he used the influence that he had gained with the natives to encourage the rebellion. Stevenson certainly wrote some very strong articles to the London Times, pointing out how badly Mataafa had been treated, but it is extremely doubtful whether he ever directly did anything to bring on the unfortunate fight that ensued, and which ended in Mataafa's being defeated and deported. After this happened, Stevenson wrote his "Eight Years' Trouble in Samoa," which gives a very fair history of events that occurred during that period. It closes with a touching appeal to Emperor William to forgive Mataafa and allow him to return to his home. The Emperor, however, turned a deaf ear, and ordered that all copies of the book found in Germany should be burned.

Feeding Prisoners.

Many of Mataafa's chiefs were imprisoned after his defeat, and Stevenson, on investigation, did not consider that they were being properly fed. He accordingly sent a quantity of supplies to the jail, but it was only after a great deal of trouble with the authorities that the prisoners were allowed to benefit by his kindness. After the rebel chiefs had been pardoned, they went in a body and started making a carriage drive from the main road up to Stevenson's house, a distance of over a mile. They did this work well, although they had persistently refused to work the whole time that they were in jail, and when the drive was finished christened it the "Ala Alofa" (Road of Love.)

Stevenson Angry.

Tusi Tala, as Stevenson was called in the native tongue, was by nature one of the most lovable of men, gentle and kind hearted. On two occasions, however, I saw him with his temper ruffled. The first occasion was when a lieutenant of an American man-of-war was introduced to him. The lieutenant, no doubt thinking that it would create a bond of sympathy between himself and the great novelist, said: "I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Mansfield, and have seen him in your great work, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'; we are great chums." Stevenson turned pale with rage, as he said: "I have no desire to know any friend of Mr. Mansfield's," turned on his heel and left the lieutenant open-mouthed with amazement.

Some of us who were present explained to the lieutenant that Stevenson felt very much put up over Mansfield's having dramatized his novel without his permission, and, as he considered, entirely spoiled it. It was a sore subject with Tusi Tala.

Interviewed By a Baseball Reporter.

The other occasion when Stevenson was angry was when the interview that he had given a reporter appeared in the columns of a San Francisco paper. It appears that this reporter's specialty was baseball work, and that, having overworked himself, he took a trip to Samoa to recuperate. While in the group he asked for an interview with Stevenson. This was at first refused, but through the good offices of a young American who was very friendly with the novelist, the latter at last consented. The reporter was welcomed to the house, was received by the family in their usual hospitable manner, and Stevenson appeared clad in his usual unconventional style. The reporter made a few inquiries regarding the work that the novelist was engaged on, what he thought of native affairs, etc., and finally took his departure, leaving (luckily for him) for San Francisco by the next boat. The return mail brought with it the "interview." It commenced by giving a description of Stevenson himself. This is how the baseball reporter said he found him:

"Imagine a tall, thin man, about six feet in height, dreamy eyes, untidy hair, clad in a second-hand velvet coat and corduroy pants, no shoes, gracefully reclining in an easy chair, with one foot (by no means too clean) on the other knee, and carelessly running his long, thin fin-

gers between the toes, dreamily removing the dirt between them."

Stevenson did not read farther, that was fully a month before his young American friend showed his face near the place. I do not think on record that any other reporter ever mentioned an interview with Tusi Tala.

"Treasure Island" and E. A. Poe's "Gold Bug."

Any one who has read Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and Edgar Allan Poe's "Gold Bug," immediately, vice versa, must have been struck at the similarity of the two stories. Stevenson's story is quite a long one, but Poe's only a sketch. After I had read both I was certain that there must be some explanation of the fact that I took the liberty of mentioning the fact on the next time I met him. He said: "I told you that you have been reading the London edition of the subject." I told him that I had not read the paper for three months. He then told me that the bases of the two stories were very similar, and of fact he had only read Poe's story after the matter was called to the matter. The description of the treasure and the dropping a bullet through of a skull found in a tree above to discover the described almost word for word in the two characters of John Silver and one or two others only found in "Treasure Island."

Stevenson, like many other writers, was a seaman, made a bad mess of the trip and was in the schooner. If one follows his description he will find that he has the vessel sailing at four or five knots an hour, stern first, during part of her trip.

Buy a Circus Horse.

Tusi Tala found himself placed in a very good position in the main street of Apia on one small circus company had become stranded in the had to sell their whole outfit—horses, tent, and means with which to get away. At the auctioneer took a fancy to the trick horse. He was a standing animal of the color known in this country as "calico," bay and white in big blotches all over. He was knocked down to the lord of Vaillima, who marched triumphantly home. Stevenson saw the frequently, and found that the animal was a good one. One day, however, he happened to pass the circus school, while the band was practising. As they were playing an air with which the natives were familiar in the circus. To Stevenson's surprise the great amusement of the natives and the trick horse rose up on his hind legs and came around the animal's neck; the natives yelled "malie" (good, good,) and no one knows how the animal would have ended had not a foreigner, an animal by the bridge and hauled him down to his position. There was a trick horse for sale at \$10, with no buyers.

Stevenson's Burial Place.

According to his own desire the novelist was to be buried on the top of a high ridge overlooking the town. The monument can be distinctly seen from the vessel coming to port. Shortly after his burial the owner of the adjoining land had a survey made, and discovered that the line ran right through the grave. The owner of the land, however, at once decided of gift of sufficient space to place a monument if required.

*Arthur I. Carr, the author of this article, lived in Samoa for years and was familiarly acquainted with the novelist.

ELECTRICITY FROM THE CLOUDS.

PROF. WILLIAM A. EDDY BRINGS CURRENTS FROM HIS HOME BY MEANS OF KITES.

[New York Journal:] To bring down a powerful electric current from the clouds for household purposes was the object of Prof. William A. Eddy, of Bayonne, N. J. He has succeeded in bringing the electricity into his home, and is now engaged in seeking to harness the electricity into a cheaper and more efficient than that of the dynamo. Three tall iron poles of threadlike copper wire, an iron rod and switch comprise the harness. Prof. Eddy has been far enough to utilize the intense intensity of the photographic and laboratory purposes. His system may become a powerful factor in any of the future promises to disclose a means of harnessing great sky-scrapers with electric fluid from the clouds.

Prof. Eddy first raises three kites early in the morning. When the kites attain an altitude of from 500 to 1000 feet he attaches a collector to the cable, which is a strong flax. The collector is a light wooden box two feet square. It is covered with mosquito netting which is pasted a large sheet of tinfoil. The netting is used because the tinfoil is too frail of itself to stand the blast of the winds. The air strikes the collector on both sides at once.

To this collector is fastened a threadlike cable. Then the kite cable is paid out until the kite is at an altitude of 2000 or 2500 feet. The collector is below the kites, and as it rises above the ground it collects electricity. The collecting process increases with altitude. An iron rod driven into the ground and reel serves as a ground for the current. The cable as it leaves the wheel, passes tightly around it and then on up the cable. The current is thus raised less.

Prof. Eddy says that a few days ago while watching an experiment, he accidentally touched his right hand was burned painfully and the current pitched him headlong to the ground.

Prof. Eddy said the high buildings in New York are lighted by electricity gathered from the clouds by means of gigantic collectors, and that the great problem now is how to insulate the roofs of these structures to prevent the current from escaping through the frame work into the ground. Millions of dollars are being expended in the clouds, he asserted, when the problem is once solved.

Stories of the Firing Line ❖❖ Animal Stories.

Roosevelt's Regimental Drill.

AL LEWELLYN of the New Mexico battalion of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, was in Washington last week. He tells a story illustrative of the magnificence of this famous organization put up to establish a service at the front. It will be remembered that the other volunteers were going through medical examinations and setting up drills and all sorts of season-programs, the Rough Riders were hastily assembled from Tombstone, Las Cruces, Harvard University, the New Mexico police force and a great variety of sources. The organization was rapidly recruited, hurriedly mounted, ready for anything, and rushed to the front at Santiago. Roosevelt dropped his duties as Assistant Secretary of the Navy one day, started that night the rendezvous of the regiment in the Southwest, and days later was in the saddle. "The colonel arrived at day, and hadn't been in camp an hour when he sent an order for a council of officers," says Lewellyn. "We hurried up to headquarters, not having any idea what the colonel wanted. Roosevelt addressed us sharply. He said: 'I am going to have a regimental drill in the morning at daylight. Now are the movements you will be prepared to make, and I want them done not only accurately, but as a map.' I'll never forget how the colonel got out of his seat. He said no more, but dismissed us with the manner of the strictest disciplinarian. I went off with the cold chills running up and down my back, for I was conscious of how rusty I was in all the tactics. We studied the list of movements the colonel had given us, and until 12 o'clock we pounded away under the sun at the programme. Col. Roosevelt had given us the most exacting West Pointer ever turned out couldn't be put through a more severe trial than Roosevelt. When we got to the end of that regimental drill we were covered with dust and sweat and used up worse than if we had been riding the range all day. A little later I had washed, and was passing the headquarters, when Col. Roosevelt saw me and beckoned to me to come. He was lying on a cot and laughing to himself gleefully. He said to me: 'We got through that regimental drill pretty well, but do you know, captain, that those movements were every blessed thing I knew of the tactics? I studied them out on the cars coming from Washington. Wood had ordered any other movements I would have been in a bad fix.' After that," said Maj. Lewellyn, "I saw that the thing to do in the Rough Riders was to put a hell front and go ahead, and we did."—[Washington Post.]

Mauser Bullet Wounds.

HE is struck with the rapid way in which the wounded have convalesced. All except about half a dozen are now about, with wounds completely healed, and in only a few cases have the wounds become septic. This is partly due to the style of weapon used, at the same time speaks volumes for the excellence of the arrangements of the field. All are Mauser bullet wounds except two. One of these is a superficial wound of the hand inflicted by a shell splinter, and the other a Martini wound, the bullet having passed between the radius and ulna without seriously having damaged either bone. It had healed well. All the men agree as to the very small amount of shock produced by the Mauser bullets, many stating that they went on some distance after feeling they were hit, the man telling me that he did not notice being hit at all until he began to feel dizzy and found that he had lost a lot of blood. One notable circumstance is that the vast majority of the wounds are in the extremities. This the men attribute to the wild firing of the Boers, and to the fact that they were generally hit just at the moment of going or taking cover. One wound had its aperture of entrance just on the inner side of the lower third of the thigh, and its aperture of exit in the right buttock. This was due to the man having been climbing a steep bit of rock at the time. Apparently the bone was injured, but it is notable that the injuries involving the hip joint as aseptic as the rest. I saw one case of a bullet Mauser wound on the chest. The entrance was at the second interspace, and the exit just to the inner side of the angle of the capula. It had completely healed without haemoptysis or any other bad symptoms."—[British Medical Journal.]

Wounded Killed.

CORRESPONDENT at the battle of Belmont writes: "I dare say you have heard that David St. John, the heavyweight champion boxer of the Guards, was killed at Belmont in the charge up the Kaffir Kopje. He was face to face with a Boer as big as himself. They were both a bit of a scuffle. The Guardsman gave Mr. Boer a good hit with his bayonet, so hard that he drove it right into the hip and creosguard, and not being able to extract it he was practically unarmed, and while endeavoring to withdraw it, another Boer shot him clean through the chest. I saw them, lying one on top of the other, both dead."—[London Daily News.]

Boer Men of the British Army.

THE Boer prisoners in hospital still continue to prosper and wax fat. I was speaking to one of them the other day. He was an exceedingly interesting man, and his half-hour conversation was most instructive to me. He was educated at Stellenbosch, the Cape Dutch University Center, and was one of the last men one would expect to have any mistaken notion as to Britain's resources, and yet, he informed me, he had been under the impression that the English army consisted of 6000 soldiers. Do you remember the character in one of Rider Haggard's books—"Jesse." I think—who had been to Cape Town and counted the British army? Personally I should never

have believed that such stupendous ignorance could have possibly existed. "But surely," I argued, "you must know that the British army consists of more than 6000? You read the papers, you have a knowledge of the world—" My friend, the Boer prisoner, shook his head with a wise smile. "I have seen only accounts of a big English army in the English papers. What would be easier than for your commander-in-chief to put down an extra hundred thousand troops on paper? If you have so many troops, why are you sending to India, Japan, and Australia and China, for assistance?" I did not attempt to explain.—[London News.]

Burying Tattered Colors.

IN CONNECTION with the story of the British flag said to be buried at Pretoria, it is perhaps worth mentioning that in the middle of the last century it was no unusual occurrence for the tattered or "wounded" colors, as they were quaintly styled, to be interred. In a North Country paper of May 31, 1763, there is the following passage: "The old colors of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Foot, Lord George Lennox's (now the King's Own Borderers), quartered at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, being much wounded in Germany, particularly at the glorious and ever-memorable battle of Minden, were buried with military honors."—[London Chronicle.]

Law and War Reversed.

A CHARACTERISTIC story of Joubert comes from Durban. In the early days of the present campaign one of the Free Staters, with the freedom of speech habitual between men and commanders in the Boer ranks, ventured to question the policy of invading Natal. In entering the enemy's territory there was, he suggested, an element of rashness that was hardly in keeping with the cautiousness of an old lawyer—alluding to Joubert's early forensic career. "There is a great difference," replied the Boer general, "between a battle in a court of law and a battle in the field. In the former the advantage is with the man who speaks last; in the latter it is with the man who strikes first."—[Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

Capt. Bosco's Swimming Cats.

"I READ a description the other day of the retrieving cat owned by a sportsman on Hetairie Ridge," said a planter from the south coast, "and while the case was certainly remarkable, it is completely eclipsed, in my opinion, by a family of swimming cats, owned by Capt. Bosco of Tarpon Island. Capt. Bosco is well-known in New Orleans, where he occasionally comes to do some trading, and is immensely popular with the crowd that goes down to the Tarpon Club for periodical outings. He is the kingpin fisherman of Bay Adams, and as quaint and original a character as you could find on the whole coast. "His swimming cats, about which I started to tell you, belong to a feline tribe that has lived at the captain's place from time out of mind. They are at present perhaps a dozen all told, and they have apparently lost every vestige of the natural antipathy of their species for water. They will wade unhesitatingly through the shallows on the beach, hunting for small fish, and three or four will actually swim out to nearby luggers to get oysters. Like all cats, they are very fond of that kind of food, and when the captain's lugger comes in from a visit to the beds several of them are certain to jump off the landing and swim to where it lies at anchor. It is very strange to see them come scrambling on board, mewing and shaking themselves and seemingly as indifferent to the wetting as setter puppies. "How they developed such an extraordinary trait I don't pretend to say, but it has probably been a matter of gradual evolution. Capt. Bosco doesn't remember when his cats began to go into the water, but it was many years ago, and with each generation the natural aversion must have become fainter and fainter. It wouldn't surprise me if they developed web feet."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

A Dog's Devotion.

A TOUCHING example of the devotion of a dog to his master was witnessed at St. Michael's Church during the funeral services held over the remains of James Barden. There had been a strong bond of friendship between Barden and a spaniel named Mugsie, and since the death of his master last week the dog has been inconsolable. He followed the funeral procession from Barden's home on North Fourth street to the church, and for a few minutes after the casket had been borne inside the sacred edifice Mugsie waited outside. During the celebration of the requiem mass the mourners and the congregation were surprised to see the dog walk down the center aisle. The casket bearing the body of his master had been placed in front of the altar and the faithful canine did not stop or turn aside until he came to the bier. For a moment he stood gazing sadly about him and then lay down directly under the casket. As the attachment of the dog for his deceased master was well known he was not disturbed, and remained lying under the casket until the funeral services were concluded.—[Philadelphia Record.]

In Memory of a Pig.

LUNEBERG, in Hanover, has the distinction of being the first town in the world to erect a monument in memory of a pig. In the Hotel de Ville there is a mausoleum containing a costly glass structure, inclosing a ham still in a state of good preservation. Above there is a marble slab, upon which is written in gold letters a

Latin inscription, which may be translated as follows: "Passers by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneberg."—[Chicago News.]

Dead Deer's Tail Wagged.

A BIG buck deer, suspended by his heels in front of a game store on upper Broadway, created much excitement recently. Stiff and stark as he was, he wagged his tail. The man who first saw the tail wag nearly fainted. "Have I got them?" he asked himself, and then he stood open mouthed watching the tail wag on. A big crowd gathered. In a few minutes the matinses reinforced the throng, and Broadway was blocked. It took two policemen to clear the sidewalk. Still the deer kept on wagging his tail. Finally the owner of the animal admitted the trick. He had put a small electric battery inside the deer and attached the wire to its tail.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Helped the Doctor.

THE intelligence of the elephant is well known and is illustrated in an interesting incident as follows: A young baby elephant had received a severe wound in its head, the pain of which rendered it so frantic and ungovernable that it was found impossible to persuade the animal to have the part dressed. Whenever any one approached it ran off with fury and would suffer no person to come within several yards of it. The man who had charge of it at length hit upon a contrivance for securing it. By a few signs and words he made the mother know what was wanted. The sensible creature seized her young one with her trunk and held it firmly down, though groaning with agony, while the surgeon completely dressed the wound, and she continued to perform the service every day until the animal was perfectly recovered.—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Archbishop Benson's Dog.

THE following story is told in the life of the late Archbishop Benson by his son about the archbishop's favorite dog Watch: "My father was reading the lesson, which was the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark, in which the word 'watch' occurs several times. The dog, who had been slumbering peacefully, became very restless, and as the bishop ended with the words, 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch,' in a very imperious voice, there followed a great scuffling and scratching, and Watch emerged hastily from his place and proceeded to the door of my father's stall."—[New York Tribune.]

"The Dog It Was that Died."

IT'S a strange story, this, which comes over the river from Brooklyn. A hungry dog bit a large piece out of a ten-year-old boy, and, after two days' confinement in a dry-goods box, went barking and bawling to its death. An autopsy proved to the satisfaction of several physicians, and to the relief of the lad's relatives, that the animal died, not of hydrophobia, but of indigestion. The last stanza of Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" now reads like a prophecy: "But soon a wonder came to light That proved the folks they lied, The man recovered of the bite; The dog it was that died."—[New York Mail and Express.]

Carlo a Witness in Court.

A ST. BERNARD dog recently decided a case in court to the satisfaction of judge, jury and witnesses. About a year ago, the dog was kidnapped from a Revere farmer and subsequently sold to a Brookline livery-stable keeper for \$50. The Revere farmer advertised, but to no purpose. Business one day took him to Brookline. He was accompanied by his six-year-old daughter. They were driving slowly through the main street. Suddenly the child uttered a cry: "Look, pa! Oh, look! look! Carlo! Carlo!" There on the green, with tail extended and eyes dilated, his great body trembling with excitement caused by that voice he loved, stood kidnapped Carlo. "Oh, come, Carlo!" cried the child, eagerly. There was a merry bark, and the dog was by the side of the wagon in a twinkling, wagging his bushy tail and prancing in doggy glee. The farmer, of course, took possession of the dog. The Brooklineite laid his grievance before the court. It took two days to hear the case. The complainant put in evidence to show that he had purchased the dog of the man who reared him. On the other hand, the defendant described every mark and scar on the dog. "I think I'll postpone the trial in order to have the dog in court as a witness," said the judge. A deputy sheriff brought the canine to court the day following. "Carlo!" called the livery-stable keeper. The dog only sniffed and moved uneasily. "Oh, Carlo! Carlo!" cried the farmer's child. The huge St. Bernard's tail went round. In another second he was bounding down the corridor to his mistress. The case then was submitted to the jury, and, after five minutes' deliberation, the jury returned with a verdict for the farmer.—[Boston Traveler.]

UNDER THE NEW FAD.

[Boston Transcript:] Fuddy. Let's see, they used to call Daniel Webster "the expounder of the Constitution," didn't they? Duddy. Yes, but under the new fad the newspaper men have got into, I suppose we should now call him "the former pounder of the Constitution."

DELFINA.

By Isabel M. Austin.

(Continued.)

THERE was a drouth in Lower California this year, and the wild geese came in great flocks to feed on Theodore's laboriously-cultivated grain fields. The sheep had all been sheared, and sent roaming the brown hills for another six months' peace. The band of shearers had gone back to the mainland, and only three or four Mexican laborers were left on the island.

To Delfina, the loneliness of the desert seemed to have again settled down upon the place. Since the scene at the wool table, Theodore's repressed, taciturn nature had redoubled its moody gloom. He seldom spoke to her now except to grumble. If it had not been for one thing, one precious, wonderful secret that she held and cherished, and thought and prayed over day and night, she was sure she should have gone mad, or died from the aching of her heart. But the good God had been merciful to her, and given her a new and blessed inspiration in her poor little life. Her glorious eyes were tender, and her sweet lips smiled as she sat by her window the long days through, stitching so daintily and lovingly, and putting rows and rows of the exquisite Spanish drawn-work into many tiny garments. She had never let Theodore see her working over them, and she even wondered if he knew or cared.

One evening they were at the gate watching an eclipse of the moon. Theodore seemed more talkative than for a long time, and Delfina's spirits rose. She felt almost happy for the moment, as she stood there watching the weird changing light.

"What do you do with all the wild geese: you shoot?" she asked him.

"Oh, throw them over the bank into the sea. They are worse than grasshoppers on the barley. I shot twenty yesterday."

"The poor things must eat, but—" she hesitated.

"Why did you ask what became of them?"

"I just thought it was a pity to waste the feathers and down, it is so lovely for pillows; then I want some for the cradle."

He turned suddenly as if he had been struck. "Delfina! Do you really mean it?" and he took her in his arms and kissed her, the first time in many weeks. And after that for a time life was a little brighter for her.

On the sheltered slopes of the eastern cañons, vines had been started a few years before, and this fall was to be the first vintage on the island. New buildings had been raised, and as the long summer closed, and the purple clusters hung heavy and luscious on the young vines, men wise in wine matters were sent for to Los Angeles to take charge of the work. The superintendent, Victor Moraga, had consented to come, however, only on condition that he was allowed to bring his family. He was too valuable an expert to lose for any reason, so a board shanty had been erected for his convenience, near the vineyard.

One sunny afternoon in September, he and his wife and a long string of dark-skinned little Moragas landed from the schooner, and wended their way up the bank to the Haydens' cottage. Delfina watched them come with mingled joy and awe. She had not seen a woman in ten long months. She met them at the door with the unfeeling hospitality of her race. They all filed into the sitting-room, and the little wide-eyed, bare-footed children at once huddled themselves together in a compact group on the couch, digging their brown toes into the carpet, as an expression of extreme shyness.

"Did you get sea-sick on the boat?" Delfina asked them, smilingly.

"No, no," came in a timid chorus.

"No? Then you must be very hungry," she said. "I will soon have you some frijoles and milk, and maybe cake and dulces," she added mysteriously.

She first went to the closet in the hall, and brought a bottle of wine for their mother. "We will soon have better wine than this, no doubt," she said, opening the bottle. "Where is Señor Moraga? Would he not come up for some lunch?"

"Oh, no, he is with the men."

The Señora Moraga was short and very dumpy; her small eyes were black as coal, and her perfect teeth glistened pearly white in contrast to her dark skin. She looked critically about the neat room. "You have a nice house, señora. But is it not very lonely to live here always? And where is the church?" she asked, going to the window.

"Oh, we have no church," said Delfina. "Yes, and it is lonely, no one knows how lonely. In a week you would give your soul for the sight of a friend, and the ringing of the mission bells." She gave a little sigh, but went on cheerily. "But it will all be different, now you have come. I am so glad—so glad you are here," and her beautiful eyes filled in spite of herself.

She was nervous these days, and her emotions lay very near the surface. She had so longed for the sympathy and security of a woman's presence, that now it had come, she felt that a great weight had rolled from her heart.

Two mornings later, Señora Moraga held a tiny bundle in her arms, for her big Mexican husband to see. It was Delfina's baby, a dear little brown-eyed girl.

A year and part of another year had passed, and still the owners of the island were not willing to let Theodore Hayden go, and, in fact, he did not care to go. Delfina had long since given up asking when they were to return to Santa Barbara.

Two vintages had passed, and the Moragas had departed the second time, leaving her lonely. But the house rang now with the laughter of her little child, and her heart could not be very sad, with this ray of sunshine to warm it. Delfina's baby was beautiful and like herself, except for the curling golden hair which came from the Saxon blood; and she had named her Juanita, for her own mother.

At first Theodore had been all interest and concern for his little daughter, and seemed filled with a certain

reticent pride and delight. But as time went on, and Delfina's love seemed more and more to center into a worshipful and absorbing adoration of her child, he began to grow unreasonably and fiercely jealous. It seemed to her that he hated them both, and the shadows began to thicken deeper and deeper about Delfina. The well springs of her tears had long since been dry, and she thought her heart was turning to stone.

The trade winds that sweep the islands during the long dry summer this year seemed to blow with incessant and fiendish violence. During these storms she thought the elements, too, were in league to torment her.

It was the 15th of September, and the gale had been blowing nearly a week. The ocean was tossed into a seething mass of whitecaps, and the murky, dust-laden air was yellow with its burden. Theodore came home early that night. He went to the faucet on the porch, and washed his face and hands; then came into where Delfina was sewing, and little Juanita played at her feet.

"I've got to go to the West End for a couple of weeks, to hunt wild hogs," he said, sitting down, and pulling his fingers till the joints cracked—a habit he had when he did not want to meet his wife's eyes. "You and the kid better be ready to start by sunrise. Put up a few things you've got to have, and see it isn't much; I'll take only one pack mule."

Delfina's heart turned sick. At best, this meant a long, perilous ride on horseback over the mountains, and the wind could not subside by morning; it was blowing a howling gale now. And the baby! she would die!

She sprang to her feet and faced him, her eyes ablaze with a desperate light. "Have you no mercy, Theodore Hayden? How dare you think of taking Nita and me out in such a storm! You want to kill us, and I hope you will!"

"It's a pity about you," he said sneeringly. "You'd better put that kid in a glass case, and then get in after her. Probably you had rather be left here with these gabbling greasers, but you won't be. Stop your whining and get yourself ready." And his tone had grown brutal.

She turned away; it was no use. But her soul had been shaken too often with bitter mortification and defeat to suffer now as from a new thrust. Catching the baby up in her arms, she hurried to her own room. She strained the little form passionately to her breast, and held it mutely, kissing the cherub face again and again, as if to find in it some unearthly balm for her bruised heart.

"We may never come back, love," she said; "never—never—never! but we will be happier if we don't. Oh, my darling, I would have been dead long ago, but you have held me here by your precious little heart-strings." Lifting her tenderly onto the bed, Delfina began mechanically to gather together the things that were to be packed for the journey. She did not even know that there would be a roof over their heads, in that wild region of the island. She knew there was a Chinaman's camp, at the West End, and possibly a shanty for them; but she did not much care and would not ask.

The next morning, the wind had somewhat decreased, but it was sure to rise again by noon. The air was still laden with dust, and the sun, as it climbed over the peaks of Santa Cruz, shone lurid and dim. José Pendola rode up with her horse and the pack mule, and Theodore soon followed on his fine gray mare.

Half an hour later they were mounted and off, Delfina riding a man's saddle and carrying little Juanita in front. Theodore and José went ahead, their guns strapped across their shoulders, and the pack mule following along with them. The dogs ran silently at the horses' heels.

Soon they turned into a wooded cañon, where the trees shut out the wind, and the tiny brook tinkled faintly over the stones. Nita crowed and laughed with delight, and reached her little hands down to touch the water as they crossed. If it could only be like this all the way! Some chile cojote burrs grew within reach on the steep bank, and Delfina stopped her horse to get a few of the big bright seeds for the baby to play with. The others were out of sight around the curve. She heard Theodore's voice angrily calling: "Come along! whip up your horse there." She turned the point in the trail and saw him about to come back for her. "Whip up your horse I tell you; I have no time for your foolishness." Delfina did not stop again till the end of the long journey.

The cañada grew narrower and shallower, and the trees stunted and few, and a sharp bill brought them again on the windy ridge. The rolling brown slopes and deep cañons and steep mountain peaks were visible in dim and infinite confusion through the dusty air. The wind was fast rising to a gale, and the sand cut her cheeks cruelly; she was nearly blinded. Nita began to cry with distress. Delfina took a veil from her pocket and tied it over the little hat; which was even a worse hardship to the baby mind.

The horses bent their heads before the blast, and went bravely on climbing almost impassable heights, and carefully descending the rocky perilous trails. The narrow barrancas, or small water-washed gorges, were crossed by a single leap; and every time they jumped one of these, Delfina thought she would lose the baby. Still she held her. Going up a rocky bank, the horse had brushed her hard against a bunch of cactus, and the long, sharp thorns had pierced her leg cruelly; still she could do nothing but endure the pain.

The day wore on, and the sun had passed the noon tide. Theodore had packed the provisions, and did not stop or mention lunch. Nita began to be hungry, and cried. Delfina took two or three crackers from her pocket and fed to her, almost fainting from exhaustion herself.

But the sun sank low in the west, and still they pressed on. At last, turning sharply they descended to a great broad cañon. On the high banks grew pine and oak and wild cherry trees; and they feared a rough shanty in a clump of fern-like ironwood trees. The boom of the sea could be heard near by, but as yet it was invisible. What an oasis the spot seemed! Would they stop? She strained her eyes to see Theodore's movements. "Bless the Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed faintly.

He had dismounted and waited for them to come up. Taking Juanita from her place before Delfina, he sat her on the ground, and left his wife to help herself down. Almost blinded, she staggered to the cabin with the baby, and sank to the floor; things began to turn black before

her, and she had nearly fainted; but she roused herself. Theodore came in with a pack mule, and threw the great bundle

"There's some eatables in there," he said, indicating one of the huge bundles

going down to the Chinaman's, and then Delfina managed to open the floor of wine and some bread. She looked into her room. Its sole furniture consisted of a

across the further end, and a corner of floor. She wondered vaguely where she

for things. After resting a little while blankets and spread them on the floor. The baby, exulting in her freedom, was

tugging at the pillows and fast undoing Theodore came back, carrying a skin of some mussels, roasted and hot from brought them from the camp on the day Delfina for the first time that there would have to cook outside like old

not be hard, for she was skilled in the The next morning dawned bright in April. The wind had gone down and Theodore was off early with the man and the wild hogs, which would overrun the killed off. But Delfina was so preoccupied it was nearly a week before she saw the cabin.

As she recovered she began to explore

gathered the pine needles and sweet lay under the blankets, and made some bringing armfuls of the gray oak leaves festooned the dark walls of the cabin, and into a little bower of beauty. Delfina led her to make any place lovely where to be.

The ocean sounded loud and near, but it tured yet in that direction, heaating the Chinamen there. But one sunny morning and walked toward the beach. It was not camped near the mouth of the cañon. called; and the name seemed a mockery, instead of being green, the hills and brown and wind swept. After following muddy creek a few moments, she came ocean; it was a heavenly blue this tined with only an occasional whitewash. San Miguel lay low and sand stretched to the west.

The shore here, as on the other side, broken; and if Delfina had not long been prepossions of loneliness, she would have the peculiar wildness and desolation of the long continuation of tumbled-down here she took to be the Chinese camp. W rocky beach, she came upon a half dozen ering abalones, of which there were iron bars. Delfina went up to where the

"What you do with abalones?" she asked

A wizened old fellow spoke: "Oh, catch send im China. Chinaman heep like"

"Chinaman not eat shells, do they?" "Oh, no, no eat shell. Mellican can shell, make im button. Chinaman eat shell, velly nice," and he sucked and smacked sively.

He stooped to look at Nita. "He asked.

"Little girl," said Delfina.

"Hum!" he grunted, and returned to are of little consequence in a Chinaman's

tle boy will gain his liveliest interest.

Delfina walked back and sat down to Nita play. For an hour they stayed, houses and decorating them with shells. Delfina thought she had never seen her ically happy. As she watched the sun, rippling with laughter, and the golden breeze, about the dear little head, a boding swept over her. What if some this blessed child from her! The thought her brain like a swift shadow, but it blow. Catching the tiny form up in her soft cheeks passionately. "Oh, my never be! You are mine—mine for eternity, home, carrying her precious burden and oppressed with this new dread."

[To be continued.]

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THE "QUARTER SYSTEM"

The following statement of President

quarterly convocation, is significant:

"Has the so-called quarter system University of Chicago? The answer is turn upon the extent to which students selves of its peculiar advantages. The will, perhaps, serve as illustration. Of the students in residence during the year were present during one quarter, 21 per cent during two quarters, 6 per cent during four quarters, and 24 per cent were quarters. This means that only 24 per attendance were orthodox students—that is, three-quarters of work. Seventy-six per cent in one form or another of the These facts answer very definitely the not the system adapts itself to the There may be other and equally involved. It would seem, however, that point of view the system had approved that other large institutions have adopted that still others, like Columbia, are evidence that, notwithstanding difficulties involved, the advantages are of a sufficient acter to warrant at least the consideration It is, perhaps, safe to assume that of the attendance last year, at least one-half tagas as a result of the quarter system otherwise not have been open to them."

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Eye of a Tiger's.

AN ENGLISH friend of mine," said Frederick Talbot at the Waldorf-Astoria, "was so unfortunate some years ago as to lose the sight of one eye. Indeed, that organ was entirely removed and replaced with an artificial one. On his way to the train he stopped to purchase a rug, and in bending over to examine it his artificial eye dropped out, and broke on the tiled floor of the store. It was but a short time before the departure of the train it was imperative for him to take, and upon his explaining the importance of the matter to the shopkeeper, he was advised that a taxidermist of a place next door, and that he could possibly replace the eye from the stock of artificial eyes kept there to use in mounting the skins of animals. Hastily entering and explaining his predicament to the taxidermist, that worthy placed a tray of animals' eyes before him, among which he finally found one that fitted, and which had been intended for the head of a tiger. Without glancing at himself in the mirror, he paid his bill, and, pulling his billy-bat well down on his forehead, entered the waiting station. Upon arrival there he handed the driver his ticket, and, whereupon the cabby, who had evidently expected a larger amount, treated him to a torrent of invective. Somewhat angry, he looked sternly up at the man, who immediately turned as white as a sheet; and at 'Oh, my Gawd!' lashed his horse into a run and disappeared around the corner. Mystified by the cabby's behavior, but without time to speculate on its cause, my friend dashed for the train, only to be hustled into an overcrowded compartment, after having passed comparatively empty ones, which the guard had evidently been bribed to reserve. Hastily jumping out, he was about to enter one of these, when the guard, with a 'Now, you want to go in there,' seized him roughly by the shoulder. He turned his gaze upon the man, as he pointed at his rudeness, and the fellow's face became ashy, and his jaw dropped as, with a trembling 'I beg your pardon,' he backed away. Without further incident, but unable to account for the inexplicable terror caused by his appearance, my friend at length reached home. He made his way to his wife's chamber, and as soon as she saw him she fell upon her knees and confessed everything. When he glanced into the mirror the mystery was explained, and he realized the terrible power of a tiger's eye, especially when looking at the face of man."—[New York Tribune.

Witty Chandler's Shot at Tillman.

SENATOR CHANDLER and Senator Tillman, although great personal friends, love to cross swords in the Senate chamber. Chandler possesses a nimble wit and is master of sarcasm, while Tillman is a piece of flint that ways strikes fire when touched by steel. After their public encounters they got together in the cloak-room and say the hatchet under a mass of good stories. Yesterday Chandler and Tillman had a tilt in the Senate. Tillman wanted the New Hampshire man to answer a question, "but," he exclaimed, "the Senator jumps around so like a grasshopper that I can never catch him." "I never heard of using a pitchfork to catch grasshoppers with, anyway," instantly answered Chandler.—[Washington Post.

Calve's Calves.

MR. CALVE tells this story on herself: "When I went to the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels in 1881, I made my debut as Marguerite. My second performance was to be Christine. At that time I was very slight. My neck and arms were thin, and so, of course, were my legs. I don't think I could possibly appear in breeches without looking like a little plumper. So I went to the costume of the theater and told him I wanted some. He made them according to his own idea of what my legs should be, and sent them to me so late that I had no time to try them on. I don't know what I must have looked like when I stepped on the stage thin and as thin as the waist up, but provided with the most enormous calves. After the first act the manager rushed to my dressing-room. 'My heavens,' he exclaimed, 'there in the world did you get those legs. They certainly are not your own.' I admitted that they were not, and he thought I was too thin to dispense with pads. 'Don't know,' he said to me, 'that a young girl with straight, slender legs is far better suited to the part of a page than when she disfigures herself with such things as pads. Take off the pads and go out in your own legs.' I decided to follow his advice. When I came on the stage I was thin, but at least symmetrical. The effect on the audience was startling. I seemed to see the people in the theater craning their necks to discover what had happened to change me so. The conductor of the orchestra looked at me as if his eyes would pop out of his head. After a moment or two the cause of the astonishing transformation in my looks seemed to be understood and there was a titter of laughter through the audience. Since that time I have never worn pads."—[Collier's Weekly.

Duke Earned Sixpence.

FEW years ago a large English party, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, went on a continental tour. The Duke valued himself very much on the journey in a kind-hearted way about the welfare of every one in the party. At every station he used to get out and go round to see if he could do anything for any one. One old lady, who did not know him, when she arrived at last in Rome, tired and hot, found great difficulty in getting a porter. So she seized upon the Duke. "Now, my good man," she said, "I've noticed you at all these stations looking about. Just make yourself useful for once in your life. Take my bag and send me a

cab." The Duke mildly did as he was bid, and was rewarded with a sixpence. "Thank you, madam," he said; "I shall prize this indeed! It is the first coin I have ever earned in my life."—[New York Mail and Express.

Wicked Girls Tortured With Jokes.

IT HAS been decided by the trustees of the State Industrial School at Trenton that the 130 girl inmates are not sufficiently amused. The trustees came to this resolution after thirteen had escaped in three months. If they had only been amused, the trustees declare, they would have no desire to escape.

On Saturday night there was introduced into the school a traveling troupe of negro minstrels. A stage was arranged in the main hall, and when everything was ready the girls were brought in. They greeted the players with some derision.

"Mr. Bones," asked the interlocutor, "why does a hen cross over the street?"

The austere presence of the matron and a large force of attendants prevented a riot. A tense silence followed. "Bekawse," answered Mr. Bones, "bekawse it's none of the rooster's business—he-he-he-he-he-te-he-te-haw-haw!"

Then the tenor sang "Annie Rooney," "On the Banks of the Wabash," and "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You" in perfect safety. When he had finished his song, the interlocutor inquired of Mr. Bones why they weren't going to have lamp posts in Trenton any longer. Mr. Bones guessed it was because the city treasury thought its expenses too light. At this 129 of the 130 inmates shrieked with one voice that that wasn't the right answer. The one hundred and thirtieth girl was deaf, and didn't hear the question. Order was restored without bloodshed, when Mr. Interlocutor said it was "because—ha! ha! ha!—because—oh, my—ha! ha!—oh—ho—because they were long enough."

Only the presence of a large force of attendants and the fact that the inmates were doubly locked in prevented a general jail delivery. But after this it was thought safe to get the inmates back to the cells as rapidly as possible, and in the confusion the minstrel troupe escaped.

The trustees' worthy efforts, however, will probably stay the girls from escaping, as the guards have been doubled since the minstrel show.—[New York Journal.

Senator Cullom's Encouraging Way.

SENATOR SHELBY B. CULLOM, like other successful politicians, has the faculty of making young and old, rich and poor, exalted and humble, feel equally at home and comfortable in his presence. While at Springfield recently, during his visit to his home for the holidays, the senior Senator of Illinois dropped in at the Leland Hotel and shook hands with a host of old-time acquaintances who crowded around him. A rather bashful young man with the faintest suggestion of a mustache, remained on the outskirts of the little throng until he finally summoned up sufficient courage to step a little nearer the Senator and grasp the extended hand.

"Your name?" asked Senator Cullom.

"John Jones," answered the youth, and then he stammered: "You and my grandfather were boys together."

"And you and I are boys together now," responded the venerable legislator, quick as a flash, his face beaming with geniality; "aren't we, eh?" The young man's embarrassment vanished like snow before a furnace blast, there was a few minutes' talk about "old times" and the elder Jones, and when the "two boys" parted, the younger one in years had grown several inches in his own estimation and the boyish attachment of a grandparent had been renewed with redoubled enthusiasm by the grandson.—[Cleveland Leader.

He Reconsidered.

BISHOP OTEY was "put up" one night in the same room with a noted gambler in a hotel in Natchez. At about 4 o'clock the gambler returned, and shaking the bishop angrily, exclaimed: "Get out of my room, or I'll soon put you out!" The bishop, the mildest of men, raised himself on one elbow so that it brought the muscles of his arm into full relief, and said quietly: "My friend, before you put me out, will you have the kindness to feel this arm?" The man put his hand on the bishop's arm and then said respectfully, "Stranger, you can stay."—[Denver Post.

Saxe's Apology.

HERE is a story of John G. Saxe, the poet-wit. During the war, Saxe attended a flag-raising at Greenbush, a little place across the river from Albany, and made a speech, in which he commended the patriotism of the young men of Greenbush, through whose exertions the flag had been procured. The chairman of the meeting whispered to him that the young ladies of Greenbush had also been instrumental in raising funds for the purchase of the flag. Thereupon Saxe, addressing the young ladies of Greenbush, made them a graceful and gallant apology for not including them in his praise. "I don't know how I came to make such a mistake," he explained, "save as I may have been laboring under the impression that the young men of Greenbush embraced the young ladies of Greenbush."—[New York Mail and Express.

Anthony, the Fighting Editor.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY—she of the eighty sprightly years and the indomitable belief in woman's suffrage—is not the only remarkable personage in the Anthony family. Her brother, Col. Daniel R. Anthony, enjoys the distinction of being the last of the old fighting editors of the West. Col. Anthony is more than 70 years old, and the active editor of the Leavenworth Times. When he first began to fight is lost in tradition. He began it actively when the Kansas border ran with blood, in the beginning of the civil war. He was the leader of a band of as hardy fighters as ever followed Morgan or Jennison, the famous "red leg" guerrilla of Kansas, and has more than once killed his man in a duel. Col. Anthony is on record in the medical books as the only man who had his aorta severed and lived. In a duel with Col. Jennison he was shot. Jennison was the proprietor of the Bon-Ton gambling-house, the worst dive in Leavenworth, and Col. Anthony was fighting him bitterly in his paper. One evening they met in the street

and both drew pistols. Every one hid and gave them the street. Both were badly wounded, and Col. Anthony was carried home with his aorta cut in two. His family physician, Dr. Sinks, told the colonel that he would not live through the night, and advised him to say good-by to his family. The colonel bade his sister good-by, turned over and went to sleep. When he awoke, "What time is it?" he queried. "Six o'clock." The colonel chuckled for a moment, then falling asleep again, murmuring: "Say, that's a good joke on 'Doc' Sinks, isn't it? He said I'd be dead by 5:30."—[Denver Post.

An Introduction Lacking.

A NEW coon reached the city yesterday morning and last night he was walking down Main street arm in arm with the prettiest yellow girl in the city. Now this is all right as far as it goes, but the yellow girl happens to be married to a barber who works in the city. The husband chanced to meet the pair in front of Auerbach's, where the wife had paused to look into the window.

After sizing up the new coon for a while, he stepped up to his wife.

"Eugenia," he said, "yo jes tel dat cullud individual to lef go yer arm."

"Yo' jes tell the gemman yo sef," she answered. "He's a puffed stranger to me."—[Salt Lake Herald.

Then She Called Another Class.

IT WAS during the session of the rhetoric class in the Trowbridge School. The teacher sat upon her platform looking down into the faces below her over the tops of her glasses.

Just a moment before little Pearl Gutekunst had read two verses of Horatius at the Bridge, and now the discussion of poetry in general was about to begin.

Philip Smith gazed intently at the book spread open on his desk, so that the teacher would not catch his eye and be led to call on him. The other scholars also did their best to keep from attracting the teacher's attention to themselves.

The hush in the room was thick, solid.

The voice of Miss Honeydew broke the silence.

"I would like to have a definition of an epic," she said, and her glance swooped over the class.

There was more silence.

"Is there no one who can tell me what an epic is?" inquired the teacher.

After three seconds, John Waldowski, a boy of somewhere around 16, with yellow hair and fishy eyes, raised his hand.

"Well, John," said Miss Honeydew, "I am glad there is some one in the class who knows what an epic is. John, you may define an epic."

"A epic," replied the boy, shuffling his feet and looking the wisdom of an owl, "is suthin' that breaks out 'mong th' soldiers and kills off a lot of 'em."

Miss Honeydew immediately called the second class American history.—[Detroit Free Press.

Just Like a Man.

WHEN a young man, the late John Lewis, R.A., went to India and Egypt, and was away about eighteen years. When he returned to his mother's home in Portland Place he almost immediately pulled off his boots and commenced to hunt about at one end of the parlor fender, and seemed terribly put about. His mother, of course, asked him anxiously what he wanted.

"My slippers," said he. "When I went away I left them just down there. Now, where are they?"—[London Tit-Bits.

Faith and Works Hand in Hand.

"TELL you," said a commercial traveler to a Tribune reporter the other day, "I have heard the old Scriptural doctrine that 'faith without works is dead' illustrated so convincingly as I did last week, when I was down in New Orleans, and was sitting among a circle of well-to-do planters who were telling stories of negro life. One of them said:

"Not long after slavery was abolished an old darky who had been my father's body servant since they were boys, 'got religion,' but his ideas about it were extremely hazy. As Christmas approached, his family clamored for a turkey. So he prayed earnestly for one, saying: 'O Lord, send a turkey to this poor sinner,' but no turkey came. Day after day he kept up this petition, without bringing the coveted prize any nearer. Then on the morning before Christmas he changed the wording of his prayer to 'O Lord, send this poor sinner to a turkey,' and about midnight his prayer was answered."—[New York Tribune.

A Joke on the Proprietor.

THIS one is told of the proprietor of a large department store in this city. About a month ago he hired a negro boy at \$3 a week to wash windows at the store and assist the other porters with their work. The proprietor had occasion the other day to go up on one of the upper floors, where freight is stored, and found the boy asleep in a case of blankets. He was promptly discharged.

The negro was of an economical disposition and had saved nearly all the money he had earned while at the place, and the next day came up to the store and proceeded to "blow in" his money for clothes. Not only did he get a new suit, but a new hat, shoes, in fact, he was "toggled out" so that he appeared to have undergone a metamorphosis.

The proprietor saw him coming downstairs, but did not recognize him. Instead he asked him if he did not want a job. The negro looked at him very much surprised and then it dawned upon him his late boss did not know him.

"Yas, sah, I would' min' havin' a job if it paid me 'nough."

"Well, I'll give you \$4 a week," telling him what he would have to do.

The other porters soon found out that the boy was back at a dollar a week more than he got before he was discharged, and it soon reached the proprietor's ears, but being a man who appreciated a joke, he allowed the boy to remain.—[Memphis Scimitar.

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter

THE NEXT EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

ALL ABOUT THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS CHOSEN TO MARRY THE MIKADO'S SON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TOKIO (Japan), Jan. 7, 1900.—The next Empress of Japan has been selected and the young lady is already in training. It has been decided that the prince imperial shall be married at the earliest possible moment, and as soon as the details of his wedding can be settled the fact will be announced to the world. The highest officials of the Japanese government are now considering the matter, preparations are being made to celebrate the wedding on the grandest scale, and within a short time the young prince and his bride will be discussed in every capital of the world. Today practically nothing is known about either of them, and it was to learn all that possibly could be ascertained concerning the wedding and the contracting parties that I went today with letters from the American Minister to the household department of the Emperor, inside the grounds of the imperial palace, to have an interview with Baron Sannomiya, the grand master of ceremonies to His Imperial Majesty.

Armed with a legation passport and with two of the fastest and swiftest of the jinriksha runners as my human steeds, I dashed over the two great moats which separate the holy of holies from the rest of the city, went by the officials in livery at the gates with the aid of my papers and was soon in the presence of the man who more than all others has to do with the court ceremonies and the private life of the Emperor and his family. This was Baron Sannomiya, who for years has been at the head of the household department of His Majesty, and who today knows more about the imperial family than any other man in Japan. The baron speaks English fluently, and it was in this tongue that our conversation was conducted. He talked very freely about the Prince Imperial and his

affianced, giving me much of the information which will be found further on.

The Sacred Emperor of Japan.

We were talking almost under the shadow of the Emperor's apartments, and as we discussed the wedding and its ceremonies, I could not help contrasting the marriage which the Prince Imperial will have with that which his father had when he was still, to a large extent, a part of the old Japan. Such an interview would have been impossible then. It would have probably caused the death of both myself and Baron Sannomiya, for at that time, about thirty years ago, His Majesty was revered as a god by the people. It was treason to utter his name aloud, and in writing it a letter was always left out from reverence. Then none but his wives and his highest ministers ever saw his face. He was penned up in his palace at Kioto, and when he went out it was in a closely curtained car drawn by bullocks. Now the Emperor goes everywhere. He is the real ruler of the country, and both himself and the Empress are often seen by the better classes of Japan. When the Emperor was married the Empress, according to the then custom, shaved her eyebrows and blackened her teeth, so that they shone like varnished ebony.

This is still done in the country districts of Japan, and is supposed to show the wife's devotion to her husband in that she wishes to make herself so unattractive that no one else will want her. The Empress discontinued the practice, it is said, after a few years, and it is through her that the custom has been abolished in Japan. At that time no Japanese wife would have thought of eating at the same time with her husband. I have been told that the Emperor often sits down at the same table with his wife and they frequently eat together. Both the Emperor and the Empress are now in many ways the same as the other great rulers of the earth, and this will be the case with the Prince Imperial and his wife.

The Imperial Bridegroom.

Before I discuss the wedding itself let me tell you some-

thing of the imperial parties who are to be wedded. They are His Royal Highness, the only son of the Emperor, and Princess Sada Kuno, the year-old daughter of Prince Kujo, the last of the five noblest families of Japan. The Prince is 20 years old on the last day of last August, at 18, or two years ago. His father, the Emperor, died when he was only 15, but the Crown Prince has always been in delicate health, and it was a reason that his marriage has been deferred. It is, the greatest apprehensions are now being felt. His lungs are very weak and his health seems to affect his health.

He has consumption, I am told, and is under the care of the doctors. This has been the greater part of his life. Not long ago, and others of the Emperor's advisers, were to take a trip around the world and to have some time in the United States and Europe, but he rejected, saying that he might die on the way, that his marriage may so better his health be able to make the tour.

The Crown Prince, or the Prince Imperial, though he is not the real son of the Emperor, is his son by adoption. He has been allotted to him a dozen secondary wives, who are the noblest families of the empire, and who, with the grandfathers of a thousand years ago, are never mentioned in the reports of the late one knows anything of them. They are kept in order that His Majesty may have an heir. The Prince's real mother is a court lady, one of these court ladies, the Empress, a son herself. The Prince, in fact, is the Majesty has had who has lived, and if he succeeds, in case the Prince has no other son, will have to go to a prince who is not yet a son to the Emperor. On this account all the



of the young man's health and the anxiety concerning his marriage is intense.

The Empress, as I have said, has made the Prince her son by adoption. She is very fond of him, taking the liveliest interest in his wedding and in everything that relates to him and his bride.

The young Prince is popular in Tokio. He has been educated in the Nobles' School and has shown himself as smart as other boys of his age. He has had a modern education, as well as the old Japanese studies, and knows something of German and English, but not enough to speak them. He is a fairly good French scholar and converses in that language with foreigners. He is affable and diplomatic and will make, it is thought, a good Emperor.

The Bluest Blood on Earth.

The wedding will join two of the oldest families of Japan, or, rather, it will bring branches of the same family together, for the Prince and his bride are cousins. His blood is, perhaps, a shade bluer than hers, although she can trace her ancestors farther back than any sovereign who now sits upon a throne in Christendom. Princess Sada Kujo is the third daughter of Prince Kujo, a descendant of the famous Fujiwara family, which was the controlling power in Japan from the seventh to the eleventh century. During those years the emperors were little more than puppets, managed by the Fujiwaras, who made their sons the chief officials of the realm and strengthened their hold on the power by marrying their daughters to the emperors. The daughters were in these cases often the power behind the throne. By the laws of Japan, the Emperor must be a descendant of this family, or, rather, he must marry into one of five noble families of Japan, all of which have come from the ancient Fujiwaras. The Princess's mother was a sister of the late Empress Dowager, which makes her a cousin of her future husband.

The Princess's genealogical tree thus dates back to about A. D. 650. The Prince Imperial can do as well, and go her about thirteen hundred years better, and if any unpleasantness happens in the family, can taunt her with not knowing her grandfathers further back than a thousand years. His ancestry, according to Japanese history, begins with Jimmu Tenno, who ruled Japan 660 B. C., or long before Rome became an empire.

The Imperial Bride.

But let me tell you something about this young lady who is to be the future Empress of Japan. We should call her a girl rather than a lady, if she were in the United States. She is only 15, and last year she was trotting about on her little Japanese shoes to and from the Empress's School. She was in the third grade of the High School there when she was told one day that the Emperor had picked her out to be the wife of the Prince Imperial, and that she must leave the publicity of her present method of education and be taught for the next few months at home. Now she received the news I do not know. I suppose, however, like any good Japanese girl would do, she smiled and consented without a murmur. Her parents celebrated her leaving the school by giving a dinner of thanks to her teachers. The Princess Sada insisted that her classmates should also be invited, and they came to the number of twenty.

From one of the native Japanese papers I have had translated some interesting details of the school life and studies of Princess Sada. She entered the school in the kindergarten classes and has been there ever since. She has always been regular in her attendance and has uniformly stood high in her classes. She loved her school and was a general favorite with her fellows. She usually walked to and from school, except in very bad weather, and engaged in all the plays. She has always been robust and strong and her good health is one of the most important considerations as to her marriage. Just now she is most carefully watched and urged not to do anything that may endanger her health. Her studies on this account have been limited and her hours of exercise and rest have been increased.

The Princess is well advanced for her age. When she left school her chief studies were Japanese and Chinese literature, universal history, French, mathematics, penmanship and drawing. She has dropped everything but her history, geography and French and is devoting more time to her music. She now has private tutors, who come to her house to teach her. The Princess is noted for her poetic ability. She writes beautifully, and her cherry tree effusions are said to be especially fine. In both music and poetry she will vie with the present Empress, who is noted as one of the most beautiful writers of Japanese poems. Her Imperial Majesty displayed remarkable poetic ability when she was as young as the Princess Sada, and her sonnets are now celebrated in the Japanese literature of the age.

The Wedding Ceremony.

Baron Sannomiya tells me that it has not been decided what the wedding ceremony will be nor whether it will be after the style of the old Japan or a new form gotten up by the advisers of the imperial household and the Empress to suit the new conditions. If it is according to the old forms Her Royal Highness and the Prince will dress for it in Japanese costume, the Princess wearing about thirteen silk garments, one over the other, and going through several changes of clothes before the wedding is accomplished. In ordinary Japanese weddings no ring is used and no promises are made by the pair as to fidelity, obedience, etc. The wedding consists of the drinking of a number of cups of Japanese wine or sake together in a certain way.

It takes place at the house of the parents of the groom, and in this case it will be performed in the palace of the Empress. The rules of etiquette in such events are very minute, and everything must be done just so. The bride gets the first drink and the groom follows after. The cups in which the wine is served are very small, and the Princess will drink three of them before the Prince will be served with the same number. After this there is more drinking in about the same way, the bride always being served first. This is in contrast to the custom after marriage, where the husband is always served before the wife. At the beginning of the wedding ceremonies the bride is dressed in white, but when the ceremony is over she retires

and changes her costume for one which is a present from her parents-in-law. At the same time the groom also changes his attire for one which has been given to him by the parents of the bride.

The wedding of the Prince Imperial, if it is carried out after the old methods, will be about as above described, but the banquet and receptions which follow will be in European style. The Prince Imperial and Her Imperial Highness, Princess Sada, will dress in foreign costume and will act at these celebrations just as is the custom at the great courts of Europe.

It may be, however, that a modified ceremony of marriage, a sort of a cross between our ceremony and the old Japanese, will be adopted. In this case the services will be performed before the Shinto Shrine in the imperial chapel, and one of the highest of the Shinto priests will officiate.

The Trousseau and Presents.

But how about the bride's trousseau? Well, no one knows just what it will consist of as yet, but the preparations are going bravely on. The silk mills of Japan are at work producing their finest stuffs for the Princess, stuffs that will stand alone and are seldom seen outside of the empire. The Empress herself has become interested in the matter and the costumes are being made by the imperial dressmakers in the palace of Her Majesty. The cutting and fitting is largely under the direction of the noble ladies of the court, the sewing being done by the workwomen. The hats and bonnets are being made by Her Majesty's own milliners, and a great part of the trousseau will be of Japanese materials. At the same time many things are being imported from Paris, London and Berlin, so that altogether the bride's outfit will be something wonderful even for these times.

As to its cost no one can tell. Prince Kujo himself is not very rich, but he has given his daughter 100,000 yen, or \$50,000, for the purpose, and to this the Emperor has added 400,000 more. This sum is equal to about \$450,000 in gold, and it certainly should be enough to cover the expenses of the imperial orange blossoms. If it should not the Princess can draw further on His Majesty, for he has just directed that a present of 700,000 yen, equal to \$350,000 in gold, be given to her out of the estate of the late Empress Dowager, who was her aunt. This makes her allowance for trousseau, pin money, etc., considerably more than half a million in gold, and she certainly should be able to buy some pretty things for that.

As to presents, starting out with these from His Majesty, the imperial bridal couple will have no end of them. They will come in every shape and form from all parts of the empire and from high and low. There will be cranes and turtles of solid gold and solid silver without number. These things are emblematic of longevity and are very common as wedding gifts in Japan. The poor will give as well as the rich, and if the Prince and Princess are anything like the Emperor and Empress, they will be delighted to receive any expression from even the poorest of their subjects.

The New Palace of the Prince.

In the mean time a brand new house is being erected for His Imperial Highness and the two can begin their housekeeping with everything spick and span at the start. The ground has already been broken and the materials are being prepared. The new home will, however, be something more than the dove cote of the average newly-married pair. It will be three stories high, and will cover three acres, or almost as much ground as our Capitol at Washington. It will cost about a million and a half dollars in gold. The architects and designers have been working on it for some time, and they have made the plans of a palace which is like no other in the world.

It is a combination of foreign and Japanese architecture, constructed with a view of withstanding the earthquakes which are so common in Japan. Its framework is to be of steel and iron, so fitted together that it cannot break. The steel and ironwork is now being made at Pittsburgh, the architect having recently returned from the United States, where he went to place the orders for its construction. I am told that about four thousand tons of steel and ironwork have been ordered, and that it is almost ready for shipment. It will be transported by rail to the Pacific and thence by steamer to Japan.

The Prince Imperial has for several years had his own establishment entirely separate and apart from that of the Emperor. He has his own servants and secretaries and holds, in fact, a little court of his own. He will probably take his bride to his present palaces and live there until the new palace is completed.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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REV. MR. PETERS'S NEW DEPARTURE.

[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Rev. Madison C. Peters, one of the best-known ministers in the metropolis, has announced that he intends to resign from his charge as pastor of the Bloomingdale Reformed Church, because he cannot believe in infant baptism. The Bloomingdale church is one of the fashionable churches of the Upper Westside, and Mr. Peters is regarded as a singularly bright man, of advanced ideas. He founded the church himself, eleven years ago, with a small membership gathered from twelve different denominations. He says his present church compels him to baptize children, and his convictions do not allow him to practice any such doctrine. So he will give up his pastorate and adopt the Baptist faith. Mr. Peters is about 40 years of age, and a man of independent character and broad views. He is very popular personally, and no one had any idea that he would ever leave the church which he has made his own. Perhaps for that very reason he finds particular pleasure in taking this step, for he is the kind of men that likes to startle people.

MONTANA'S OUTPUT OF COPPER.

[Kansas City Journal:] According to United States Assayer Braden, the copper taken from the mines in Montana last year was worth no less than \$40,000,000. That is the largest amount of that metal ever produced in any State in a single year, and it takes no account of the revenue from other mineral resources there, either.

OMAHA WOLF KILLER.

HE HAS HUNTED THE BEASTS ON A SALARY FOR TEN YEARS.

From Country Gentleman.

PROBABLY the only remaining wild beast hunter in Nebraska today, a survival of the pioneer days, is Peter A. Watson of Omaha, who has just distinguished himself by killing a great gray wolf in a hand-to-hand struggle with a small revolver as his only weapon.

Watson is a professional wolf hunter, and his prowess is recognized by the Nebraska Live Stock Association, which employs him annually on a salary to slay wolves on the range, and thus protect young cattle. For ten years Watson has been on the pay-roll of this association, and has killed an average of 400 big gray wolves annually. Of late the catch has dropped down to less than 200, but for the first few years of his occupation as wolf hunter for the association Watson killed as high as 500 wolves. In his pursuit he has ridden his horse through the whole of Northwestern Nebraska, and has enjoyed many stirring adventures. He is the only man in the State today who makes his living regularly by slaying wild beasts. This class of men has been regularly disappearing from this State, driven further West by the advance of civilization. Trapping used to furnish occupation for a large number on the streams of the western part of the State, but all of that numerous class of dare-devils has been swept further into the mountain fastnesses by the farmer and stockman. Probably Peter Watson will not be able to earn his salary many more years, so rapidly are the ferocious wolves disappearing from Western Nebraska.

He is always ready to take the saddle, and his methods of conducting a hunt of extermination are peculiarly his own. Watson rides into the section where the wolves are reported to be killing young stock, and, with his dogs, jogs along until a wolf is sighted. He carries a powerful field glass, and is constantly sweeping the surroundings with it. In this way he frequently sees the wolves before they see him. If the game is off and away Watson simply notes carefully the general direction taken; then he swings his pack around behind a hill, drops out of sight, only to reappear ahead of the game, on which he rides with a rush. Then the dogs take up the chase. The wolf seldom holds out for more than a mile; sometimes a particularly strong animal manages to run two miles before the hounds overhaul him. The pack works together. If they did not they would not last long, as the average gray wolf can kill in relays any pack of hounds that ever attacked him, for the gray wolves of the West are stronger than any dog, and their teeth are long and sharp, while their claws are very dangerous weapons. But when the Watson-trained pack jumps on a wolf that is the end of him. They fight together and seldom get more than a scratch. They follow the wolf closely, and attack him together. Such a fight lasts but a minute or two.

Watson, in all his experience as a wolf hunter, has never found it necessary to aid his dogs in dispatching wolves. In fact, it would be hard to render service after the attack is made, because of the indiscriminate mixture of dogs and wolf. On these hunts the wolf slayer is armed with nothing but a large revolver. He has several times been forced to use this weapon in self-defense, for while wolves when not pressed will never attack a man except in packs, and the prairie gray wolf is not so numerous as to form many packs in Western Nebraska, occasionally a hard-pressed wolf will turn on his pursuer, as if to die facing his enemy.

This was the case a few days ago over in Boxbutte county, where Watson was exterminating big gray wolves, which had killed and eaten several young heifers. His pack had started a wolf, and was far in advance of their master, when suddenly a huge gray wolf, which had evidently been asleep in the rank underbrush until disturbed by the wolf-hunter's horse, sprang upon Watson. The animal buried his claws into the side of the horse and his fangs sank deep into the rider's leg. He was one of the largest beasts of the kind Watson had ever seen, and the suddenness of the attack gave the animal a distinct advantage. The attack was made from the right side, and the only weapon the wolf hunter carried was beneath the body of the ferocious brute. Watson struck the animal repeatedly across the snout with his quirt. Then he thrust his hand down under the growling wolf to secure his pistol. Instantly his arm was seized by the animal and the skin tore from his wrist. Watson reached over and grabbed his pistol with his left hand. The wolf still had his right hand between his jaws, and was chewing it industriously.

Watson retained his presence of mind, and fired two shots with great care into the beast. He was forced to be careful to avoid wounding his horse. Still the animal did not release his hold. All the time Watson's horse was rearing and plunging over the prairie and screaming in agony. This made the rider's aim uncertain. Four times he fired at the wolf, and had but one bullet left. Blood was streaming from his lacerated arm and leg, the horse was covered with blood, and the wolf was bleeding profusely. With an effort the wolf hunter thrust his revolver into the mouth of the wolf, and at the risk of blowing off his own arm, fired the remaining shell in his pistol. The wolf's head was shot nearly off, and the body dropped on the prairie. Weak from loss of blood, Watson climbed down, tied up his wound, and, throwing the body of the fierce animal across his horse as a trophy of the desperate battle, started for home, ten miles away. He was in a precarious condition when he reached home. The heavy leather covering he had over his limbs alone saved his leg from being almost torn to pieces.

Watson declares that this was the most exciting experience of his entire career. The wolf was a female, and Watson thinks must have had some young in that locality, or she would not have fought so desperately. The animal weighed eighty-six pounds, and was capable of carrying away a large calf. Most of the animals the wolves kill are not eaten, but the blood is sucked, and their carcasses left to rot. Watson, the wolf hunter, has thinned them out so much in the past few years that he has about worked himself out of a job. He carries the scars of a dozen interesting encounters as souvenirs of his long service as a wolf hunter.

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke

BIOGRAPHY.

Sir West Becomes Reminiscent.

LET a man—I am not at all particular who—draw his blood from the same fountain whence William Pitt got a part of his, and mix it in his veins with another flow which came from that "fascinating actress," Anne Oldfield; and let him come into this world, into England I mean, in the year of 1832—that was the year, you remember, perhaps you don't, when the famous Reform Bill was also born—let him go through Eton in the days of Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon and of Ward Hunt and George Lefevre; let him loaf about a bit in the highest circle of English society of the time; and then through Oxford; let him cross the paths of Thackeray, Peel and Lady Rose; be the private secretary to Gladstone; then let him mix with the brightest wits, princes, and the beautiful women, and I think there is a man worth our while to stop to listen to. Sir Algernon West, K.C.B., is just such a man. And he has just written a book. In his day he must have drunk some excellent champagne; and it would seem that he has preserved all its sparkles and has given them back to the world in this book. It is chatty, witty and most gracious, the greater part of the book, and when it is not so, you will find it one of the valuable contributions to history. Also there are parts that are exceedingly wise as well.

He wanted to know many things about his father, this author, and when he could get so little information he desired, he was not glad. And so he has written the recollections "partly as an occupation for myself," in his words, "partly for the interest they may possess for my children." It is largely biographical, therefore. At the same time, Sir West is exceedingly fond of witty sayings and things; and he is not willing to let them die when they are really good. He has collected such of them that he thought worth the while, and whatever else one may say of the book, it is most certain that there will rise many in the days to come who would call him blessed.

As for the literary merit and the style of it—I will quote "L'Envoi," at the close of the book. From it you can judge for yourself:

"And now my pen must be laid aside for a time. Voltaire it is, I think, who propounds the axiom that a man who says all he has got to say is a fool. I have not said all I have got to say, but it does not follow that I am not a fool, for I may not have written anything which is worth the reading.

"I hope that no indiscretions have crept into this volume. I trust, too, that in them will be found nothing that can cause pain to any living soul, although I fear on that account they will be thought lacking in novelty and piquancy. They tell of many things and many people of whom the existing generation knows little, whose names they may have heard, and that is all. But to those of an older time there may arise from the reading of these pages old familiar faces, old-fashioned customs, which are out of date, and places which were dear to them in their youth.

"Old stories may recall the happy times when they were told, amid laughter and merriment, by friends long forgotten to friends long dead. Their brilliance passes in the telling, and cannot return in its perfection, but the echo may awaken some recollections of a time when we also basked in the glorious sunshine of youth before failures and disappointments and sorrows came upon us."

As you read this, do you not think, in a vague way, of the gracious style of Thackeray? And when anything recalls Thackeray, it cannot be very bad. Not much wonder this, for Sir West is a great admirer of "the greatest novelist of any that I have ever read," and these are his own words: Once a party—Holman Hunt and many others—tried to get Thackeray out to a dinner party at the Star and Garter. "He pleaded the work he must do," adds the author, "and refused. On their return they called at his house, and found he had written exactly a line and a half."

Of course, Mr. Gladstone occupies a comfortable room in the book. Some anecdotes about him are amusing, and some side lights thrown upon the character of the great man is of much importance to history. Kirkwall presented Mr. Gladstone and Tennyson the freedom of the town—that was the time when Mr. Gladstone and his party were cruising around the western coast of Scotland—and Mr. Gladstone spoke in a little chapel for Tennyson and for himself.

"The words," he said, "we speak have wings and fly away; the words of Mr. Tennyson are of a higher order. I anticipate for him immortality. In some distant time people will say, looking at your roll, 'The Prime Minister, who was he; what did he do? We know nothing about him, but the Poet Laureate has written his own songs on the hearts of his countrymen, which can never die.'" All of which shows how well Mr. Gladstone understood the nature of the glory and distinction which were his, and also the immortality that was Tennyson's.

"On one baking hot day," says the author, that was after he had been appointed as the chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, "the chairman's private secretary came into the boardroom with his coat off. Montgomery was much shocked, and as the secretary was leaving the room, he called him back and said: 'Mr. —, if you should find it convenient in this hot weather to take off your trousers, pray do not let any feeling of respect for the board stand in your way.'" Alfred Montgomery was a genial friend of the author from his boyhood.

As I have said, it is full of anecdotes and clever repartees:

"If I vote for you, what taxes will you repeal?" said a dirty fellow in the crowd.

"Why," said Rous, "on soap, for your sake."

"George Craven was standing for Berkshire, and, knowing more about fox hunting than politics, used to carry

his speeches, which were prepared for him by Edward Bouverie, in his hat for ready reference.

"What 'ave you got in your 'at?" cried a man.

"Why, a d—d sight more than you 'ave in your 'ead!'"

It has 427 pages of reading matter, this *Recollection*. But if I were to suggest to you, after you have read a few pages in it, that it may perhaps be tiresome to you, you will be angry with me. And I am sure, as long as you have this volume in your hand, you would not—that is to say if you be not a fad's fool at whom fad itself laughs—go to a historical novel for entertainment.

[*Recollections*. By Sir Algernon West, K.C.B. Harpers, New York. Price, \$3.]

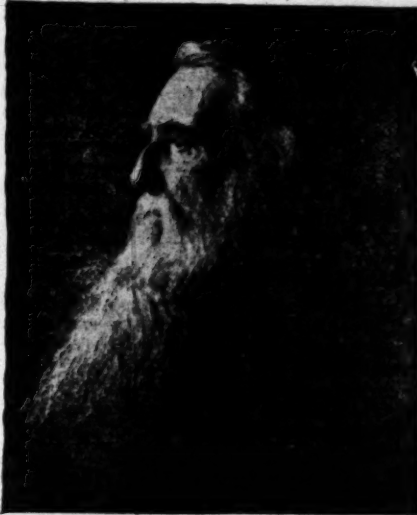
TRAVEL.

The East Through an American Eye.

These letters—of Capt. Herndon and Lieut. Gill and edited by Bonsal—are tremendous as to volume. Seven letters fill 300 printed pages of the book. Would you not like to see, in a corner of the British Museum, or more likely under the century-heavy dust heap of the Imperial Archive of China, a letter (I refer to the letter of Capt. Herndon under date of April 25, 1899, and from Hong-kong that spins a graceful, brilliant, and at times must study-worthy web of words over the stretch of 124 printed pages?

The art of letter-writing is dead—so says a fool—and out of the United States (of all the busy countries in the world!) at least from the pen of an American, springs a miracle to give a lie and ridicule to the nonsense.

Not only tremendous in bulk, but these letters are exceedingly remarkable in many ways—their wit, the ease of style in most places (a touch of newspaper hastiness here and there; but then ours is a busy day) the striking standpoint through which the things oriental were viewed.



JOHN RUSKIN.

John Ruskin, the most famous art critic of modern times, and master of the most perfect prose style, died on the 20th of January last at his home in the English lake country, in the 81st year of his age. The portrait here given is his latest and best.

[From The Critic.]

Stephen Bonsal, the editor of the letters, confesses:

"It was my fortune to spend the years of 1895 and 1896 in the Far East, and my travels extended along the east coast of Asia from Siberia to Sumatra. Many of these journeys were made in an official capacity, and all were certainly undertaken under circumstances which were most favorable to observation, yet I must confess that I utterly failed to grasp the meaning of the political panorama which the east coast of Asia, with its civilization in decay, its tottering thrones and vanishing races, and the flourishing colonies of the European powers with their promise of growth and expansion, presents to the observer today, until these notes of things seen and experienced by Capt. Herndon during the eventful voyage of the United States transport Sherman to the Philippines fell into my hand."

As Mr. Bonsal says, there are many a keen insight into things and problems of the Pacific—the keenness of vision very—and those who have tried to do this sort of thing would say—very, very rare for a bird of passage. At the same time it seems to me that the editor takes the letters a trifle too seriously. They may be fairly wise, but incompatibly more humorous. And "Jim" is a very clever fellow. You will have to look for a long time before you can find as entertaining a book of travel as this collection of letters. Some portion of the book you can put into "Following the Equator," without the slightest apology, and if you like, you may ask Mark Twain for a note of thanks for your trouble. And if he would make faces at you, then he is not the man I have always taken him to be.

A wedding took place aboard a side-wheel steamer, which sometimes in its fanciful and irregular fits of activity, I fancy, raises a lot of mud in Macao and Canton waters. And here is the description of it:

"The thermometer stood at 106 deg. Fahrenheit; in the cabin there was not a breath of air stirring; the vertical sun shot down its long spearlike shafts from the peak, and it was such a day as this, whether you believe me or not, that a young man of the imperial Chinese custom-house, the outdoor staff, had chosen to be married."

I did not fully understand in what the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the French consists, until I saw this

young Britisher daring to take to his home a wedded wife at such a temperature, and to contrast the scene of the tawdry, yellow-wedding on the French transport and stout officials leaning about upon the deck reading yellow-covered of the kind that is sold in Paris pour les mariages, wedding cortège, when at last it did come, of a number of decidedly plain-looking gowns, dresses, and a number of young men in rusty coats. They came on board in broken ranks. Jim said, their marching was beneath contempt, were headed by a band playing 'Auld Lang Syne' 'Rule Britannia.' . . . The best man was the shoulders of the ushers, and began to make a

"Gentlemen and ladies," he began, "I am the voice the unanimous sentiment of this meeting, that we all wish Mr. and Mrs. Black a pleasant journey to Macao, and I hope I am not going too far through life, and many more of them, and—just as they like, and we hope wherever they go never have to sit on the Bombay side of the and—and—" Here the blessed band broke in on Laurie, and the ushers grabbed the groom and laid upon their shoulders and marched him up to the deck, while the anxious bride, for marrying was scarce in Hongkong, ran after them, shrieking 'is 'ead.' Then everybody clamored for a speech, a short one, won't you? Now a speech, the last thing which the bridegroom was to 'do' at this moment. However, there was no So brandishing the bottle (of champagne of a wild-cat colonial brand) which he still held in he began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to thank you for an overflowing heart for all the kind things which you said at this meeting about me and my dawdling."

"Here a furious outburst of the band, a blast of steam whistle, and the string of oaths from the patient captain put an end to the ceremony."

What the letters say about the Philippine people and their troubles, and of Aguinaldo—receiving a large bribe from the Spanish government may be new to the general reader.

[The Golden Horseshoe. Edited by Stephen Bonsal. Macmillan, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

SOCIOLOGICAL.

Advice for Husbands.

Since nothing has been quite so fashionable as in the absurd gathering of men and women called the relation of sexes received more mystery and than were good for it. Modesty—minus common sense—is at best a troublesome thing anywhere. However, is it so troublesome as in the Anglo-Saxon? The hopelessness of the thing is that the men seem to see the humor of it at all.

The little book, in dealing with the marriage respects most scrupulously the sensitive opinions of good people. It would not shock a Christian Scientist.

You will meet in it, indeed, with such words as "God," "humanity," "duty" and "sin" quite as in a religious tract; the author must have been uncomfortable in writing it—he needed a deal of purify something rotten with which he had to deal.

The author treats the subject under three heads: husband himself, his wife, and then his children. The book is full of wise hints, warnings, condemnations of present-day abuses and crimes and of quotations from a few of medical men. And which you must admit is a wise thing to have done, seeing that he is a D.D., and not a P.D. Perhaps that explains why when you want to know certain thing and go to him for enlightenment, he only refers you to the advices of your private physician. That, of course, is nothing but right; he does not your individual case. And so, after all, the book of this sort is to show you where and what you should go to your doctor; to make you a bit wiser than you used to be, perhaps.

[What a Young Husband Ought to Know. By Dr. Stall, D.D. The Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1 net.]

AGRICULTURAL.

On Irrigation.

The book is of a special interest to the dwellers in the portion of the United States. The author is the professor of agricultural physics in the University of California. He has studied the subject for many years in Italy, and also in Europe. The book is not written in technical language and for schoolrooms alone; it is written from the legal, sociological or engineering point, as most of the books on the subject are. "It has been to deal," says the author in his preface, "the relations of water to soils and to plants, to be grasped in order to permit a rational practice of irrigating, removing or conserving soil moisture in any portion. The immediately practical problems from the farmer's, fruit grower's and gardener's standpoint, and principles which underlie them, are presented in a concise and concrete manner as appears needed to set up a rational practice of irrigation, culture and drainage."

He opens the book with the general remarks on the relation of water and plants and climate; then gives a brief historical study of irrigation in different parts of the world—in Europe, Asia, America, etc. He then discusses the conditions which make irrigation imperative; the extent tillage may take the place of it, how much should be used in irrigation for different crops, and the kind of water, and how you should apply it—all in the first eleven chapters of the book. The next

is devoted to drainage—the principles of it, and its practical application and history.

It forms a volume in the Rural Science Series, edited by L. M. Bailey, and is handy, practical, and to the point. [Irrigation and Drainage. By F. H. King. Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

FICTION.

The Story of a Western Boy.

Walter S. Phillips, who is El Comanche between the blankets, has written a little book. It is about a little savage. And may all the gods keep him from that wretched, blasphemous curse called civilization! The little savage is very much happier than the sagest philosopher—that is to say, solving the problems of life much wiser than the wisest of the gray owls of the libraries and the swallow-tail-coated monkeys of the social cake-walk—lets his days glide away with the flow of waters wherein he fishes, and whereupon, in a canoe, he floats a-down for many a careless day at a time. Honey hunting, duck shooting, and the jolly vicissitudes of camp life, "a race with the peairie fire," climbing up Kara Mountain, and making across a desert country—what a royal programme! Think you that Nero in his most pompous days had anything to be compared with this? As you see, then, little savage is, after all, greater than a king—and happier than the happiest of them all, too.

They are told rather gracefully, and most simply, these stories of a boy. And for healthy, vigorous and thoroughly boyish experiences of hunting and fishing this is the book for you. A thoroughly entertaining book. Boys, perhaps, would find that out first. But many others besides them—others who once were boys.

[Just About a Boy. By Walter S. Phillips. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.]

A Story of English Society.

It is a study of social life in Devonshire and London. The old, old story of a loveless marriage and a woman's selling herself for money—that is in the case of Petronel, daughter of Lady Merivale. And the story of Lavinia Garland shows what a tyrant convention is—and also how pitiable a certain weak, sweet girl nature.

The style is graceful and the conversations in the book are natural and the story unfolds itself with ease.

There is a touching bit when Lavinia rises to a height of self-renunciation and frees Dr. Cary (who has been engaged to her through pity and not through love, and for many years, and whom she now finds in love with Alison). And Alison, by the bye, is a fair representative of healthy English girlhood.

[A Corner of the West. By Edith Henrietta Fowler. Appleton: New York. Price, paper, 50 cents. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Monsieur Henri de Régnier.

The poet who is going to make "Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard" happy this year as its third lecturer is M. Henri de Régnier. His picture was reproduced in these columns a few weeks ago. Besides Harvard he is to make a circuit of many leading universities of the country, the University of California among others. One would naturally like to get acquainted with him in a way, and we take pleasure in introducing him to you.

M. Henri de Régnier was born at Honfleur, near Havre, France, on December 28, 1864.

His first verses were published in November, 1885, under the title of "Les Lendemain." This was followed, the year after, by another work, "Apaisement." This début was not unnoticed, but it was only in 1887, with the publication of a collection of sonnets entitled "Siles," that he attracted the attention of the literary world. M. de Régnier belonged to the group of young poets that received the name of "Décadents," or "Symbolists," this last name being permanently attached to those who recognized Paul Verlaine and Stéphane Mallarmé as leaders.

From 1887, M. de Régnier's works appear in quick succession. The titles of these various poems are as follows: "Siles," 1888; "Poèmes Anciens et Romantiques," 1889; "Tel qu'en Songe," 1892; "Aréthuse," 1895. All these works, which were published in small editions, were reprinted by the Société du Mercure de France, in three volumes, "Premiers Poèmes," "Poèmes," "Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins," which contain besides "Aréthuse," a number of new poems which are considered among the best written by M. de Régnier.

M. de Régnier is a versatile writer. In addition to his poems he published, in 1895, a series of stories, "La Canne de Jaspé," and another one in 1899, "Le Trèfle Blanc." He contributed, both in verses and prose, to the most important magazines or reviews of the avant-garde, or new movement. He contributes to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and to the "Revue de Paris," and also to several important papers literary articles over his signature which are highly appreciated.

The French Academy awarded him this year the Prix Vitet, for his works, and M. Gaston Boissier, the secretary of the Academy, expressed himself in the following manner in his official report:

"Mr. de Régnier is one of the leaders of that new school which pretends to do no less a thing than modify the form and the spirit of French poetry. The enterprise is a daring one. Everybody recognizes that M. de Régnier has very rare poetical gifts; abundance and richness in images; amplitude and harmony of the period, a grace both provoking and natural that makes him admired even of those his boldness displeases."

M. de Régnier was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1897. He married the second daughter of José-Maria de Heredia, of the French Academy, the renowned author of "Les Trophées," and he is in consequence of this the brother-in-law of M. Pierre Loti, the author of "Aphrodite" and "Chansons de Bilitia."

LITERARY NOTES.

It is matter of common knowledge that many of the most popular novels of the day have been refused again and again before finding a publisher; but that there should have been any question concerning the publication of "Lana Doone" seems in these days incomprehensible. It is, however, a fact that it had been published several years in England before the Harpers brought out the first

American edition. Even then the majority of the manuscript readers were against it, and only owing to the urgent advice of one man, still connected with the house, was the project undertaken.

G. W. Stevens, the famous English war correspondent, who died of fever at Ladysmith, South Africa, was one of the few journalists of the day who have made any really important contributions to history and literature. Mr. Stevens had engaged to write a number of articles on "The Trouble in the Transvaal" for Harper's Magazine, and his death has doubtless deprived us of what would undoubtedly have been a most valuable work on the British policy and the actions of the war.

Harper's Weekly for February 3, 1900, opens with a discriminating appreciation of John Ruskin by Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, the editor of The Critic, and is embellished with a fine portrait of Ruskin, the latest taken, and a facsimile of a letter in his autograph. Miss Gilder sums up the life work of Ruskin in the one trenchant sentence that "he was a painter who dipped his brush in ink, a writer who dipped his pen in a color box, whose prose was poetry and whose poetry was prose." The article is thoroughly sympathetic and illuminating.

In Harper's Bazar of February 10, appear two contributions of especial interest to musicians and music-lovers: "Ignace Paderewski on Piano Playing," and "The Long Uphill Road to Success," by Emma Eames-Story. In his valuable contribution the greatest living pianist answers the questions which occur to every mother who has at heart the musical education of her daughter. Mme. Eames-Story, one of the greatest of living sopranos, has written a brilliant paper on the struggles of young singers who are preparing for the stage. The years that lie between the first lessons in Paris and the singer's successful début are dark ones—full of work and strain and disappointment.

[The Criterion:] The Rev. F. G. Lee of Lambeth, London, is reported in a literary journal of England to be retiring from his living. That fact is not startlingly interesting. But what does give one a shock is to learn that he has been the author of sixty-seven books, which include poetry, fiction, politics, history, biography, antiquities and theology. Yet probably not five per thousand of people well versed in current literature ever heard of the Rev. F. G. Lee of Lambeth, London, or of any one of his sixty-seven books. Whence ye may learn a parable that if a man has got the writing itch, not all the waters of the world's disregard will wash it away from him. There should be a monument erected to the patience of the Rev. F. G. Lee of Lambeth, London.

We are not perhaps quite so far ahead in journalistic enterprise of the people on the other side of the stream as we like to imagine. The World and the Journal we have, it is true, and Mr. Creelman. But possibly there are more desirable things in the newspaper way. A Review of the Week for one penny, with George Bernard Shaw, George Gissing, Morley Roberts and Sir Charles Dilke among the constant contributors—that is a combination which we cannot hope to emulate for some little while. Lady Randolph Churchill's \$5 production was not a tithe as interesting as the first penny-work of the Review of the Week. Thus does the democratic copper carry further than the lordly gold piece.

CUBAN INCENSE TO WASHINGTON.

By a Special Contributor.

THE following sonnets on George Washington, each the production of a Cuban writer, and now for the first time published in English translation, are especially timely on the eve of the great American's one hundred and sixty-eighth birthday. The first is by the Marquis de Montelo, who although bearing the title of a Spanish grandee, was born in Havana, June 22, 1810, and always regarded that city as his home. His sonnet on Washington is not to be regarded as in any sense the best, but most of the poetical productions of Montelo show how he, like nearly all Cuban writers of this century, had felt the inspiration of American thought and achievement.

To Washington, 1899.

Near the fair shores so tenderly caressed
By the Potomac, can a hill be seen,
Whose brow is crowned by pines of somber green.
The tutelary genius of the west
There, in his deathless glory, is at rest.
I, wishing to salute the sacred scene,
Approached its solemn height with reverent mien
And found it only in its verdure dressed.
"But where the inscriptions that his country owes
On sculptured bronze?" I with amazement cried;
"The monument enriched by plastic art?"
From the dark pines a mighty voice arose,
"The hero needs them not," it grave replied,
"Freedom engraved them on the nation's heart!"

De Montelo was among the fortunate few Cubans of his generation who did not have to struggle for education. After graduating from the University of San Carlos he studied in New York four years and then made a three-years' tour of the world with Don José de la Luz y Caballero, the distinguished student and teacher. They met men of distinction in all walks of life, Humboldt, Cuvier, Sir Walter Scott, Visconti and many others. After Don José returned to Havana, De Montelo remained in Paris several years and then went back to Havana, where he married. He revisited Paris some years later and also spent much time in the United States, chiefly in Washington, where he was an intimate friend of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English Minister.

Naturally in such circumstances, the Marquis became keenly interested in public affairs and conceived a plan to save Cuba from the evils which he foresaw even then and that have since devastated the fair island. He proposed that Spain should grant Cuba home rule modeled upon the

Canadian system and should abolish slavery, and that England, France and the United States should guarantee quiet possession of the island to Spain after these reforms were made. In pursuance of this large and far-sighted project, De Montelo went to London to consult Palmerston, who welcomed the suggestion with enthusiasm. France was "too busy," as Napoleon III. was then preparing his coup d'état. The American government preferred to "attend to its own affairs," and refused to consider the proposition.

De Montelo was remarkably versatile and the writing of poetry was only a part of his busy life. His "Songs of a Wanderer," published in 1863, were well received and he published several other successful volumes.

A Woman's Tribute.

The second poem, also a sonnet, was produced by Señorita Gertrude de Avellaneda, and was written while she was on a visit to his tomb in 1841. It reads:

The storied Past does not reveal, nor can
The Present show a virtue so sublime
As His! nor shall there any coming time
Though centuries take flight, bring nobler man.
Selfless he gave himself to one vast plan
Of Freedom. Europe had her conqueror
Who made her soil a desert in grim war
And ruled o'er slaves; but this American
Fought for his brethren, solely intent that he
Might found with them a happy, equal state
Wherein the angel of God's love should dwell;
And in their souls, all peoples know full well
That he alone is great who makes them great,
That he alone is strong who rules them free!

After the celebrated Heredia, the highest place among Cuban writers, is given by general consent to Señorita De Avellaneda, who was born in Puerto Principe in 1814. She began to write in numbers at an unusually early age, her first verses being written on the death of her father, when she was only 6; at 8 she wrote a fairy tale in verse, "The Giant of a Hundred Heads;" at 9 her poems were attracting public attention; at 18 she had written a comedy and a drama.

Señorita De Avellaneda was not studious and could not be persuaded to learn the ordinary lessons in the ordinary way, but her love for reading virtually supplied the lack of the conventional curriculum. She was induced to study French that she might read Racine and Corneille, which she immediately became eager to declaim, as her passion for the drama was as strong as her poetic genius. She said, herself, in 1835: "My greatest pleasure as a child was to represent tragedies with other girls; in vain my mother tried to make me learn drawing and music. I cared only to read plays. When I was 15 I played the heroine in a tragedy given by amateurs, and was so intoxicated by my success that I could not eat or sleep and wished to go on the stage. My parents forbade me to act again or even to read plays and my books were locked away. So then I wrote them!"

At 16, Señorita De Avellaneda was sent to Spain to complete her education, and the sonnet "The Parting," which she wrote at that time, is considered one of the finest in the languages. Returning to Cuba in a year or two, she entered upon or rather continued her distinctly literary career, writing novels, poems and tragedies. In 1840 she returned to Madrid, where her fame had preceded her and she was welcomed by the best literary society and soon presented at court. Several of her plays were presented in Seville, Madrid and other cities with pronounced success, and fortune seems to have become her slave. When her tragedy, "Alfonso Munio," was published, leading French and Spanish reviews printed long and exhaustive criticisms that were practically eulogies. At a literary competition in Madrid, in which prizes were offered for the best sonnets commemorating the Queen's clemency in pardoning some political prisoners, Avellaneda submitted one over her own name and another in disguised writing and with assumed name. That signed by her was awarded the first prize and the second was given to the other. In addition to the prizes, a golden laurel wreath was presented to her and was placed on her head in public assembly, by the infant Don Francisco. She was appointed reader to the Queen (afterward the ex-Queen, Isabella.) Sappho, Corinna, the Spanish Meletemene were some of the names applied to her. "Her 'Balthazar Valera' was pronounced 'The highest achievement of which the modern drama can boast.' One of her critics said of her: 'She has the heart and brain of a man,' and in a theater during a representation of 'Balthazar,' a man exclaimed, in excess of enthusiasm: 'This woman is a great man!'"

In 1846 the poetess married a member of the Cortes, who died the same year. Some years later she married a captain in the Spanish army, with whom she returned to Cuba in 1860, after an absence of twenty years. Her triumphs were renewed in her native land. A second crown of gold was given to her amid wild enthusiasm, theaters were named for her, and life for her seemed one long ovation. Her husband died in 1864, after which she returned to Spain, where she lived in seclusion until her death in 1873. During the latter part of her life she wrote only religious poems and of them Villamain declared that they were equal to those of the early Christian fathers.

RENE S. PARKS.

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A WEATHER PROBLEM.

[Chicago Post:] They had heard a good deal of talk about what the weather man says, and they had formed some rather queer ideas as to his identity, appearance and duties.

"He lives," one of them was overheard saying, "way up in a tower sixteen stories high. I'm going to ask papa to take me up to see him some day."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare," replied the other. "Td be afraid." "I don't believe he'd hurt a little girl," returned the first, scornfully.

"Maybe he wouldn't mean to," said the other, "but how could you be sure some of the wind or ice or something wouldn't get away from him. And then, think how fierce he must look!"

"I wouldn't be afraid if I was with papa," persisted the first.

"Papa!" returned the other scornfully. "What could papa do with a man 'most ten feet tall?"

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Dingaan's Day.

SIXTY-ONE years ago today, where British guns are now booming, the Boers inflicted a crushing defeat on the savage hordes of Dingaan, the cruel Zulu chief, whose impis were a menace to the early and scattered settlers of Natal, mostly Boers who had trekked from the Cape Colony, and cast anchor in the green valleys of Natal. Some time previously Dingaan had lured Pieter Retief (one of the founders of Maritzburg) and 300 burghers to his war kraal on the White Umfolosi, in Zululand, on the pretence of ceding them territory in Natal, and murdered them all in cold blood. Then the Zulus descended on the scattered homesteads and laagers in Weenen county, where Retief, Weenen and Colenso now stand, and butchered men, women and children in the darkness of night. Those who were left when morning dawned hurriedly built a laager and beat back the impis, fugitive Kaffirs falling in hundreds by Boer bullets in their flight down the Bushman River Valley, Weenen, the oldest village in Weenen county, means "weeping," and takes its name not only from the tears of the Dutch, but the wails of the Zulus as they fled in confusion.

For some time subsequently, Dingaan held the upper hand, gaining three victories over the Boers, and a small English force, under a Mr. Biggar, was annihilated at the mouth of the Tugela. Dingaan then marched on Durban, and, after looting the little settlement, retired inland.

Meantime the Boers had been reinforced from Cape Colony, and took up a strong position in laager northeast of Dundee, on the Blood River. Here the whole Zulu army fell upon them. Four times Dingaan's braves tried to storm the camp, and were repulsed with fearful havoc on each occasion. Then they wavered and fled. Through ravine and donga the Boer riders chased them. Hundreds were killed by bullets, hundreds in attempting to cross the swollen river, henceforth known as the River of Blood. On the Boer side three men only were wounded by assegais. It was a glorious victory.

Before the battle a vow had been made to the Lord by the chief commandant that if He vouchsafed a victory to them a house should be raised to the glory of His name, and today the Dutch Reformed Church in Maritzburg still stands as witness to their vow. The day is observed as a holy anniversary throughout Dutch South Africa, and at Paardekraal, now known as Krugersdorp, is the Transvaal national monument erected to commemorate the event. An annual gathering is held there every 10th of December, to celebrate the triumph over Dingaan and the British at Majuba. —[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Flag Designed from a Flower.

THERE is now an exhibition in the conservatory of Prospect Park a flowering plant which is known in Cuba as *Blanco Estrella de Cinco Puntas*. This plant is particularly interesting, as the Cubans originated the design of their flag from the flower of the plant. The box of plants was received by Park Commissioner George V. Brower, with the regards of Capt. W. Attwood French, who is stationed at Ciego, Cuba. Capt. French, in his letter which accompanied the box of plants, states that the Cubans derive the emblematic star in their national flag, in color and the number of points, from the flower, which is a white star with five points. The star emblem is used by the Cubans on all the buttons of their uniforms, in stick pins, in brooches and jewelry worn by women. Continuing, the captain says:

"The plant is, truly speaking, a la Cuban in almost every particular, except, of course, color, as no one ever saw a Cuban lady as *blanca* as is this flower, except after cinco o'clock p.m., when she sallies forth with *blanco powder* (thick), accompanied by her chaperon (in all cases), usually a little brother or the old grandmother, who is on the watch to see that she does not notice the young Cuban beaux and blush the *blanco* coloring away, and give them encouragement. They are exceedingly shy and reserved, and never look at any one while taking their daily afternoon promenade." —[New York Tribune.]

When a Boer Signs His Name.

THE Boer may be fairly good at handling a rifle, but he is sadly deficient in his ability to handle a pen. When the average Boer has to attach his name to a document, an air of importance pervades his dwelling for several hours. The children are constantly chided, the patient "vrouw" has a preoccupied look, and the husband himself puffs even more vigorously than usual at his pipe. Eventually a corner of the table is cleared and carefully wiped. The family Bible is placed in position, and the sheet of paper requiring the signature placed upon it. An expectant silence falls upon the company. "Stille!" cries the wife. "Stille, kindertjes, papa gaat sein maan teken." ("Hush, children, father is about to sign his name.") The family stands round open-mouthed, and all eyes gaze expectantly upon the paper. With arms bared for the fray, and with pen carefully poised, the Boer bends to his task. The pen is gripped firmly between his horny fingers. In thick, ungainly scratches, and with slow and painful motion, the pen begins to work, and at the end of it, it may be four minutes, the deed is accomplished. —[London Mail.]

The Boers and the Bible.

A MISSIONARY was visiting a Boer family, and found that they were daily using, and therefore wearing out, a Bible that had been brought over with the family three centuries or so before from Holland, and containing all the family names from father to son ever since. He pointed out to them that it was a treasure not so to be ruined. They agreed, but did not know where to get another to replace it. He promised to make them a present of one. The old Boer was aghast. "But," he said, "the English do not know anything about the Bible." However, the book, printed in Dutch by the Bible Society, was duly presented.

Of course, instead of the Dutch arms it had the English arms on the front page. The old man pointed this out. "That is not the Bible," he said. A little further examination showed him, however, to his amazement, that this was only a matter of printing, and that otherwise the two were identical. The explanation as to the arms led to a reference to the translation. "Translation?" said the old man; "this is no translation. The words were originally said in Dutch." Literally that represents the ordinary state of the upcountry Boer mind. They look upon the promises and threatenings of the Old Testament as personally addressed to themselves and their forefathers. They worship a purely tribal God, who has given over "the heathen as a prey to their teeth," and they, feeling themselves fully justified in so doing, act toward them accordingly. If they see together in the street a Boer and Englishman and a native they would describe them as "a Christian," "an Englishman" and "black trash." After all, apropos to some of the letters that have lately appeared, that is worshipping "the same God," or "being Protestants," with some little qualification. —[London News.]

Women's Most Winsome Age.

WHY do women hesitate to tell their age? By common consent it is regarded as very rude and boorish to ask a woman a categorical question regarding the number of her birthdays. Yet there should be no diffidence on the point, and reticence upon the subject is hard to explain. Except for some reason connected with business, which may find in accumulating years a handicap, a man is usually very open about his age, and as ready to proclaim it as his wife and sister are to conceal theirs. Probably the feeling in the matter had its origin in the long ago, when matrimony was the ordinary woman's only desirable goal, and when, as she grew older, her chances of finding a mate diminished perceptibly. The situation has so entirely changed, and spinsterhood has become so inviting, that we should expect to discover an alteration in the manners of women on this point, and to find them quite candid as to their claims to maturity or the reverse.

Fifty years today looks as forty did a score of years ago. Thirty, always a very winsome age, the age of woman's most captivating beauty, is not now to be distinguished in freshness and bloom from twenty-five. Outdoor life is doing for women what nothing else can do, making them beautiful, and keeping them young. —[Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.]

Fish Chilled to Death.

CAPT. THOMAS J. SEWARD of Hudson, Sharpe's Island, is in the city on a visit to friends. He says there has been a remarkable phenomenon in his vicinity in the great numbers of fish being washed ashore on the banks of his farm. Some days before he left home he had carts loaded with the dead fish and placing them upon his fields for fertilizer. There was no difficulty to shovel the dead fish, as there were thousands of them brought in with the tide and left on the beach ankle deep.

The same condition prevailed, Capt. Seward said, on the mainland to the eastward of Sharpe's Island. Not in the memory of the oldest farmer on the beach has such a plethora of dead fish been seen along the shores. It is thought that the fish got into shallow waters during the late cold weather and were frozen.

Some condition of the weather kept them close to shore until they became chilled to death by the water close to the surface and were thrown ashore by the tides. Usually the instinct of the fish in winter is to seek the lower depths of the water and move with the warm currents. —[Baltimore Dispatch.]

Substitute for Cork.

RAHELLOSENE is the name given by a French inventor to a substance he describes as artificial cork, and which may be used for all purposes for which cork has hitherto been found useful. It is an analogue of celluloid, says an English authority, and consists of cork bark ground to an impalpable powder and agglutinated by a solution of nitro-cellulose in acetone. This material is made into a doughy mass, compressed into moulds and dried. It contains about 70 to 75 per cent. of nitro-cellulose and is said to be a trifle, if anything, more combustible than cork under the ordinary conditions. —[New York Tribune.]

A Parrot That Talked Treason.

THE Queen of the Belgians bought a parrot a few days ago, which, from the moment of its arrival at court, began to call out to the horror and astonishment of the courtiers, "A bas le roi de carton!" ("Down with the paste-board king!") "Vive la République!" The lords and ladies in waiting were all for strangling the bird, but the Queen would not hear of it, and set herself to teach the parrot to cry "Vive le Roi!" and her efforts were successful. —[Brussels Correspondence London Mail.]

The Postoffice in the Rock.

A UNIQUE incident in the history of postal contrivances is worthy of record. Recently, consequent on the institution of a house-to-house delivery of letters in the district of Morven, Argyllshire, one of the most primitive postoffices in the United Kingdom has fallen into desuetude. It had never received the sanction of the Postmaster-General, nor was it amenable to any of the stringent rules governing other offices. Situated high up among the lonely hills, half way between Drimmin and Barr, and about three miles from the nearest habitation, it consisted of a simple slit in the rock, closed up by a nicely fitting stone. In the good old times, and, indeed, until quite recently, when any letters for Barr and neighboring places came to Drimmin postoffice they were carried by the first available shepherd or crofter to this isolated depository in the rock. Here they were left for many days, until there

should happen to come that way some other crofter who might feel inclined to find a letter and deliver them at their destination. —[London News.]

Took the Air Line.

DURING a tornado last night, an express car on the Newfoundland Railroad was lifted off the track and deposited in a bog some distance away, holding the rails. The track was not damaged, and the baggage car took fire and was destroyed, with the exception of the whole colonial mail for the United States. Nobody was injured. —[New York Dispatch.]

Sailor of Downey's in Mad War.

EDWARD MCARTNEY, who was a sailor on the Raleigh at the battle of Manila, was now in the Hospital from the Yorkville Police Court yesterday on examination as to his sanity. He has lived with his mother at No. 675 Third avenue, since he was discharged from the navy last November. His mother obtained a divorce from his father recently, on the ground that he was a queer and his talk wild. He told her that he was affected by the heavy gun fire on the Raleigh at the battle. She is keeping for him the house which was granted by Congress to all who took part in the battle. —[New York Sun, January 30.]

A Curious Shoe Trust.

DOYLESTOWN has four odd characters, who are known as the shoe trust. They all have the same feet, and each regards this fact in the nature of a secret, perpetrated upon him by the other three. Each one of the quartette chips in \$10, and the trust is expended for shoes. Buying them in such quantities there is naturally a reduction in price. One says that there would be an equal division of the shoes, but that isn't their little game. The shoes are worn equally, share and share alike, and when not being worn they are kept in a closet in the express office, which is the general lounging place of the quartette. If one wants to wear new shoes, he goes to the express office and takes them on. If he wants to change off to a pair, he has already been broken in he does so. If he wants to wear them in the daytime and wants to wear patent leather in the evening, he goes to the express office and makes his selection. They have been doing this for several years, and they wouldn't wear shoes in any other way. —[Pittsburgh Record.]

A Remarkable Accident.

A REMARKABLE accident six months ago in the case of Jacob Liston today in Stewart Street. While sitting with his family before the fire on the evening last spring Liston suddenly jumped to his feet, a cry of agony and staggered back, blinded, and with his jaws have been crushed into a thousand pieces. His wife and children, who sat by him, did not see the flash or hear the thunder, but were horrified to find that Liston's injury was not imaginary. A doctor was called and removed thirty-eight pieces of shattered bone, the greater portion of Liston's jaw taken out. Nobody could account for the occurrence, but there is no doubt about its happening.

Five years ago Liston had some teeth pulled, and was poisoned by the anesthetic used. The doctor who examined his case after the strange shattering of his jaw said that the drugs used by the dentist could have caused the disaster five years later, but could not account for the explosion or whatever wrecked his jaw.

Liston had been an invalid for years, and had been in the hospital for some time. The loss of his jaw preyed on him, and this morning while alone in the house he was shot off with a shotgun. He was 75 years old, and had a widow and eleven children.

He was a member of the jury that acquitted a man who was a member of the State Legislature, for the murder of A. C. Nutt, cashier of the State Treasury, last year ago. —[Uniontown (Pa.) Dispatch.]

Gov. Leary's Request for a Library.

THIS is how Gov. Leary of Guam puts his request for a library: "Every other naval station has a library, while this station has none, not even a single law book; and, not wanting this command to be deprived of the ordinary facilities for plain and intellectual sustenance while isolated from the world, though encased in an armor of coral and banded with the most beautiful and valuable of the Pacific, I respectfully renew my request for a suitable library to be sent to the station."

Where Smoking Is a Crime.

THE French Anti-Tobacco Society is happy to cure no less a recruit than the Emperor Menelik. Two months ago, at a reception at the Ministry of the Interior, president of the society, learned in conversation with Maj. Marechal that smoking is a crime in Abyssinia and is, indeed, a crime. Foreigners are not allowed to smoke a cigarette. Menelik naturally at once became desirous of becoming so precious an adherent, and addressed a letter to Emperor Menelik, begging him to accept the honor of becoming a member of the society, a title already held by one Emperor, namely, Dom Pedro of Brazil. Menelik is not the originator of the banishment of tobacco from his empire. It appears that a bull of Urban VIII. in 1622, is responsible for the prohibition of the Abyssinians. In reality the bull was only for priests who smoked or took snuff in the church. It was taken very literally in Abyssinia, with the result that even today an Abyssinian caught smoking is severely punished. —[London Post.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

MARION CRAWFORD, the novelist, who has recently arrived in New York, has been interviewed as usual, and as usual has taken advantage of the opportunity to express his views on the subject of the aim and end of novel writing. Mr. Crawford writes very good things about himself and may be pardoned for having pronounced opinions upon the subject of his art; but as his opinions have not altered from one decade to another, since he began to tell us about them, the reports of interviews with him have somewhat of the flavor of the court chronicler, as edited by Clarence in "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur;" that is, there might be a little more variety about them. Readers will doubtless remember that the calendar referred to read about as follows: "Monday—The King rode in the park. Tuesday—The King rode in the park. Wednesday—The King rode in the park." And so on through the rest of the week. In like manner, the sum and substance of the interviews held with Mr. Crawford, together with the sum and substance of much that he has written, consist in the assertion that he does not like the purpose-novel. The public are thoroughly convinced of this by this time, and being, on this side of the water, at least, of a temperament that likes an occasional change of mental diet, would be greatly gratified if Mr. Crawford would not say it again, but would, instead, branch off on some other burning topic of the times—say, for instance, the reason why "The Absent-Minded Beggar" is called poetry, or the causes of the present equal-suffrage movement in the East.

It might be questioned, indeed, whether some of Mr. Crawford's own novels—"Dr. Claudius," for instance—do not contain something very like a purpose; in fact, the critical reader is inclined to question whether what the novelist dislikes is really the purpose-novel in general or simply the novel with a purpose with which he is not in sympathy. Of course his dictum would deprive us of a great deal that we cherish as good literature, also of literature that has fought some of the greatest battles of civilization and won as signal victories as the sword. It would deprive us of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which may not rank high for literary merit, but had, in its time, an effect before which mere literary achievement must yield in importance. It would probably deprive us of some of the best of George Eliot's novels; of some notable historic novels; and of about all of Charles Reade's books, although few writers have been more devoted to "the story" on which Mr. Crawford lays so much emphasis, than was this latter author; few have more carefully worked out a romantic plot. It would certainly deprive us of Kipling's "Naulahka" and probably of "The Light That Failed," and some others of Kipling's best. "Capt. Courageous" and "Wee Willie Winkie," for instance.

The fact of the case is that purpose and a thorough devotion to the literary properties of a story are not in any way incompatible; and though the "haec fabula docet" novel may be objectionable, there is no canon of art that forbids the selection, for a theme, of some phase of actual life in which inevitably connected conditions and results convey some general truth. The great requirement is that they shall be inevitably connected and not forced into relation; and that, as thus connected, they shall be faithfully portrayed. Some of the most ruthless of modern realists—I refer to English realists—have followed this course in their selection of a theme. But, then, Mr. Crawford disapproves of realism also, according to the reporter; although as he does not define what he means by realism, the statement is not an enlightening one, considering the immense divergence of opinions, everywhere, as to what constitutes realism.

There is, however, one suggestion of Mr. Crawford's, in some of his numerous interviews and writings on this subject, which does not appear to have received its due of attention. There may be some difference of opinion as to other views. He may be right or he may be wrong, though some of us will continue to differ from him on the points I have cited. However, the remarkable practicability of the suggestion to which I have just referred, ought to meet the approval of every one. He opines, namely, that, if the purpose-novel is to be published at all, it should be bound in some such appropriate color that all may be able at once to recognize it and so to avoid it if they will. The idea is an excellent one, and deserves even wider application than he proposes. It has, indeed, been carried out to some slight extent by the publishers of books, but in so crude a manner as to prove that they have never really given their mind to any consistent plan. In this busy day of the world, fancy what a saving of time such a color-scheme in the bindings of all books would be—how simple and easy the choice of books would become if we were able at once to recognize, from the cover of a volume, the nature of its contents—the school to which it belongs in its general style; if we might seize, for instance, a book in black and white, with vermilion borders, as we rushed past the bookstand at the railway station to catch our train, and be sure of something Kiplingese; or were able to inquire at the bookstore for Correll chrome yellow or Mrs. Burton Harrison ultra-violet, or Magruder blue and cerulean, without fear of being disappointed at our drawings in the literary lottery.

The New York Sun recently published a story of a piece of Mexican sport, in which a man of marvelous speed in running hunts down a mare that is too wild to be tamed to the service of man, but comes occasionally from the plains to the corral to drink. There is no pretence that the animal is in any wise a nuisance; her only fault is the magnificent independence of unservile nature. The same love of "sport" actuates the men who stand and watch, with seeming enjoyment, while the runner bears down upon his prey, flings himself upon the beautiful animal and stops short the fine free life of the plains by a brutal dash across her throat. The story ends with a picture of the victor in the race calmly catching the warm

blood as it gushes forth and sipping it eagerly from a dusty palm.

At this day and date, when we know that we are the descendants of naked savages who once roamed the plains of Asia and Europe, there are times, it seems to me, when we need to pause and contemplate ourselves from this point of view, face the primal savage in us, and acknowledge that it is not good. There is an element in modern literature that seeks to exalt and rouse to life again the primitive instincts of our kind and encourages brutality as manliness. By all means let us have tales of courage and give unstinted praise to the hero who braves danger where there is need; to prowess of all kinds and to physical strength when symmetrically developed together with the powers of the mind and heart. But there are sports so-called that belong more properly to the age when all men were pig-stickers by profession and the biggest blood-letter was the greatest chief of his tribe. In the manhood of the race, let us put away the things of its childhood.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

[The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.]

Two Cold, Dark Rooms.

K. L. LOS ANGELES: You complain that your two rooms, front and back parlors, though handsomely furnished, look cold and dark, and you wish to give them a "bright and cosy appearance." I gather from your letter that the colors used in the rooms are chiefly brown, cream, tan and green. Now I would introduce among these shades (some of which serve to light up and give any degree of brilliancy) some strong illuminating colors, such as red in the soft mulberry tones, brilliant green or soft old blue. You mention yellow with brown in the ingrain carpet in the back parlor. Strengthen this by using more yellow in the room, either in curtains, sash curtains, cushions or table cover. Remove the ingrain carpet from the floor of the front parlor and use (what will be in perfect keeping with your furnishings) a Turkish rug or several small ones, in colors brilliant, yet soft. If you cannot afford the oriental rug get a Brussels carpet rug in the colors I have named with a border. You can, however, if you use discretion, often obtain at rug sales an oriental one of great intrinsic value for the price you would pay for an ordinary Brussels. With your brown and tan woodwork and walls you must have some rich coloring on your floor. Replace the dark green hanging with its flowered border, by a dull blue jute curtain or a Kizilleim. Retain your black and white fur rugs and bearskin.

A Turkish Cosy Corner.

You wish also some suggestions for a Turkish corner. If you will build into the corner of your hall a deep overhanging shelf and from it suspend a bit of pretty Moorish latticework, then use the shelf itself as a resting place for an oriental jar, holding a pink or white azalia in full bloom, you will have a "motif" for your corner. Of course any pretty airy plant of pink bloom will do as well, but an azalia is always artistic in effect. Under it place a broad couch, well covered with Turkish rugs. Select the dominant color of your rugs and reproduce it in embroidered and plain pillows. At least one gold embroidered yellow cushion should be among these, as it will illuminate. At the back of your couch and reaching to the shelf, hang the prettiest rug you have, as it will show to more advantage than the others. Place a taborette beside the couch, holding either pipes or an oriental coffee set; this gives the corner an excuse for being, and it does not become the senseless mass of drapery that many of them are. Depend from the shelf a small colored oriental lantern or Moorish lamp and when you serve coffee here let the colored light softly flood your corner; you will find that it touches up your rich colors charmingly. If you wish to be quite daring and can afford a really handsome piece of Persian silk or embroidery, hang it at the end of your couch, catching it back in folds calculated to show its sheen and beauty up to the light. This bit of drapery will serve to enrich your corner and render it more secluded. Place a palm on a low stand near by. My very soul revolts at many of the heavily-draped, looped-up effects one sees in these so-called "Turkish corners." And as the result of such efforts is often only a stuffy corner, where an indiscriminate mixture of colors, patterns and materials, serves as a harbor for dust, it behooves one to think carefully before perpetrating a Turkish corner. If at any time an extraordinarily good name for a beach cottage should occur to me, I will insert it under your initials.

A Small Place at the Beach.

I think your inclosed sample extremely pretty and for a seaside cottage not at all too gay. I think your suggestion of a soft, light gray for the walls a good one. You would get a good effect by painting your pieces of furniture, and perhaps the frame of your mirror, the darker shade of green in your material. I would have the mantel shelf put in, it will go far toward furnishing and is a pretty place for photographs, etc.

A. O. H. says: "I would like to know which rugs to use, white fur, black fur or Turkish, on an oak parquet floor. The room is of medium size, with walls in pale green and light frescoing. The woodwork is white enamel, with stripes of gold. I have decided to use only three rugs in the room, one before the fireplace and one before each of the folding doors. The floor being very beautiful, I do not care for it to be covered with rugs. I can only find Turkish rugs in such glaring colors that it seems as if such strong reds and blues would clash with the room.

The furniture is white mahogany, upholstered in pale blue and copper tints."

If you will buy old Turkish rugs you can have them in the softest tones imaginable and this is just where their great value comes in, the fine ones become so mellow with age that the tints fairly melt into one another. There are many with backgrounds of pure ivory, in which the colors are all light. I think, however, that a richer color in which the tones have become soft and mellow, would give more character and depth to your room. I would have either a white or black fur rug in here, but would not use both white and black.

A Flower-bordered Room.

M. P., Los Angeles: Your desire for a bedroom having a "dainty and flowery effect" reminds me of a description lately given me of just such a room as I think you have in mind. This pretty bedchamber is in New York, but it would be equally attractive in California. The walls are rose-pink and the woodwork white enamel. The furniture is covered entirely with a glazed chintz, having a pattern of pink roses; little bamboo stands holding bowls of real pink roses fill the windows and below, the picture molding runs a border of pink roses. This exquisite border also runs around the windows, bordering them in what must be a most fascinating way. These natural-looking, exquisitely-painted roses are not on paper, but are woven into a sort of unglazed chintz and are as artistic in coloring and detail as the finest water-color painting would be. Upon hearing of this new decorative scheme I ordered some of these "yards of roses" at once, and they can, I think, now be obtained in the upholstery departments of the dry goods stores. If you select the design you wish to use you may have to wait for the material to come from New York, so if you are in a hurry you had better, perhaps, find a pretty paper frieze of roses. I have not yet used the chintz border, but would suggest that a beautiful effect could be obtained in your pink room by setting the long mirror panel of your dressing glass flat in your wall and bordering it with the roses.

Some Suggestions for a Simple House.

Clem, Los Angeles: I will endeavor to answer your questions as they come. You wish first to know what I use to fill cracks with for painting over, on a floor. Now I am afraid this cannot be done. At any rate I do not know of any filling which would wear on a floor and would advise you to use a border of matting around your central rug or one of carpet filling. I would prefer the matting because it is cheaper, wears better and does not show foot-prints as plain carpeting does. If you should decide to use a blue and white scheme for your sitting-room (and this looks well with redwood) you would find that a plain blue denim would make an effective and durable border for a blue and white rug. It should be tacked very smoothly and tightly over the brown paper which is bought to go under carpets, or, several thicknesses of newspaper answers the same purpose and is more economical. You cannot very well paper over your rough walls and a smooth finish without paper is not artistic. Why not have the rough plaster calcimined in some color which will go with your scheme? It is a most inexpensive finish. I perceive from your diagram that your rooms open up well and are light and pleasant; you should be able for very little money to get a beautiful effect. Put either a blue and white glazed chintz cover on your couch or one of Chinese calico. Make it with a valance so that it can be taken off and washed. Use with this, pillows of same, and one of dark, dull blue silk, to throw the others into relief. Why not do your entrance hall and sitting-room in old blue and white, with here and there a touch of yellow, then your dining-room, which opens out of your sitting-room, with yellow entirely? Your redwood finish and your blue and white china would look well with yellow walls. Your fresh white muslin curtains will look well with anything, there is nothing prettier.

Your picture molding should always match your woodwork. You ask what to get for a cover for your dining table. If the room is yellow, get a yellow denim and make a cover long enough to hang well down over the legs. This should have a two-inch hem. If you like a decoration do a scroll work in heavy white linen floss for a border or at the corners.

A Word About Chinese Calico.

In looking through the Chinese shops I find that many of them no longer carry Chinese calico. It is so cheap, unfading and artistic that I am very sorry that it cannot be found as plentifully as of old. I have found it, however, in Pasadena and I think that there will always be plenty of it on hand in good designs. I have had so many letters from women who could not find it that I have felt impelled to look it up. As I wish in all cases to give practical help, I will never in these columns intentionally mention any fabric which cannot be readily obtained.

Curtains for a Bedroom.

J. V. S., Los Angeles: If you wish to use sateen curtains in your bedroom in a delicate shade of old blue, I can think of nothing prettier for you than a border of the rose design I have mentioned in a letter above. You can find white roses with green leaves and a mingling of blue which would make an exquisite border for your curtains or you could put a band of them across the top and bottom of the curtains instead of using them down the fronts. This is merely a matter of taste, there is scarcely any choice in the two ways. I would use under-curtains of ruffled point d'esprit. For your dressing table you would find that full curtains of white point d'esprit over the blue sateen would be daintier and prettier than the blue bordered. If you like, though, you could make that to correspond with your curtains and have your valanced bed-spread bordered in the same way. With your walls of plain light blue, have a ceiling paper, from the picture molding up, of an all-over pattern of roses. Run the rose border used on your curtains below the picture mold.

Queen Victoria attributes her long life and excellent health largely to her practice of spending as much time as possible in the open air every day. In her youth, riding was her favorite recreation, and in Scotland she has almost lived on ponyback. Now, of course, carriage exercise has taken its place. Every morning Her Majesty goes out in her little pony chair, often visiting the farm and stables in the course of her drive.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

OSTRICH PLUMES AND PICTURE BRIMS.
BOTH WILL HAVE A GREAT VOGUE IN THE COMPOSITION OF SMART SPRING HATS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—"Woman's work," announced Maisie, with a sigh, into which she vainly endeavored to infuse a note of misery, "is never done. One no more than wriggles out of the hands of the makers of clothes, shoes, hats, etc., with a few winter garments, when the spring comes bustling in, and back one plunges into the vortex of matching and fitting and bargaining and dignified wrangling."

"Your melancholy moralization invites the conclusion that you have been anticipating the daffodil that comes before the swallow darts, by skimming the cream of the first fresh things in the shops, or," continued the hostess, with mingled reproach and envy in her voice, "you are planning a trip South."

"Hark to my cough. These! Isn't it ominous?" asked the rosy damsel, turning from her contemplation of the slow-falling snow to the glittering hearth.

"It is a curious phenomenon that I am seized with a cough of just that sepulchral sonority every year, on or about this season, and at first my dotting parent takes not the smallest notice. Gradually my appetite at table begins to fall; my smile is sweetened with an expression of wishful farewell, and then the doctor is called in; and then poor papa is infinitely relieved to hear that a few weeks of balmy southern air will restore his treasure to her accustomed interest in square meals and mundane pleasures. The rest is in my hands. Going South means, of course, getting together a few fresh things in order that my father's daughter may be a credit and comfort and pride to him abroad as well as at home. In short, my dear, I am off to Philadelphia in the morning, bound south to be among the first to pay respects to Mme. Springtime."

For Her Southern Trip.

"Maisie," admitted the hostess, with solemn admiration, "you deserve an ambassadorship, and if ever women rule the United States I shall nominate you for some diplomatic post in which circian wiles are essential. But that is all in the future. What have you been getting in the way of clothes?"

"Just a very few simple, inexpensive little trifles, however, of their kind, I think well chosen and not too ancient of cut or color. For instance, one must have blouses, and I looked pretty deeply into the shirt-waist question. It is surprising how little those reliable garments do change in feature from year to year. There is a sweet, creped flannel and a sephyr cloth, woven with satin stripes, that makes a capital shirt waist for the beginning of the spring season; and one of the novel treatments in blouse trimmings is that of stitching on parallel folds of satin or narrow ribbon upon the yoke collar, cuffs, and down the front. This affords an agreeable contrast where a plain goods is used, though nearly every blessed shirt waist I've seen so far has its entire front corrugated with tiny perpendicular, pinched tucks."

"My choice fell two ways; upon a black liberty satin body, tucked all around with white silk thread and fastened down the front with wee tabs and little cut-crystal buttons. My other is a pretty flax-blue flannel, the fronts tucked and the yoke barred with stitched-down bands of the deepest cream satin. Two lines of the cream satin run down the front. Similar lines of light edge the points that turn back from the high collar and the round cuffs that finish my slightly-full shirt sleeves."

"Later on in the season I am going to have a novelty of the novelties, a blouse made of the narrowest linen, tape herenboned, together with linen thread, and worn upon an underblouse of blue, pink or green taffeta, as the occasion requires. That fairy idea is no older than this season, and in practical application gives the most springlike and refreshing result possible."

Spring Hats.

"Having met and conquered the question of easy morning waists to wear with my odd skirts, I turned an eagle eye on hats. Unless my long-tried and trusted instinct about the future fails me signally, ostrich feathers and wide brims are bound to have a great vogue very soon. One entirely bewitching, black, picture brim affair is mine, made of corded taffeta, with two big ornaments in front, from which spring a pair of richly-clustering black plumes."

"Daring as that may sound, and impressive as the hats are sure to be, I find that the women are going to wear them with severely simple dresses. One importer of almost irresistible temptations from across the sea showed me a hat as big as a bushel basket, and as full of color as a rainbow, to be worn with a perfectly nun-like costume of gray. Again, I saw a suit simple as the brown habit of a barefoot friar, and the hat for it of tucked panne displayed tulle, lace, flowers, buckles, and a perfectly kaleidoscopic bird."

"Maisie's" New Frock.

"In view of all this I ordered my walking dress of monk-brown cloth, the entire back of the skirt laid in knife pleatings that extend the depth of three-quarters of a yard from the waist line, and thus throw considerable fullness into the train that is no more or less in extent than those of my autumn gowns. Five lines of heavy black stitching run about the foot of the skirt and then stiffen the edges of my short coat. With stitchings I observe the darts and seams of all the incoming coats are heavily ornamented, and my coat has double sailor lapels of scarlet silk, bearing big dots of brown embroidered upon it. Under the coat a shirt of any species appropriate, with a scarlet collar, is going to be used, and if the tout ensemble does

not give you an impression of extreme simplicity, governed by the best canons of smartness, then I will be disappointed."

A Gray Poplin.

"On my way to the land of the cypress and myrtle I am billed to stop with a friend, and I've treated myself to a dear little poplin house gown that is perfectly suitable for the whole spring through. It is gray; gray, undershot with coral pink, and my skirt has a fold of the dullest old rose panne directly down the front width, and bordered to either side with a couple of little tucks. There is a wateau pleat fullness in the rear, and then my waist has a top of rucked white silk muslin over a rose-colored lining. Below this yoke, about the shoulders, runs a broad fold of the goods, bordered by a band of panne, to give requisite fullness and finish."

"In common with all the gowns one sees nowadays, mine opens over the bust, to display a vest that is a continuation of the yoke, and across the top of this V-shaped opening are drawn two straps of old-rose ribbon. Chaste and comely is one in voluntary criticism of this little costume that nothing achieves the whole mission of any well-planned gown, in that it becomes and will wear well for many occasions. A hat having a brim of smooth-drawn gray taffeta, a crown of rucked rose-colored panne, and embowered in two ample gray plumes, is what I propose to wear with this."

"While you lay waste the hearts of all the good men and true who cross your path in this proposed journey for

conquest, not health, eh?" sarcastically hostess, rising to tuck with affectionate brown lock straying from under her forehead fore they took a prolonged and tender

PRETTY TALLIES FOR CARDS.

CHAINS, BRACELETS, AND A NUMBER OF TRIFLES ARE ADAPTED AS CARDS.

By a Special Contributor.

There is a charm about the progressive never grows stale. As a means of easy and pleasant to ever become old, striving to have a bit of originality in they conduct. Frequently this desire tallies that are necessary at such affairs. In relation cards, with stars to paste upon have passed through so many vicissitudes seen. Other things have been devised to Recently at a smart card club in New York key rings were made to do service for was quite ingenious. A good-natured taken into the scheme, and for the bent heavy copper wire into the shape of the ends they were twisted in a similar eyes, and so fastened about the arm. For rings were made also of copper wire,



Blue Still All the Rage.

The rage for blue in all tones shows no signs of abatement, and is more fashionable than ever in combination with black. The little bodice illustrated here is of black taffeta, with arabesque and flowers wrought in pale-blue floss. The chemisette is of sheer tucked muslin, and a blue satin cravat, fringed with blue silk, is knotted at the ends.

For a Stout, Matronly Woman.

The above illustrates a rather matronly evening toilet, designed especially for a stout woman. The fabric is a pale heliotrope bengaline. Scallop of satin, in a rich purple shade, provide a finish around the bottom, above which is a band of embroidery in varying tones of violet, mixed with gold and silver threads. The décolleté bodice is trimmed to correspond, while purple satin girdles the waist and falls in long-fringed sash ends on the right side.

A Handsome Hat.

Chiffon hats are so generally worn in Paris it is safe to predict their vogue all summer in States. The sample importation photographed from Suzanne & Barault, Rue Royal. The gray, while the picture brim is faced with velvet. A huge fan of plume de paon gives style and color to the whole.

Decoration For the Hair.

A fastidious woman cares greatly for the arrangement of her hair, and finds it difficult to find a novelty of ornament. The above photograph shows a captivating decoration for the back. It is made of satin ribbon, radiating from a tiny liants.

weight. When the party began, therefore, the guests were respectfully presented with these trinkets; and as the game progressed little bells were passed about to be worn by those of the winners, while those that were so fortunate as to lose the games had given to them small charms in the shape of clowns and little pigs. They were also slipped at once upon the rings. Throughout the evening the jingling of these little things made a merry sound, nor was the idea an expensive one to carry out. For seventy people were present at the mentioned party, and the whole of the tallies only cost a little over \$10.

Another pretty idea is to make pin cushions for tallies. These for the women are fashioned of bright, red cloth, and are in the shape of hearts and diamonds. They should be quite four inches long, and suitable to do after service at the bureau. Clubs and spades are used as models, to be made into small, flat, pocket pin-cushions for the men. For them black cloth is used. Good-sized china-headed pins are then passed about to record the games. White pins are used for those that win and black ones are given to the losers. After an exact pattern of these cushions is secured they can be quickly and simply made at home and their cost is very small in comparison to their pretentiousness.

It is also known that neck and watch chains will be a little later for tallies at fashionable card parties. They need not of necessity be those that are expensive. Light-weight silver ones are wise to choose, or dainty gilt ones. But it is essential that those given to the women should have good strong clasps and only about three inches below the collar. Upon them large and brilliantly-colored Venetian beads are strung every time a game is won. Equally large and brilliant white ones are given to those that are unsuccessful. For the men to string on their watch chains rather small deep blue and black beads are chosen, or even coral beads. Any selection of them can in fact be made so long as two distinct sorts are used to record the games.

Miniature tambourines and banjos are again in favor to be used for such purposes, and become before the close of the evening gayly decked with bright ribbons, usually red and yellow, which denote the successes and failures of the players. The custom seems to be to give the tambourines to the men and to have broadly painted upon them fantastic pictures of ballet girls. The banjos are given to the girls, and are often decorated with wreaths and cupids. Both of these tallies have attached to them long loops of ribbon, that they may be slipped over the shoulders and worn. It is always a nuisance on such occasions to have to carry things about in the hands.

CHOCOLATE WHILE YOU WAIT.

HOW IT IS PREPARED IN FULL SIGHT BY CHINAMEN IN MANILA.

[Correspondence Chicago Record:] Here in Manila they make your chocolate while you wait. Right into the house a Chinaman comes with his basket and rolls the crushed cacao bean and sugar, and then makes a supply of chocolate that is sweeter and more palatable and cheaper than the commercial brand sold in the Chicago stores.

When the Chinaman comes he lays aside his hat and shirt, and, stripped to the waist and barefooted, he begins his work. In the basket is the chocolate or cacao bean, from which the rancid oil has been extracted, and which oil long ago has anointed the hair of some Filipino belle or lighted some Filipino home. The beans first come on the board bitter and brackish. With a rolling pin the Chinaman grinds them into a fine powder. This takes time. When it is done, he opens another basket and dips out the sugar for the sweetening and the final mixture. The sugar is what would probably grade "coffee C," if it were in commercial circles. Like the bean, it grows on the island. Industrious the Chinaman rubs, and gradually the chocolate forms on the bottom of the board and drips of its sticky sweetness into the basket beneath. The family gathers about to sample the product, and the Chinaman steps to smoke a cigarette while judgment is being passed. Cups of the beverage are handed around, and all "taste." If it is not sweet enough the manufacturer throws more sugar on his board and drops in another pinch of vanilla and cinnamon for the flavoring. When it is "right" he goes to work, and for several hours rubs away at his task. The deposit below the rolling pin is a brown substance that is soft and moist, while above it is all appearance a dry powder and sugar. The little man gathers about, and if there is an older daughter perhaps she sits down on the floor in front of the Chinaman and watches the growing pile.

Such was the case in the house of a Spaniard today when I called. The young lady sat there and idly watched the manufacture of the edible, and when a little brother came she took his head in her lap and he lay there with her, watching the brown-skinned Chinaman rub and rub the sugar into the other ingredients. It was insisted that I should sample the finished article, and I found it very good.

MRS. ANNIE HECTOR.

WROTE NINETY-ONE NOVELS AND IS BUSY, THOUGH A CRIPPLE, 76 YEARS OLD.

From a Special Correspondent.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—One of the pluckiest of women lives here in London on Maida Hill. Her pen name is known all over the United States, but few there would recognize an old friend under the name of Mrs. Annie Hector, which is the proper appellation of the lady who has written some thirty old novels under the name of Mrs. Alexander.

The author of "The Wooing O't," is at this moment engaged in writing another novel. She is writing it by hand—something not so often done in these days of secretaries, stenographers, typewriters and phonographs—and she is doing it with as much interest and animation and good spirits as if, in the first place, she were not 76 years old, and as if, in the second place, she had not been an invalid for several years.

Mrs. Alexander chuckles when she says she is 76, as if it were a sort of a joke on Father Time, and perhaps it is,

for the old gentleman with the hour glass has been unable to make her look a day over 60; and her talk is as bright and cheery as that of a woman in the prime of life. Yet rheumatism has pursued her like a fiend, and for four or five years she has been able to leave her chair only with the greatest difficulty. The affliction meant a great deal to her, for she was vastly fond of getting about among her friends and of going to the theater, yet she has never grumbled and has written on almost without interruption, sitting all day as cheerfully as you please behind a big, flat-topped desk, with all sorts of literary materials close at hand and a stout cane within reach. She prefers that cane to a bell. She wanted to have a book brought in from another room the day I called last week, and pounded on the floor with her cane.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," she said, with a twinkle in her eye, "and what is more, they come when I call them. See, if they don't."

And the maid came in as she spoke. Mrs. Hector is an Irishwoman, and has all the mother wit that is called for by the traditions of her race. She must have been a beauty when she was a girl. She married a well-to-do Scotchman, and never took seriously to writing until her husband died, leaving an estate in such condition that an extra income was most desirable.

Mrs. Alexander always wanted to write for the stage, and although one of her books was dramatized, Fate always stepped in just as it was about to be produced.

The novel to which Mrs. Alexander is now giving the finishing touches will take her readers into new territory, for the hero and the villain both find themselves hunting big game in the south of Africa, and having some adventures in whose liveliness Mrs. Alexander perhaps finds her compensation for the painfully enforced quietness of her own life.

MARSHALL LORD.

LIKE OTHER BOYS.

WASHINGTON HAD HIS LOVE AFFAIRS AND WROTE POEMS.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the papers purchased of Washington's relatives by the government are two poems, unmistakably of his own make. They are supposed to date back to his seventeenth year. There is abundant evidence in them that his passion was greater than his skill at versification. Following is one of his efforts:

"From your bright, sparkling eyes I was undone;
Rays, you have more transparent than the sun,
Amidst its glory in the rising Day,
None can you equal in your bright array;
Constant in your calm and unspotted mind;
Equal to all, but will to none Prove kind,
So knowing, seldom one so Young you'll Find.
Ah! woe's me, that I should love and conceal
Long have I wished, but never dare reveal
Even though severely Love's Pains I feel;
Xerxes that great was't free from Cupid's Dart,
And all the greatest Heroes, felt the smart."

The rest of it wouldn't come, and probably the "bright, sparkling eyes" never saw these verses, which must have cost the youthful George an hour or two and, very likely, a headache. This mighty effort has been discovered to be an acrostic, a style of love letter then in vogue. The inspiration was doubtless Miss Fanny Alexander, his first love. Nothing further is known of the affair.

A letter written about this time to "Dear Friend Robin" shows how much young George's heart troubled him. Just who "Dear Robin" was is not known. He is supposed to have been a schoolfellow. The letter reads:

"My place of Residence is at present at His Lordship's (Lord Fairfax), where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there a very agreeable Young Lady Lives in the same house, but as that's only adding Fuel to fire it makes me the more uneasy for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty, whereas was I to live more retired from young women I might in some measure elviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome Passion in the grave of oblivion or eternal forgetfulness for as I am very well assured that the only antidote or remedy that I ever shall be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me as I am well convinced was I ever to attempt anything I should only get a denial which would be only adding grief to uneasiness."

The "very agreeable young lady" was the sister of Col. George Fairfax's wife, Miss Mary Cary. His fears as to his chances with her were well founded. It is claimed that Washington asked her father's permission to address her, and was refused. She afterward married a colonial swell, who soon died; and as a widow she was often at Mt. Vernon, after Washington's marriage.

In another letter, written to "Dear Sally" somebody, whose identity is unknown, further reference was made to the agreeable Miss Cary. The letter says:

"This comes to Fredericksburg fair in hopes of meeting with a speedy Passage to you if your not there which hope you'll get shortly altho I am almost discouraged from writing to you as this is my fourth to you since I received any from yourself I hope you'll not make the Old Proverb good out of sight out of mind as its one of the greatest Pleasures I can yet foresee of having in Fairfax in often hearing from you hope you'll not deny it me."

"I Pass the time of much more agreeable than what I imagined I should as there's a very agreeable Young Lady lives in the same house where I reside that in a great Measure cheats my sorrow and dejectedness the not so as to draw my thoughts altogether from your Parts I could wish to be with you down there with all my heart but as it is a thing almost Impracticable shall rest myself where I am with hopes of shortly having some Minutes of your transactions in your Parts which will be very warmly received by Yours."

Who the "Lowland Beauty" was is an open question. Some claim that it was Sally Cary—possibly the "Dear

Sally" of the letter—who married George William Fairfax, and to whom Washington wrote in the last year of his life, after dwelling on the happenings of the twenty-five years since they parted: "None of these events, nor all of them put together, have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I have enjoyed in your company at Belvoir."

Others say that the "Lowland Beauty" was Miss Lucy Grymes, who married Henry Lee. Still others contend that it was Miss Betsy Fauntleroy of Fredericksburg, Va., who also declined Washington's attentions. When 20 years old, the ardent and persistent George wrote to Mr. Fauntleroy, asking permission to make a proposal of marriage to his daughter, "in the hope of a revocation of a former cruel sentence."

This was George's most serious love affair until the one which resulted in his marriage. Miss Betsy married Thomas Adams—a marriage for money, not love, 'tis said; otherwise, George might have had a different answer.

The poor young man must have thought for a time that there are heart wounds that never heal. From the depths of his despair, he again invoked the Muse, and addressed these lines to Miss Betsy:

"Oh ye Gods why should my Poor Resistless Heart
Stand to oppose thy might and Power
At last surrender to Cupid's feathered Dart
And now lays bleeding every Hour
For her that's Pityless of my grief and woes
And will not on me Pity take
I'll sleep amongst my most inveterate Foes
And with gladness never wish to wake
In deluding sleepings let my eyelids close
That in my enraptured Dream I may
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by Day."

Four years later the poor heart was so far healed as to be presented to a Miss Mary Phillipse. But again it was rejected. Miss Phillipse was already engaged and had only friendship to give George.

Indeed, it would seem that the young man's stock was somewhat below par in the matrimonial market, with no demand. But it was not withdrawn, and two years later it found appreciation. Doubtless in after years some folks wondered why they had not foreseen.

In 1758, while on a journey to see the Governor at Williamsburg, Washington was invited by an elderly gentleman named Chamberlayne to stop at his home. He reluctantly accepted, and here he met the wealthy and charming young widow, Martha Dandridge Custis Washington's business with the Governor was not so urgent as he had claimed, when trying to refuse the invitation of the kind old gentleman. It could be delayed a day.

Six months later Washington's bachelor days were over. The marriage took place on January 17, 1759. The fascinating Martha was the same age as Washington, and had two small children, whom Washington loved dearly. She had a fine house at Williamsburg; and in her garden there, the day after she had accepted Washington, she planted a yew tree, "a symbol of devotion and constancy."

SARAH HENRY.

GOOSE-BONE PROPHECIES.

[Philadelphia Inquirer:] A correspondent sends us the following defense of the goose bone as a weather prophet: To show that the popularity of the goose-bone has some scientific foundation it should be remembered that the goose lives to be 100 years old, unless it meets with some melancholy accident. Such an extended sphere of observation gives the goose an instinct for atmospheric probabilities. It becomes as familiar with indications of air currents and thermal conditions as a man with Prince Albert or Tuxedo coats, and this instinct it transmits from generation to generation, hence it anticipates climatic conditions and provides itself with nitrogenous food, which enriches the blood and colors the breastbone.

Again, as the breastbone of the goose is the bow of the ship that breaks the storm, its blood rushes to the part which most requires it, and this colors the breastbone. Farmers who are in close contact with nature nearly all believe the prediction of the goose bone, and there is a legend that in Gen. Washington's famous crossing of the Delaware, he was influenced by the views of local agriculturists as to the freezing of the river, and that those opinions were founded upon observation of the breastbone of a wild goose.

THAT REMARKABLE DREAM.

[Philadelphia Record:] An uptown pastor, who is fond of dining out, had an experience the other day which he tells with considerable gusto, about a father and son who are well known members of his church. Just before dinner the son came into the parlor, and, by way of entertainment, told the pastor of a strangely beautiful dream he had the night before. After a short time the father arrived at the house, greeted the dominie cordially, and to pass a pleasant quarter of an hour before the dinner bell, told of a dream he had experienced the night before. It was exactly like the dream related by the son, and the good pastor whistled to himself in amazement. At the dinner table the daughter, a bright young woman, after airing an accomplishment or two, started to talk about authors. In mentioning a certain book she said to the pleased visitor: "What do you think of this for a dream? I read it to papa last night and to brother George today, but I know they won't care if I repeat it to you." The dream was the same as told by father and son, and the daughter wondered what made the pastor laugh so heartily, when there was nothing humorous about it.

FALSE TEETH OF ANTIQUITY.

[New York Herald:] There is plentiful evidence of skilled dentistry among the Romans, for many of the old Latin authors have references to false teeth. In the "Roman Laws of the Twelve Tables" there is distinct reference to artificial teeth. The first part of No. 10 forbids useless expense at funerals in general, but an exception is permitted by No. 11, which allows that the gold fillings of false teeth or the gold with which they were bound should be buried or burned with the deceased.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THE MILLION SILVER DOLLARS.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE IN NEW JERSEY THAT HAS NEVER BEEN IN PRINT.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE were just two rooms and an attic in John Allen's home. An attic whose flooring was so insecure that the rats had several times threatened to emigrate to a safer house. Just the sort of place for a future President of the United States to choose as his birthplace. But if John Allen ever becomes President, I pity the people of this country. Not because John is bad, but because he is lazy and suspicious, two qualities that would not set well on a ruler of a republic.

John and his mother were so poor that the rats sometimes felt that it was not very creditable to their rodencies that they continued to live off of the hospitality of the poverty-stricken pair, but, after all, where there is food there is bound to be some crumbs, and so the rats stayed on, and John and his mother wondered if people could be any poorer than they were and continue to live.

One day John went out to the spring to get a pail of water for his mother, as boys have done ever since there were mothers, pails and sons, and that's more years than even you can remember. He lived near Summit, N. J., on the Watchung range of hills, and his house was ugly in that hopeless New Jersey sort of way which is very different from the New England way, and not half as nice. Give me Yankee ugliness every time, red paint and all.

While he was at the spring and wondering how he could get through the rest of the day without doing any work, a handsome man on horseback rode up and asked John very civilly how far it was to Murray Hill, which is the name of a hamlet near Summit.

"About a mile, sir," said John, who was not the sort of boy to refuse to answer a question, although he liked better to ask them.

"Thank you, my boy. Would you like \$1,000,000 in silver?" You see, the traveler was not above joking with the lad.

Well, now some boys would have promptly said no, and would have run home with the water, but John dearly loved to talk, so he set the pail down by the edge of the spring, and said, "Yes, sir, I would if I weren't so afraid of being robbed."

The traveler burst out laughing.

"Why, have you thought of that part of it already? That doesn't generally come until after we have secured the millions, and then it is a disquieting thought, I'll admit. So you'd fear robbers?"

"Yes, sir, because the \$1,000,000 would tempt them, if it were known I had so much money, and I'd never dare do anything but guard it day and night, but that wouldn't be so bad, for then I would not have to hoe. I read something in a paper that I take to mean that it is wicked to hoe, and I don't want to be wicked, and, anyhow, hoeing makes me tired and slants my brow, mother says, so I generally let her do it."

Now, what in the world John was driving at I don't know, but it only shows that children ought not to be allowed to read the newspapers—except the children's department.

The traveler laughed again and said "Poor Markham!" whatever he meant, and then he said, "Boy, you ought not to be so suspicious. I have \$100,000,000, and no one ever stole a cent from me."

John was interested, but not convinced. Because the traveler had been free from thieves it did not follow that he would be. As for the traveler, although he had started in to chaff the boy, he now decided to try him and see what use he would make of \$1,000,000, and whether it would benefit him or the reverse. He was in the habit of giving \$1,000,000 to found hospitals and libraries and soup kitchens as freely as you give 5 cents to the heathen when your father gives it to you for that purpose. So \$1,000,000 for the poor boy would be nothing to him, and he said:

"Well, if you will leave that pail of water there, and come with me to Summit, I'll give you \$1,000,000 just as soon as I can arrange to have it sent out from New York. Of course I have not that much with me—in silver—for my horse is built for speed and not for strength, and, of course, there are certain conditions that go with this money. I never give without naming some condition. You must bury all of the money except what you need for daily use, and you must regularly give to the poor or else you will be sorry."

John, like most people, hated gifts that had strings to them. The best gift is a free gift, and at first John was tempted to say to the horseman, "Oh, keep your money." But when he reflected that the \$1,000,000 would not only buy him a new suit and a nice bicycle and a new shawl for his mother and pay for the services of a professional hooman, who didn't care a scrap about his brow, he left the spring and the pail of water and approached nearer to the wonderful stranger.

"When do you think the money will come?"

The traveler looked at his watch. "It is now 12 o'clock. If I telegraph to have it shipped I ought to get it by 4 o'clock, for I'll have it sent in an express car. If you want it, jump up behind me at once, and come along, as I have a directors' meeting to attend at 2, and I must make haste."

But now John was suddenly overcome with suspicions. This might be a highwayman who would rob him of his rags, so he said, not gratefully, but in a tone of doubt, "I don't know you. Suppose—"

But at this the stranger slapped his horse's flank with the flat of his hand and was out of sight in a minute.

John filled the pail and went into the house and told his mother what had happened. She was one of the most artless of women who ever handled a hoe, and as unsuspicious as John was the opposite, and she was fond of

money, if you can be said to be fond of a thing you had never seen, so she was ill pleased at his news.

"Why, John, you should not have suspected the good man. I'm sure no one ever offered us half as much as that before, and it is not likely that any one will again. I wish you had gone with him."

"But, mother, I thought you wanted the water."

"Oh, child, I was not so thirsty, but that I could have waited until we got the \$1,000,000 before I drank. Many men have given up all that made life dear to get \$1,000,000, and what's a drink of water against a fortune?"

These words from his mother made John feel that he had not been wise, so he went out to the spring and waited there for the rest of the day, although there was plenty of work to do around the miserable house. But the stranger did not come back.

The next day at about the same hour John again took up his station at the spring, and after a wait of an hour he was rewarded by seeing the stranger riding back, this time from Summit. As soon as John saw him he ran to meet him.

"Well, boy, fortune does not often knock twice at a man's door, but as fortune and I are old friends I've made him do it, and if you think that you can trust me I'll take you to Summit, and we'll hunt up that \$1,000,000. It's there by now."

Almost before the words were out of his mouth John had leaped to the horse's back in an ecstasy of joy, and had said, "Go where you will. Mother said I could trust you."

"Now that was really kind in the lady," said the stranger, with a queer smile. "I will show her that she did not misjudge me. I will confess that it vexed me yesterday to think that a poor boy like you should be afraid of a millionaire, but, then, I thought you probably never saw one before, and so I decided not to bear malice. We'll go to Summit, and I'll point out the car and pay the workmen in advance to help you get it up here, and then you must bury it and use it as I have prescribed or—"

The traveler did not finish the word, but John imagined the worst and sighed.

The way to Summit was neither hard nor long, and they soon reached it, riding over a bridge and right down to the freight station.

The stranger inquired at the office for a freight car that had nothing whatever in it but a million silver dollars. The freight agent, who was very busy, said: "I believe that such a car came in, but I've got so much to attend to that I can't be sure. Go hunt it up and take the money, and some time when I'm not so busy you can sign a receipt for it."

So the stranger hitched his horse to a trunk that stood on the platform, and then walked across the track to the switch on which laid the car. Sure enough, when they opened the door several hundred dollars rolled out and all over the ground. John did not bother to pick them up, as there were so many more where they came from. The stranger had already hired workmen to cart the money away and twelve men with coal carts now appeared on the scene all ready to do the work for which they had been paid.

The men were not much surprised to see all the money, because they did not for a minute suppose it was real. They thought it was the waste from a tin factory, simply because it was beyond belief that a man would give \$1,000,000 silver dollars to a twelve-year-old boy, and you can't believe what's unbelievable.

The stranger now had to take a train to New York, so he left his horse as a present to John and shook hands with him, and John was so busy running his hands through the money and letting it drop, like sand in an hour glass, from one hand to another that he actually forgot to thank his benefactor.

It took the men several hours to empty the car, and I'm sure I don't know what Summit people were doing that they did not notice the \$1,000,000 going over the bridge and up the hill into the woods, but they didn't, and in mid-afternoon John arrived without accident at his miserable shanty. Oh, I forgot to say that when he went to get the horse which had been hitched to the trunk he found it had eaten the whole top off of that receptacle, much to the disgust of a woman who wanted to take the next train, but who had to go into town and buy a new trunk and pack it on the station platform, with the wind blowing her belongings all along the Delaware, Lackawanna road. It never entered John's selfish head to pay her for the damage the horse had done. His mind was too engrossed with his suddenly-acquired wealth.

His mother came out to meet the caravan, and she nearly went crazy at sight of the money. Imagine twelve coal carts loaded to overflowing with bright, new, gleaming dollars. Why it would have attracted attention even in Wall street, where every man is a millionaire—or wishes he was.

"Bury it back of the house, John, dear. The earth is softer there, and it will be easier for the men to dig."

So said his mother, but John replied, "I don't know as I care how hard it is for them to dig, mother. They've been paid, so what's the odds?"

Well, now, you know there was a good deal of odds. There's no use in piling work on a man or a woman just because you're paying him. All people have feelings, even men with shovels or hoes.

And the first digger took a dislike to John right away, and determined to come some dark night and carry off some of the "money" and give it to his children to play store with. You see none of them could believe it was real money.

But John suspected him of having such thoughts, and he said, forgetting the warning of the stranger, "I guess I'd rather have it where I can have my eyes on it day and night. Just put it up in the attic."

Of course, he was boss, and the men had to obey him, so the first cart was backed up in front of the attic win-

dow—which was not more than ten feet from the door, and the men began to shovel the money into the floor to the room below, and the man who was in the house. But disregarding this warning he went on and go ahead and shovel it all in. Well, I'll tell you how figure how packed that attic became. One million dollars take up a good deal of room and weight, as the old house evidently thought.

For, just as the last shovelful of dollars was being shoveled into the miserable building tottered and fell, and just escaped being buried under it.

But the worst of it was that, as John had been in the juncture of the great millionaire, the money rolled and roll through the woods and far away. It went into the brooks, some of it went into the snake holes, some of it rolled a mile below, but like snow in a hot sun it all disappeared, and an hour later John and his mother were just as poor as before.

I wish that I could say that John had learned his lesson and ceased to be suspicious, but he didn't. He haunts the spring, leaving his mother to do the work.

But the stranger rides no more.

CHARLES BATTELL

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HOW THE RABBIT GOT A CLAW

HE FORGOT TO WATCH THE MOON, AND BRER FOX LICK IT AND WAS PUNISHED.

By a Special Contributor.

Scientifically there is a distinction between hares—as everybody in Los Angeles knows—and rabbits. Hares have expositions—although both belong to the same family. To the lay mind they are much the same. But hares, eaters, afraid of their own shadows, with short soft coatish fur, and deeply-cleft upper lip.

This is how the darbies account for the difference. At the beginning, they say, the Lord made the rabbit in the first of His creating, and set him to watch the sheep as they were made. After a while He formed the gold, and gilded it beautifully, and set it up beside a tree. The rabbit had charge of it, but fell nodding and dozing. Brer Fox alip in and begin licking off the gold. The Lord, the Deity, who flung His stick at the sheep for such force it buried itself in his upper lip. The punishment of punishment it was ordained that the mark of the descent through all the rabbit generations. The places on the moon, of course, are the marks of his tongue.

Rabbits are known otherwise as conies—within a milliar line of the Scotch psalm: "The conies are a feeble folk."

Feeble as they are they constitute a menace to ever so much more powerful, even to man himself, by their faculty of growing and spreading. That has been demonstrated over and over, by the rabbit plague in Australia. Everybody has heard how a homestead turned loose a few pairs in a rabbitless land, and within a few years the pairs had multiplied until they devoured every green thing, and seriously threatened the raising of sheep. The plague is not yet wholly checked, though the government and the flock-masters together spent a good many million dollars. Trapping and poisoning, even the establishment of canines, have only sufficed to keep the feeble folk under check.

"Timid Wat," as English folk call him, is a feeder. He grazes closer even than a sheep, and he sheep, delights to season his grasses with tender buds. Curiously enough, when forage is most plentiful, April to October, he is leanest and lankest, not being if full grown, but delicately toothsome if you minute frost falls he begins to fatten. There's no put him in prime condition. He seldom feeds at night. Indeed, that is his favorite feeding time throughout the most part of the year. From mid-May he prefers the earliest morning, in the ravage gardens, or raven through budding clover.

All winter long he keeps fat and saucy, and barks, and searching the desolate cornfields for looked nubbins, or grating off the tenderest of springing winter wheat. He haunts orchards, too, for scattered apples, but to nip low-hanging buds to girdle young trees. Unchecked he will surely destroy a whole newly-set orchard. Indeed, the bark becomes hard and thick he is a constant pest to the gardener.

He is even a greater pest to the garden. He eats beet, potato slips, he devours in a night. Unless the gardener has been wise enough to try preventive. That is to say, unless, as his paw has peeped above ground, he killed a rabbit, and put it in a tub of water, then trailed a swab wet in the liquid all around the plot. Timid Wat has a mighty keen nose. He will not pass the blood until there falls a hard rain. Then, of course, it must be renewed. Similarly orchards are protected by the trunks two feet up with a piece of fresh rabbit.

Rabbit mothers pluck a soft down from their breasts to line the earthen burrows in which they rear their young. There are four to six of these in a year, and from six to eight litters a year. Like most young rabbits are blind at birth, but inside a week get the use of eyes and limbs, and in a fortnight are about seeing life on their own account. They begin to graze as soon as they leave the nest, which is always exposed, and but a few inches underground.

Snowfall develops in Brer Rabbit a curious instinct. If he hops about, browsing and frisking, he be sure there will come but a very few inches of snow, he crouches snuz in a grass tuft, then look out for the

As he crouches, he moves gently back and forth, now a little on this side, now on that. Thus he shapes for himself a snow chamber a little bigger than his own body. By and by the deepening snow arches it over, but his warm breath melts a tiny hole in the roof, thus preventing suffocation. Sometimes it is two days before the busy occupant leaves this refuge. By that time the snow is commonly crusted over hard enough to bear his weight.

When snow lies thus, rabbit hunters look close for the breathing holes. Once found there are two ways open. One, the pot hunter's, is to fall flat upon the hole, and grab the rabbit as he bursts up through the snow, swing him thrice around above the head, then knock out his brains. The other, the sportsman's, is to rout out the cottontail, but give him a chance for his life, never slipping a dog in chase until he has a fair thirty yards start. Both are practiced so successfully, every snowy winter it is a stealthy farmhouse indeed anywhere in the rabbit country which does not have rabbits by the dozen, to broil or stew or smother.

THE FIVE SEERS OF DESCANSO.

CURIOUS COMMUNITY OF OLD MEN WHO LIVE APART FROM THE WORLD.

By a Special Contributor.

In a fair, secluded valley of the Cuyamaca Mountains, in San Diego county, is a strange settlement of five old men, of whom the oldest is over 80 and the youngest not less than 65.

Many years ago Dr. Myer, a prosperous physician of Kansas, and a lawyer friend were converted to the tenets of spiritualism and decided to place themselves entirely under the guidance of the occult. Being joined by a retired actor, who at one time had been well known on the New York stage, the three were "directed" to journey westward, where, in a spot to be disclosed, they would be able to pursue that ideal life in communion with the "unseen" to which they so earnestly aspired.

Dispensing of their interests in Kansas, they set forth and finally arrived in Southern California, where they took up adjoining claims in the Descanso district. To this was shortly added two other claims taken up by an ex-minister and an ex-policeman, who joined the confraternity—the whole tract of 800 acres embracing one of the most fertile and picturesque little valleys in that part of the country.

Erecting their future home at the head of the valley under a splendid grove of liveoaks and surrounded by high brush-covered hills, they proceeded to engage in agriculture under that spiritual guidance which they claim to be the source of twenty years of success and happiness.

Being vowed to celibacy and community interests, each of the old men presides over a department of their affairs, while the doctor superintends the farming operations; the lawyer, perhaps naturally, keeps account of the finances. The minister rules in the kitchen over their simple cuisine, and the actor mends all the clothes and also takes care of the beautiful garden surrounding the house. The ex-policeman, the youngest of the household, assists the doctor in the farming operations, and brings to good account his professional experience by keeping all intruders off their joint domain.

Occasionally a wayfarer is invited to spend a night with the five old men, when he is likely to meet with a novel experience. Supper is early served in the library—an oval room of considerable dimensions, round which are bookcases reaching from floor to ceiling, containing many hundreds of volumes of philosophical works. Two paintings asserted to have been executed under the inspiration of the spirits, attract attention—one of a venerable old gentleman with his head and shoulders garlanded with flowers, indolently putting out into a stormy sea in an open boat, while two little girls with protruding foreheads, on a rock, speed his departure with bouquets; the other, depicting the generally conceived idea of angels being beautiful female forms, represents a flight of white-bearded patriarchs descending upon a farmhouse at break of day. From an open window a much astonished looking individual resolves them with outstretched arms, and on the porch a smiling watchdog courteously acknowledges the offer of a clasp of flowers.

The doctor having seated himself at the head of the table, the ex-minister serves a meal of fruit, vegetables, cereals, bread, honey, eggs and milk. All meats are barred from the table, as well as tea and coffee. Wine, however, made on the ranch is partaken of subsequently.

The meal over, the old men repair to the garden, walking among the flowers until night has fallen, when, if the weather is fine, they proceed to the grove of oaks, where the ex-actor, in the high soprano voice for which he was once celebrated, chants a weird hymn of the spirit land, the refrain being caught up by the deep voices of the other four.

It would be hard to believe that any one could fail to be impressed with the strangeness of the scene. The cold moonbeams filtering through the foliage of the gnarled and age-blackened oaks, the venerable white-bearded old men, the deep silence only broken by the chant echoing far off in the gloomy cañons, is awe-inspiring in the extreme. One seems to be carried back to the days of Druids and the ancient Druids.

It is then, in solemn pauses, that the spirits are supposed to descend and traverse the grove—the visitor a likely enough contingency, for the shivery void seems to be peopled with uncertain mysterious forms. One by one the old men retire to the house, until, perhaps, only a solitary figure is left to pace slowly back and forth far into the night among the oaks, presumably in solitary communion with some denizen of the spirit land.

At daybreak a breakfast much resembling the supper is served, when the old men depart to their various duties. Thus they have lived and prospered for twenty years, and in the assurance of higher powers, they confidently expect to live, strong in mental and bodily activity, until a full century shall have passed over each of their heads.

MICHAEL GIFFORD WHITE.

Mrs. Kruger is, to the daughters of her countrywomen, the ideal Boer woman, and there is scarcely a young girl's name in the Transvaal, but has a picture of the President's wife by way of a continually present example.

ASTRONOMY. THE PLANETS.

By a Special Contributor.

IN CONTINUING our notes on the planets we will now turn our attention to Mars and Jupiter. They belong to the group of superior planets, so called because their orbits lie outside that of the earth. This fact may be tested by any one who will observe that sometimes Mars and Jupiter and Saturn may be seen in the east when the sun has just gone down in the west, or in the west a little before the sun rises in the east, which could only happen if we are nearer to the sun than they are, and therefore at such times between them and the sun. This cannot happen in the case of Venus and Mercury—we never see them except in the west a few hours after sunset, or in the east a few hours before sunrise, because they are between us and the sun.

Mars is nearest to us of the superior planets, and when he happens to be in that part of his orbit nearest to the sun, or in perihelion, at the same time, when he is also nearest to us, he may come within about thirty-three millions of miles of us. His mean distance from the sun is about one hundred and thirty-nine millions of miles, but his orbit is so elliptical that his distance varies from one hundred and fifty-two millions to one hundred and twenty-six millions of miles. Mars is very much less than the earth, being only about four thousand four hundred miles in diameter. His year is 687 of our days, and as his axis is inclined to the plane of his orbit at an angle a little larger than that of the earth, his seasons are similar to ours, though, of course, longer. There are seas in Mars, covering probably about half his surface, and clouds in the air, which testify to the presence of moisture. The ruddy appearance of Mars has sometimes been attributed to the color of the soil, but Proctor seems to have thought that it is owing partly to the moisture in the atmosphere, just as the sun often looks red to us through the moisture-laden air.

There are bright spots around the poles, as seen through a telescope, which are no doubt large masses of ice, and very careful observation of the motion of these spots has enabled astronomers to arrive at a very exact knowledge of the length of the day in Mars, which is twenty-four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Whether there are "canals" in Mars or not we shall have to leave undecided until some more perfect method of communication has been discovered than any we now have.

Herschel seems to have thought that Mars was very probably inhabited by beings not very unlike ourselves; but Proctor thought that though this may have been so in past ages, it is hardly likely now. He says: "It seems to me that there are good reasons for regarding Mars as a planet which has passed to a much later stage of planetary life than that through which our earth is now passing, and that in this circumstance some of the peculiarities of his appearance find their explanation." Again he says, "I think we may fairly regard Mars as in all probability a somewhat old and decrepit planet. He is not absolutely dead, like our own moon, where we see neither seas nor clouds, neither snow nor ice, no effects, in fine, of either heat or cold. But I think he has passed far on the road toward planetary death—that is, toward that stage of a planet's existence when at least the higher forms of life can no longer exist upon the planet's surface."

Until quite recently Mars was thought to be a solitary wanderer, without an attendant, and was called by Tennyson "the moonless Mars." But, in 1877, when Mars was in a specially favorable position for observation, Prof. Asaph Hall, of the Washington Observatory, had the good fortune and the honor of discovering that Mars is attended by two moons. Proctor, in writing about Prof. Hall's wonderful discovery, says: "On August 16, 1877, he detected close to the planet a faint point of light, which he was unable to examine further at the time (to see if it behaved as a satellite or as one of the fixed stars.) But on the 18th he saw it again, and determined its nature. He also saw another still fainter point of light closer to the planet; and subsequent observations showed that this object also was a satellite. During the next few weeks both the moons were observed as closely as possible, in fact, whenever weather permitted, and the result is that we now know the true nature of their paths." When it is further said that each of these moons has a diameter of only about ten miles, we wonder all the more that they should ever have been discovered. The nearer one is said to be only about three thousand four hundred and fifty miles from Mars, and the more distant one about twelve thousand miles. The outer one travels around Mars in about thirty and one-fourth hours and the inner one in about seven and a half hours. So that if there are any people living in Mars they are better off for moons than we are.

In passing from Mars to Jupiter we must pause for a little while and notice a few things about the discovery of the planetoids. It was observed by Kepler that there was a remarkable harmony to be noticed between the distances of the various planets one from another. Beginning with Mercury and measuring the interval outward from planet to planet, it was found that each successive interval was almost double the one before, except in the case of Mars and Jupiter; and here it was found that the interval was too large and out of proportion to all the rest. This led many astronomers to suspect that there might be, or that there had been, a planet in this interval, which had not yet been discovered. About the end of the last century, Prof. Bode of Berlin revived this question of a deficient planet, and gave the numerical progression which indicated its absence, in the form above referred to, which is known as "Bode's Law." An association of astronomers was formed for the purpose of searching for this missing planet; and on the first day of the present century Prof. Piazzi of Palermo was rewarded by the discovery of the first of the long series of planetoids, which now numbers more than four hundred.

This new member of the solar system received the name of Ceres. In March, 1803, Dr. Olbers discovered the second

of the number, and named it Pallas. The third, Juno, was discovered in 1804, by Prof. Harding, and the fourth named Vesta, in 1807, by Dr. Olbers. "Vesta is the brightest and apparently the largest of all this group of planetoids, and, when in opposition, may be sometimes distinguished by good and practiced eyes, without a telescope." No further discoveries in this field were made till 1845, when the fifth was discovered by Hencke. The thirty-first was discovered by Prof. Ferguson of Washington, in 1854; and since then a very considerable proportion of the whole number has been discovered by American astronomers.

Dr. Olbers is responsible for the theory that these small planets are the fragments of a large planet broken in pieces by some internal explosion, or by a collision with some comet; but Prof. Newcomb of Washington and Prof. Kirkwood of Bloomington, Ind., seem to have come to the conclusion that they were formed like all the rest of the planets, in the regular course of creation, according to the nebular hypothesis.

We have found so many interesting stopping places on our way from Mars to Jupiter that we cannot reach Jupiter in this paper.

G. R.

INGERSOLL'S STRONG MEMORY.

NEVER FORGOT THE NEW ORLEANS BOY WHO CARTOONED HIM.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] A New Orleans artist tells this interesting little story of the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll: "Over twenty years ago," he says, "when I was a boy between 14 and 15, Col. Ingersoll was creating great excitement among the devout by his first assaults on orthodox religion. I always had a knack for pen-and-ink sketching, and one day I drew a cartoon representing the great agnostic registering at the Hotel de Inferno. The devil was behind the desk as clerk and was supposed to be saying: 'Front! Make up a nice bed of coals in No. 14 for Col. Ingersoll!' Without telling anybody about it, for fear of being laughed at, I sent this not over-brilliant production to the New York Daily Graphic, which was then at the zenith of its career as 'the only illustrated daily in the world.' My father subscribed for the Graphic, and you may well believe that I scanned it with feverish interest every evening when it arrived at our home. Finally, after the lapse of a couple of weeks, I was struck dumb one day to see my cartoon on the front page. It had my name in bold letters across the corner, and I am certain there was no prouder or happier boy in the whole country. I never got any pay for the drawing, but I basked in local fame, and was fully satisfied. It so happened about a month later that Col. Ingersoll came to town to deliver his then famous lecture on 'The Mistakes of Moses,' and he was standing in front of his hotel chatting with some gentlemen when I passed by and was pointed out as the author of the recent cartoon in the Graphic. 'What! that boy!' exclaimed Ingersoll. 'Call him over.' They did so, and when I was told that the jovial, portly stranger was really the redoubtable agnostic whom I had pictured in the infernal regions, I was ready to sink with embarrassment. Col. Ingersoll observed my confusion and put me at my ease by declaring the cartoon had amused him immensely. Then he inquired kindly what instruction I was receiving in drawing, and ended by sending to his room for a copy of his printed lectures, which he presented to me, after writing his name on the flyleaf. I was a grown man when I met him again and must have changed greatly, but he gave me a quick, keen look when we shook hands and asked me whether we had not encountered before. 'I seem to have you associated with something,' he said, 'some incident I cannot remember what.' The episode was rather awkward to recall, so I made an evasive reply, and after chatting a moment passed on."

A REMARKABLE NEGRO WOMAN.

[Leslie's Weekly:] A few years before the civil war there was born on a plantation near Macon, Ga., a little negro girl, who was destined to become a leader among her people. Unusually precocious, the child was taken from the "quarters" to the "big house." There she learned from her young mistress to read and write. With freedom came many hardships and the struggle for a livelihood. With ignorance as an inheritance, poverty her birthright, Lucy Laney found the battle a hard one. But there was within her that "divine spark" that makes all things possible. Patiently and persistently she struggled for the education she must and would have. Having acquired it, she sought to use it as a weapon with which to free her fellow-men from the slavery centuries of ignorance had imposed. Georgia has the largest negro population of all the States. In Richmond county alone there are 8874 negro children. And so it was at Augusta that Lucy Laney elected to begin her work. Through the kindness of white friends she was enabled to rent a two-story tenement on the outskirts of the city, and there she gathered the little ragged pickaninnies around her and patiently labored to turn their minds to "better things." Her efforts at first were of necessity limited, but as her opportunities grew her ambition increased, and so it is that the Haines Normal and Industrial School for young colored men and women stands as a monument to her ambition and tireless zeal. The school shows an enrollment of 316 students, four States being represented. Its corps of teachers numbers sixteen, all of them negroes, several graduates of the school.

THE LORE OF LOVE.

When do I love thee? When the brooklets run
Through dandelion meadows of the June;
When horns of huntsmen greet the harvest moon
And mellow autumn's vintaging is done,
When spring's triumphant marches have begun,
When winter winds through haggard branches croon,
At solemn midnight and at silvery noon,
At blush of morning and at set of sun,
Thy youthful splendor unto me is dear,
But I shall love thee still when youth flits by,
I love thee when thine eyes know not a tear
And love thee when disaster hovers nigh;
My soul shall crave thee when the Dark draws near
And still be loyal through eternity.

—[Walter Malone in Bookman.]

NATURE SKETCHES.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

VII.—AN INSECT CROCODILE.

THE great water beetle begins life, of course, in the shape of an egg, laid in the pond or slow stream which is to be the home of his youth; and from the egg he hatches out in due time as a very ugly wriggling larva, which soon grows to an immense size, at least as one judges of size among insects. In its full-grown state, the larva measures two inches long, and has a narrow body and a very big head, armed with a pair of most murderous jaws, like a pair of sickles. In color, the creature is yellowish brown, and as its habit is to lurk half hidden in the mud of the bottom, lying in wait to see whom it may devour, this indefinite light muddy hue acts no doubt as a protection to it, and enables it to escape the observation of its prey. But the moment any hapless little water beastie passes by, unwitting, the beetle larva darts out upon him like a lizard upon a fly. It catches the victim with its large sharp jaws, which are constructed on a curious principle somewhat like that which prevails in the fangs of poisonous serpents; they are curved and pointed, but hollow throughout their length, the channel opening at the end in a pore or mouthpiece. But there is no venom, so far as is known; the larva just strikes its fangs deep into the victim's body, and then, without withdrawing them, sucks out its vital juices through the tubes or siphons. Its mandibles are thus at once weapons and suction pipes, acting in the last capacity like the india-rubber mouth-piece of a baby's feeding bottle. It does not trouble itself much about the skin or the solid parts of the body of its victim; these it leaves as refuse; its method is thus analogous to that of the weasel, which sucks the mouse's or rabbit's blood, but seldom devours its flesh, or to that of the otter, which often drains a salmon dry, and then leaves its empty corpse on the bank as so much waste material.

Yet even in the submerged larval condition, the great water beetle is not wholly aquatic in habits and structure. It descends in all probability from terrestrial ancestors, and it still shows one lingering sign of its old terrestrial mode of livelihood. It breathes air, not water. For this purpose, it has near its tail two curious fringed appendages, the ends of which are really delicate tubes, connected with the ramifying network of breathing tubes which run instead of lungs through the whole body. When the insect wishes to breathe, therefore, it comes up to the surface, and balances itself, head downward, with the tail and the appendages floating at ease on the top of the water. Something of the same sort happens also under like circumstances with the mosquito larva. It thus takes in air enough to last it for some minutes, and then retires once more to the depths of the pond in search of food, for it is as voracious and bloodthirsty in its larval shape as it afterward becomes in its winged embodiment.

Almost all carnivorous beetles grow fast as larvae; the tiger beetle is a familiar terrestrial example. To this rule the great water beetle forms no exception. He feeds ceaselessly. In time, however, a change begins to come over the spirit of his dream; he feels some curious convulsion in his skin and integuments, some strange notions in his brain, which warn him that the time has arrived for changing into a pupa. Obeying these blind ancestral warnings, of whose true meaning he must, of course, be ignorant, the long slender water beast climbs up the bank, and excavates a hole in the damp and yielding earth beside his native pond. At the end of the burrow, he constructs a spacious mud cocoon, with smooth plastered walls, and there he begins to fall drowsily into the dormant state of a pupa or chrysalis. Externally, during this time, the creature seems absolutely inert and motionless, though if you dig it out and handle it, it will wriggle a little in an uncomfortable and uncanny fashion; but within, it is the theater of the most marvelous transformation scene ever presented. Its whole body melts first into a sort of indistinguishable organic pulp, a plastic mass, out of which new limbs and organs slowly fashion themselves. Every part undergoes a complete and very wonderful change. When at last the animal emerges again, it emerges much shorter and thicker than of old, and with a totally new set of organs and segments. It is now an oval dark-green beetle, with wings and wing cases, and long hind legs, and a shield and head, and I know not what else beside, instead of a crocodile-shaped larva, very narrow and sinuous, wingless and aquatic. And all this singular transformation from water-haunter to sylph has been effected within the space of a single fortnight, at least if the metamorphosis takes place in summer weather; though sometimes the larva does not attain his full development till late in autumn, in which case he hibernates as a chrysalis, and only emerges in his winged and more dignified avatar about the beginning of April.

And now comes the most marvelous chapter of all in this strange eventful history. The beetle, which was aquatic as larva, and terrestrial as pupa, becomes aerial as well as both the other things in his adult condition. He lives in the water once more by choice, it is true; but he can come out of it whenever he likes; and if his pond should chance to dry up in long summer droughts, he can fly away from it gaily in search of more permanent waters. You can readily understand how great a pull in life this treble adaptation to three distinct environments gives him. He catches his prey for the most part in the water; but if food fails there, he can go on land in search of provender; and if that chance too turns out hopeless, he can fly about on the open, and hunt his prey like any other winged insect. As far as I can judge, the water beetles usually feed in the water in the daytime, but fly off at night in search of mates and food (especially the former,) their habits being on the whole rather nocturnal than diurnal.

Nevertheless, the big green water beetle is more especially adapted to water than to either of his other alternative elements. Descended no doubt from land-loving ancestors, he has undergone some curious modifications to fit him in part for his acquired habitat. The front and mid-

dle pair of legs, for example, are comparatively small, but the hind pair have been immensely lengthened like the frog's, and provided with a curious sort of blade, composed of a fringe of stiff bristles; and this arrangement converts them practically into a pair of oars, by whose aid the insect propels himself through the water. The middle pair have also been converted into much shorter oars; while the very abbreviated first pair have an odd expansion or flattened plate with a number of suckers on it, which last I fancy, are mainly of use in the domestic economy of the species. But though the water beetle is so admirably adapted for swimming and diving, it is but a poor walker; on shore, when not flying, it shambles like a penguin, and for much the same reason—its legs are placed too far back on the body for locomotion on land, though exactly at the point where they are most wanted for diving under water. You cannot be at once an expert swimmer and a runner like the ostrich. It is odd to see a water beetle alight from flying. He generally drops into water only; when he has arrived above it he suddenly folds his wings, and ceases from flight; for a second, the impetus carries him on, till friction with the air stops him; then he falls heavily onto the water, like a bird when shot. Of course he knows that the pool will break his fall, and as he alights head foremost, he dives at once, his front part forming a sort of wedge or prow, which cuts the water easily.

If you watch the water beetle in his favorite element, you will generally find him either swimming about with a restless motion, or else suspended on the surface almost as if hanging from it, with his head downward. This last characteristic attitude is due, in point of fact, to the need for breathing. As in the larval form, so in the winged conditions, he is a thorough-going air breather, and he has therefore to come to the top every now and then, like a whale or a seal, for a gulp of fresh oxygen. But the beetle has invented a curious plan for carrying down air with him, a little like that discovered by the water-spider, though not quite so ingenious. He has a hollow space inclosed between the curved wing cases and the lined part of the body, and this hollow space he uses as a sort of caisson or diving bell. When he comes to the surface for fresh oxygen, he expels with a sudden jerk the foul air already used up in breathing and heavily laden with carbonic acid; then he sucks in a good supply of pure atmospheric air, rich in the life-sustaining gas, and dives with it to the bottom. But when no danger looms, he is apt to save himself by hanging on the calm surface, head downward, with his tail just exposed above the level, and so breathes continuously without the bother of moving. This is precisely the plan pursued by the hippopotamus when you see him sunk below the water with his nostrils just protruded above the surface. Similar cases produce similar effects in the most unlike animals.

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BUILDING SHIPS.

NEW AND IMPORTANT INDUSTRY OF THE "YANKEEES OF THE ORIENT."

By a Special Contributor.

THE decision of the Japanese to build all their own mail steamers from this time on, invites more than passing attention to their big, modern, shipyard at Nagasaki. From its almost ideal situation, Nagasaki has been known as the queen of Japanese harbors ever since the beginning of Japanese commerce, and the growth of its shipbuilding industry has added and will add immensely to the importance of the place.

Until well into the present century the smiling bay had sheltered no more seaworthy craft than the old-time junks, whose bulky, unpainted hulls and awkward square sails, floating lazily by, are still familiar along the Japanese coast. Within more recent years the bay's expansive waters have been crowded with swiftly moving steamers, "ships with fire wheels," as they were called upon their first arrival. But down to the last half decade all these were foreign-built; even the noble battleship Kasagi, the other "men-of-war" which achieved such signal triumphs in Chinese waters during the Chinese-Japanese war, and the numerous minor vessels used in the war, were imported from abroad for the use of the Mikado and his subjects. But within the past two years Nagasaki's ancient haven has become the birthplace of no less than seven typical modern ocean-going steamers of the most recent patterns; splendid vessels whose merits have been recognized wherever the ships have become known, and which are Japanese from stem to stern.

The Hitachi Maru was the first born. She is a steel steamship launched nearly two years ago, on April 16, 1896, and is now in government employ for carrying the mail. Her lines are of extreme beauty and her speed is fourteen and one-half knots an hour, although this can be increased by forced draught. She has three decks and measures 462 feet in length by 49 in breadth, and 33½ in depth. She has a tonnage of 6360 tons, twin screws, triple expansion engines and four boilers.

The Awa Maru is another handsome steel vessel, 453 feet long. She makes twelve knots an hour and is fitted out with all conveniences for passengers. She was launched on July 27 last, since when she has won her spurs as a swift, beautiful and perfectly-appointed ship. A third Nagasaki-built liner has just started on her maiden voyage to Great Britain at the rate of fourteen and one-half knots an hour. She is a twin screw and a two-master.

A Japanese Millionaire.

The interesting yard at which these and four other modern steamships have been constructed is the property of the celebrated Mitsubishi Company, at whose head is Baron Iwasaki, Japan's Croesus, a multi-millionaire, worth the equivalent of more than \$70,000,000. The company takes its name from his family crest, three scarlet stones, which appear on the pennants waving above many great warehouses of Yokohama, Tokio, Nagasaki and other commercial cities of the land of the rising sun. The baron, a Samurai by inheritance, received his title to nobility upon

the conclusion of the Chinese-Japanese war, in appreciation of his many generous gifts to the prosecution of that conflict.

In his progressive disposition he is a devotee of the steamship, and for the management of his interests has secured the services of a man who has been in the construction of modern sea craft since 1860, P. J. McCormick. Interviewed recently, he said that it was not easy, when inspecting the yard, to realize that he was engaged in a business so actively commercial as ship building, but that yard nothing was wanting in the way of appliances to lead one to suppose he was building an American city.

"The yard is so arranged," he went on, "that it can construct three steamers of 50 feet, 350 feet and 450 feet length respectively. There are facilities for the building of several smaller steamers, and a direct connection with the yard, and on the same pier, all kinds of the most recent appliances for riveting, rolling, punching and hydraulic riveting, every kind of woodworking machinery.

"The engine works have a depth of water of twenty-five feet and steel sheds for handling 100 tons lifts, with steam hoists, and power, are attached to the pier. The yard is supplied with steam hammers up to seven tons, and is 172 feet long and 50 feet broad, with 100 feet each, making a total breadth of 200 feet, and supplied with two hydraulic overhead traveling cranes, thirty and fifteen tons, with a height of 100 feet clear below traveling crane girders. The workshops are twenty feet high and the yard has a thirty-ton hydraulic crane besides one of several smaller ones.

"In the workshops are all kinds of the most improved machinery, while the boiler-making department has such numerous and complete appointments that it is possible for the largest steel boilers to be made. The riveting and handling of these are done by hydraulic power. Diving gear, with compressed air, and native divers, is attached, also pumps and apparatus for salvage operations. Nothing is wanting for a successful yard is missing in the establishment."

Characteristic Japanese Incidents.

Mr McCormick referred to the gift which was made long ago to the Japanese before even the vision had enabled them to comprehend the value of western ships over their own. She presented a little gunboat, which she endeavored to make attractive to their oriental eyes by lacquering and gilding. After a long passage she reached Yokohama, and the first thing these curious people was to scrape it bare from keel to deck, and to make it a worthy companion of their unpainted junks.

Another nautical anecdote which Mr. McCormick to mind was in connection with the Japanese to manage their first imported steamship. The thoughtless as they are bold and enterprising, "amiable, but simple as children. A splendor of the 'Laimon' came from a foreign firm and they upon navigating it immediately. So the Japanese and engineers were at once turned out and the orientals were masters of the vessel, which they full speed. So far so good, but when they stopped, it was impossible. They did not know how to put the helm about and began to turn round in a circle, meanwhile calling out for help. The French men-of-war in the roadstead, seeing them, sent some one to stop the engines."

Nagasaki's lovely harbor was the first to be entered by a foreign vessel, that of the Dutch in the tenth century, and within Nagasaki's harbor erected the first Christian Japanese church.

[New York Tribune:] When the British fleet says in advance that it does not expect, it means, to have any news until the general attack is ready to report their doing, there need be no moment if the first official news of a battle is that it is all over except the shooting.

KOCH INSTITUTE.

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FEBRUARY 18, 1900.]

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

Verona Medicine.

THE second part of the book entitled "Consumption and Chronic Diseases," by Dr. Emmet Densmore, the first part of which was noticed in this department last week, deals with food, clothing, bathing and other hygienic habits and contains a number of valuable suggestions. As the author is a warm advocate of an exclusive milk diet in chronic diseases. He is also a great believer in the use of fresh air, and plenty of it. Interesting tables published, showing the percentage composition of foods, and a German physician, Dr. Lahman, is quoted as stating that the great bulk of foods in ordinary use are deficient in lime and contain excessive quantities of potash and phosphoric acid, and that these foods are a source of disease. Such a food is butchers' meat, which also is a source of uric acid. Regarding a milk diet, Dr. Densmore says:

"Food physiologists have long recognized that milk contains all the needed elements for sustaining animal life. For many years it has been growing more and more in vogue with physicians of all schools as the best food for infants, and now it is taken by Dr. Lahman as the ideal food, in that it possesses the right amount of food salts, and it is the one to which all the other foods are compared. If vegetarians will use not less than three pints of milk per day, they will be spared the necessity of using large amounts of bread, cereals, pulses, and potatoes which unfortunately constitute at present their chief nourishment. By avoiding cereals, pulses, and potatoes, they are freed from the danger of too much potash and phosphoric acid, and because of the nitrogen contained in the milk they will be perfectly nourished with the addition of fruits and watery vegetables. By the adoption of this diet, vegetarians will be freed from the pallor which is, at present, so often a characteristic and will find it a very satisfactory and wholesome regimen."

The following table is published, showing the average weight, according to height, taken from observation of over ten thousand persons, by insurance companies, from which a person may readily see whether he exceeds or falls below the normal weight:

Height.	Min. weight.	Max. weight.	Average
5 ft. 0 in.	98	132	115
5 ft. 1 in.	102	138	120
5 ft. 2 in.	106	144	125
5 ft. 3 in.	111	150	130
5 ft. 4 in.	115	155	135
5 ft. 5 in.	119	161	140
5 ft. 6 in.	121	165	143
5 ft. 7 in.	123	167	145
5 ft. 8 in.	126	170	148
5 ft. 9 in.	131	179	155
5 ft. 10 in.	136	184	160
5 ft. 11 in.	138	190	165
6 ft. 0 in.	141	196	170
6 ft. 1 in.	144	202	175
6 ft. 2 in.	153	207	180
6 ft. 3 in.	157	213	185

Not only fresh air, but sunlight is necessary for vigorous health. Dr. Densmore strongly protests against the practice of keeping rooms in semi-darkness for the sake of saving the furniture. For a similar reason the habitual wearing of dark and heavy clothing is deprecated.

The book contains a quotation from this department of The Times in which the prevailing ignorance regarding common hygienic subjects was touched upon. It is encouraging to see that intelligent physicians, especially in this country, are rapidly coming around to a realization of the fact that there are better ways to restore health than by using up the unfortunate patient with drugs, regarding the action of which upon the human system we know little or nothing, except as to the immediate effects which drugs sometimes produce. To argue that drugs are necessary or advisable whenever a person is sick, because they may sometimes effect a temporary improvement in conditions, is just as reasonable as to argue that a whip is nourishing when applied to a horse it will make him put forth more energy for a time.

Milk.

MANY physicians are now recommending milk as an ideal diet and remarkable cures have been related when the patient has confined his diet entirely to milk, with perhaps the addition of a little twice-baked bread. There are many adults with whom milk does not agree, but it will frequently be found that this is due to the fact that they take the milk with a mixed diet, including, perhaps, meat.

Many people are afraid to consume raw milk and not without some reason, owing to the alarming prevalence of tuberculosis in dairy cattle, a disease which seems to be increasing from year to year. Only a short time ago it was reported in the papers that a majority of the choice dairy herds of the Prince of Wales in England had been found to be afflicted with this disease and had been ordered killed. To overcome this objection it has been recommended to boil the milk or sterilize it, but here, again, it is claimed that in this way the milk is made indigestible and valuable properties which it contains are neutralized or destroyed.

Not only is there this danger from diseased cows, but as is well known, milk is recognized to be the greatest existing carrier of the germs of disease, readily absorbing impurities that may be floating around. This adds to the evidence on part of those who are careful in their diet as to the consumption of milk that has not been purified. A report from New York states that J. L. Bergh has constructed a machine which he claims solves the problem of purifying milk, taking the microbes out of the liquid as a fish takes fish out of water. It is said that milk which has passed through the machine has been found to be chemically and microscopically pure. The New York World recently had the following in regard to this invention:

"Inventors by the hundreds have tried their hands at a solution of the pure milk problem. Filtration has been the favorite method, but it has been an absolute failure. Any filter that is sufficiently effective to remove germs and microbes is also fine enough to strain out all the fat and cream globules. This not only spoils the flavor of milk, but also renders it as unfit for butter and cheese making purposes as does sterilization. A filter that strains out ordinary impurities is in use in every dairy, but it is only made of fine wire or haircloth and does not pretend to take the microbes out of the liquid.

"The new machine does not depend upon either heat or filtration for its work. It is not a 'separator.' It utilizes the marvelous power latent in centrifugal force. "Reduced to its simplest terms, this is the way the machine works: The milk is allowed to fall into a vessel that is revolving at a tremendous rate of speed. So great is the speed and so powerful the pressure that the stream of milk rises up the sides of the vessel in whirling waves and issues from the turmoil almost at the same spot at which it entered the vessel.

"By the power of centrifugal force all the impurities, all the microbes and all the germs are precipitated to the bottom and held there by the same remarkable force that keeps water in a pail even when it swung in circles over a man's head.

"The most extraordinary thing, however, is that the globules of fat and cream are not separated from the milk by the force to which the liquid is exposed.

"When the milk issues from the Bergh machine it is just as good for the purposes of the butter-maker or the cheese manufacturer as it was before it went in. It is even better—so the dairymen say—for there are apt to be germs in milk that will prevent it being used for cheese making. The machine removes these. Another gain is that milk that has been cleared of microbes by centrifugal force will keep just twice as long as that which has not been treated."

As far as taste goes, there is said to be little difference between the milk after it has been treated and before. To what extent germs are present in milk was shown recently in alarming fashion at a New York hospital. The journal above quoted, says:

"Eighty quarts of good, standard milk were obtained and run through the Bergh machine. The sludge which remained at the bottom of the machine after the work was done was scraped out and sent to the Institute of Chemistry, Pathology and Bacteriology to be tested. In one cubic centimetre of this residue 257,500,000 microbes were found. A cubic centimetre of liquid, it may be said, is about five drops."

Mr. Bergh thinks that he may adapt his machine to the purification of drinking water.

Starch as Food.

REFERRING to the communication from Dr. Densmore, published last week, replying to some observations in this department on the question of a non-starch diet, a Los Angeles correspondent sends The Times the following quotation from a book entitled "The Stomach," written by Dr. Kellogg of the Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium. Dr. Kellogg is also editor of the monthly publication Good Health. He is quoted by The Times correspondent as follows:

"The abundant provision made in the human body for the digestion of starch, first, the saliva; second, the bile and pancreatic juice; third, intestinal canal, and, finally, the liver, is evidence that nature intended man to subsist largely upon farinaceous foods.

"The arguments of the 'natural food' advocates, who insist that man should live upon fruits and nuts, are based, not upon physiological facts, but upon the morbid experiences of the disciples of this doctrine.

"The writer had an opportunity a year or two ago, to examine the stomach fluid of one of the most earnest and stalwart advocates of the fruit and nut diet and the stomach was found greatly dilated and almost completely inert."

At the request of The Times, Dr. Emmet Densmore sends the following remarks upon the above statement:

"As to the first paragraph, Couvier, Florent, and many unquestioned authorities in science affirm that man belongs to the same class as the long-armed apes. Huxley, who made an especial and prolonged study of this subject, affirms that there is greater similarity between man and the gorilla than between it and the smaller monkey tribes. These simian relatives of man have the same 'abundant provision for the digestion of starch;' they have a very similar saliva, bile, pancreatic juice, intestinal canal and liver. According to the logic of Dr. Kellogg, the long-armed apes were 'intended by nature to subsist largely upon farinaceous foods.' But we know that these animals do not subsist upon these foods; on the contrary, their food is largely composed of fruits and nuts. They eat some cereals when these grains are 'in the milk,' that is before maturity, and when they are composed largely of sugar. Upon maturity, this sugar is converted into starch, and in this state is not eaten by these animals.

"If Dr. Kellogg will look earnestly into this subject, he will see that the simian tribes are not the only animals in whose diet starch foods do not form a principal part. To begin with, if he will examine into the natural diet of horses, cattle and sheep, he will see that the natural food of these animals, which is grass, is substantially a starchless diet. In meditating upon this subject, it will be well to bear in mind that there are substantially no cereals produced in nature. The production and gathering of these seeds in any considerable quantity is distinctly artificial. It is true that when cattle are subsisting upon grass, they are liable to find some ripened seeds, but cattle will refuse this food if there is a sufficient amount of young grass for their sustenance. The carnivora live on flesh, the herbivora in nature subsist on grass and shrubs, and the only animals with which I am acquainted, for which cereals may be said to be a natural food, are birds—and birds have a distinctively different digestive apparatus from the mammalia. Squirrels and most rodents store up seeds, but they use only the nitrogenous and refuse the starchy portion. Furthermore, when our horses and cattle are taken from the pasture and fed largely upon starch foods, they are

soon afflicted with diseases, much the same as is man while living in an artificial state. Every naturalist and farmer is aware that if starch foods be taken away from horses and cattle and these animals are again consigned to the fields for their nourishment they rapidly recover from their diseased conditions. Those physicians who have forbidden starch foods to their patients and have prescribed a diet of meat or milk or fruits have proven that man follows the same law—that they, as a rule, straightway begin to recover from their illnesses.

"As for the second paragraph. When Dr. Kellogg asserts that the arguments of the natural food advocates are based upon the morbid experiences of its disciples, it is incumbent upon him to verify his statements. To make statements is easy; arguments are quite another matter. I submit that the reply given above to the first paragraph of this quotation is based upon physiological facts, upon the classification and decisions of eminent authorities in science. Moreover, whoever will take the trouble to read part third of 'How Nature Cures,' will find many other arguments resting upon a scientific basis, for which I have not here space.

"As to the third paragraph. The earnest advocate, of the fruit and nut diet, whose stomach Dr. Kellogg examined, had been a strict vegetarian for seven years before he adopted the fruit and nut diet. He had brought on catarrh of the stomach, and had severely crippled his digestive organs by subsisting principally upon whole-wheat bread during all those years. Very likely Dr. Kellogg is correct when he says that this man's stomach was dilated and inert. Dr. Kellogg's examination was made about seven years ago. Since which time, this man has continued to abstain wholly from starch foods, has subsisted principally upon fruits and nuts, with a little cheese, and is in decidedly better health than he was at the end of a seven-years' cereal diet."

Early Rising.

TALMAGE, in one of his recent discourses, devoted himself to the folly of early rising, commenting upon which the Chicago Tribune says:

"The old adage:

Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise—
Early to bed and early to rise

Is not only illogical and unwise, but has been the source of many of the ills to which flesh is heir. A man should go to bed when he is sleepy, and not before. He should get up when he is obliged to, and not before. No specified time can be set for any one. Circumstances must govern cases. When a person wakes up for good and can no longer sleep is the natural time to get up. If he wakes up and finds himself irresistibly inclined to turn over and take another nap he is doing violence to nature if he does not yield to the desire, provided all other things are equal. The early-rising habit is an old superstition which should be abandoned."

There is some truth in this view of the case. Like almost all other hygienic rules, there are exceptions to that in regard to early rising. A few extra hours or even days spent in bed will often do a person more good than any amount of medicine. On the other hand, there is no doubt that rising late or early is to a great extent a matter of habit. A person may get into the habit of rising late when it would be better for him to be out of bed in good time. Again a disinclination to rise at a reasonable hour in the morning is usually indicative of some disorder which should be corrected.

Common Sense Rules.

A WRITER in Health Culture calls attention to the fact that nine-tenths of the cases of colds and other sicknesses are due to sanitary prejudices—to the contravention of a few common-sense rules for health which he enumerates as follows:

- "First—The draught superstition.
- "Second—The night air superstition.
- "Third—Ignorance as to the main causes of catarrh and consumption.
- "Fourth—The superstitious dread of cold drinking water.
- "Fifth—Dry goods prudery, insisting upon broadcloth and a load of artificial teguments at a time of the year when lightest linen could be made to serve all the purposes of decency and comfort.
- "Sixth—Architectural absurdities, lack of windows and roof-top resorts.
- "Seventh—The lack of public baths.
- "Eighth—Barbarous blue laws against the use of natural bathing facilities.
- "Ninth—The superstitious belief in the perennial necessity of artificially heated food and drink.
- "Tenth—The excessive use of caloric food, meat and greasy made dishes.
- "Eleventh—The foolish practice of taking the principal meal during the warmest hours of the noonday heat.
- "Twelfth—Indifference to the advantages of shade trees, of ventilatory contrivances and the ice air project."

Marriage and Health.

REFERENCE was recently made in this department to the fact that a bill had been introduced in the Colorado Legislature regulating marriage by physical examination. This bill is said to be regarded favorably by Gov. Thomas and it is asserted that he will sign it. A Denver dispatch to an eastern paper says:

"By this bill the issuing of marriage licenses is placed in the discretion of a board of medical examiners. Applicants are to be physically tested, much the same as is done by life insurance companies. The intermarriage of consumptives, who come to this State for relief, has been increasing steadily, and is not looked upon with favor by the people. The bill is largely aimed at this kind of alliances.

"In brief, the bill provides for a board of medical examiners in each county, to consist of three physicians, no two to come of the same school, and where possible the board is to have one or more female members. The board shall have power to examine all persons seeking to marry and refuse permission to all who are not mentally and physically equipped to enter the marriage state."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Railroad Improvements.

ACCORDING to a San Diego paper the gathering of prominent Santa Fe officials which recently took place in that city, will soon be followed by some big improvements in the shape of wharves, warehouses, round-houses and machine shops to be built at Twenty-second street. It is said that plans of the proposed improvements are already prepared and it is claimed that when these improvements are completed San Diego Harbor will be in advance of even San Francisco in accommodation for ocean-going steamers.

San Diego Minerals.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY continues to come to the front as a remarkable mineral field. According to the San Diego Union, Mrs. Kate M. Hendesch of that city has a group of mining claims in the Dulzura district, only twenty-three miles from San Diego. She has eight claims, she says, one of which contains black manganese rock, quite rich with gold, another has a ledge of red oxide, containing silver, gold and quicksilver; a third consists of a copper ledge; there are tin croppings on a fourth, and a fifth is a deposit of kaolin. The claims are close together and the deposit of each kind of ore is quite large. To prove her assertions, Mrs. Hendesch exhibited samples of the different kinds of rock.

San Diego people are certainly foolish to run off to the Klondike when they have such a wealth of minerals right at their back door.

Toluca.

TOLUCA is a flourishing deciduous-fruit growing section in the San Fernando Valley, a short distance north of Los Angeles. The following facts in regard to Toluca are from a descriptive article in a recent issue of the California Cultivator:

"Perhaps as good an idea of Toluca as any can be gained by driving through the Cabuenga Pass, a splendidly graded and kept road, thence to the settlement. By this way the distance is about twelve miles.

"Looking toward Toluca as we emerge from the pass and cross the bridge over the Los Angeles River, the scene is one of beauty and prosperity. Amidst the orchards are seen the homes, many of them being of a class that would be a credit to any town, and here and there is seen a stretch of freshly-plowed ground, giving color to the landscape in distinction to the fields of newly-sown grain already high enough to show a ripple of green as the coast wind gently fans the leaves. A little later, and the orchards will be a mass of bloom, every farm will be the scene of activity and the grain fields will be in their prime.

"Closer inspection shows the soil to be of marvelous fertility and particularly adapted to the growth of fruit. A rich, sandy loam, no one knows how deep, retentive of moisture to a remarkable degree, it is the natural home of the peach, apricot, apple, pear, plum, indeed, of all deciduous fruits, there being approximately 4000 acres now set to orchard, about one-half of which is now in bearing. This is divided as follows: Peaches, 1200 acres; apricots, 600; pears, 100; plums, 100.

"Last season, 1899, from this acreage there was sold to the cannery about 1200 tons, other fruit, 250 tons. There was dried: Apricots, 425 tons; plums, 150 tons; and pears, 100 tons. Of course, all these figures are approximate and are a very conservative estimate, no exact record being kept.

"Practically all this fruit is grown without irrigation, although some have irrigating plants, so as to be entirely independent of successive seasons when there is a scant rainfall.

"A potent reason for this ability to raise fine fruit without irrigation is the peculiar quality of the soil, which by frequent and thorough irrigation draws the moisture from below by capillarity, a characteristic that appeals strongly to the thrifty farmer, especially when he realizes, as Californians do, that 'water is king.'

A Booming Arizona Town.

AN ARIZONA paper reports that something like a boom is on at Safford, in Graham county. Prices of city and ranch property are advancing rapidly and modern buildings are being erected in all parts of town. Many sales of real estate have been made. Agricultural lands sell at from \$40 to \$200 per acre and are considered cheap at those prices, the products of the soil being immense.

Prosperous Hemet.

ALMOST every trace of the work of the Christmas earthquake has been effaced at Hemet and buildings that were in any way injured have been made stronger than ever. The crop outlook is better than it has been for many years and farmers are looking for a good income.

Rare Minerals.

IT IS only recently that prospectors in the Southwest have begun to keep a lookout for other minerals than silver, gold and copper. During the past year a number of strikes of valuable and more or less rare minerals have

been reported from various sections of the Southwest, some of which finds will bring wealth to their owners. The Blackhills Mining Review had the following in regard to some rare minerals that are found in that section, some of which occur in the Southwest. For instance, lithia rock has been discovered in San Diego county and Wolfram in Arizona. Prospectors in this section would do well to keep a sharp lookout for the minerals named:

"The mining and selling of rare minerals in the Black Hills is becoming quite an industry. Nearly every known metal and mineral in the kingdom is found in some part of the Black Hills. It would seem that old Dame Nature had a lot of odds and ends left over after she had planted the world with minerals, and she dumped everything that she had left in the Black Hills. Dr. Herman Reinbold of Omaha has discovered that a spodumene, which is found in a few places in the Black Hills, contains sufficient lithia to make the mining of it profitable. He has shipped in the past year 180 tons of the spodumene to Hanover, Germany, where it is treated in a specially prepared plant and the lithia values are extracted. Lithia is worth about \$1.75 per pound and the rock that is mined from Dr. Reinbold's mine contains about 6 per cent. of it. It is a grayish crystal and appears in the mine in the form of a large chimney. Spodumene had never been used for the extraction of lithia until the past year, when Dr. Reinbold discovered that lithia could be extracted from the rock at a small cost. The lithia is manufactured into tablets and lithia waters, used for medicinal purposes. The company in Germany formerly used another substance found in Saxony from which the lithia was extracted. This company now proposes to erect a large plant at Omaha, in which the spodumene from the Black Hills will be treated.

"Another very rare mineral that Dr. Reinbold has been mining is beryl, which he has discovered in a few places in the Black Hills. This rare substance is worth \$35 per pound and it is used in the manufacture of incandescent gas jets. The principal market for it is in France.

"Wolfram ore is another product that this man has been making a fortune on. This ore contains tungsten acid, which is used in hardening steel. It was a rare mineral until it was discovered by Dr. Reinbold, and it has been found in so many places in the Black Hills now that the market has almost been glutted and the high price has been reduced considerably. For the best wolfram ore in the Black Hills, certain Philadelphia companies will pay \$5.00 a suit, or from \$200 to \$300 per ton at the mine. The ore is much heavier than gold or silver-bearing rock. The wolfram ore that is now being mined north of Lead, according to Dr. Reinbold, contains too much niobium. This is a very heavy mineral which remains with the wolfram when the latter is concentrated and, as it is practically worthless, it lessens the value of the wolfram ore."

Place for a Poor Man.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to the Escondido Times from Valley Center, San Diego county, claims that that is an ideal section for a poor man. He gives the following examples:

"Every industrious man who has settled here has made a success. Take, for instance, Web Reed, who a few years ago started from the bottom rock; now he has one of the model ranches—a fine house and barn, an abundance of fruit, with the assurance of all the comforts of a home for the rest of his days. Take a 'birdseye view' of Will Dinwiddie's ranch. He started in herding hogs; now he has 700 acres of land, a fine residence, a creamery and a large olive orchard, bringing him a handsome annual income. Then there is Lloyd Hill, who started in the brush with a span of mustangs and an old wagon; now he has the finest olive and almond orchard in the county. On the north side of the valley we find Omar Hudson, who, with his very limited means, struck the brush some eight years ago; today his large almond and peach orchards net him a handsome profit. I could quote a number of similar cases of men who have made a success in ranching here. What they have done others may do with industry and business tact."

Planting Sugar Beets.

THE American Beet-Sugar Association of China is sending out circular letters to farmers, endeavoring to persuade them to plant sugar beets this year. A schedule of prices paid f.o.b., ranging from \$3.50 to \$5 per ton, is offered, according to the percentage of sugar they contain. As the prices are paid for beets at the nearest railway station, farmers in all localities are on an equal footing.

A part of the letter is devoted to describing the method of keeping beet pulp for winter feeding for cattle as follows:

"Pulp can be siloed to good advantage, and will keep well for many months, undergoing in the silo a fermentation, in which state better results are obtained than feeding it fresh. In Europe pulp is fed the year round, farmers taking it during the operation of the factories and siloing enough to last until the next season. A simple and cheap way of siloing is as follows:

"Dig on land which drains well, a pit 8 to 12 feet wide and 4 to 6 feet deep and of any desired length. Put the pulp in the pit and trample it in tight, thus excluding all air and preventing rotting. Give the mass above ground a conelike shape, cover it with about three inches of straw and six inches of dirt, or do not cover it at all; in the latter case, however, the upper part of the pulp will be lost to a depth of about six inches. After about a month the fermentation is complete, and the feeding of the sour pulp can begin."

"The pulp can be also mixed to good advantage in the silos with chopped cornstalks or straw from barley, wheat or beans. Such a mixture makes a valuable feed, supplying both nutrition and roughness. Farmers who now turn their cattle into their cornfields to feed on the stalks, by

cutting this and mixing with pulp, will have hand sufficient to support many head of cattle a year.

"To properly silo first put a layer of straw about two feet thick, then one foot of pulp, and so on, until the silo is filled, and trample in well, taking care to keep everything air tight. Many silos are green or cured, can also be advantageously siloed in the same manner."

Trolley Trips.

A NEAT souvenir of the Walter and Eliza Hays published by the proprietor, C. H. Hays, in condensed form, suitable for the pocket, twice a day from the business center of the lines of the Los Angeles Railway Company of nearly thirty miles for 25 cents. This is quite popular with visitors.

A New Town.

ETHANAC is the peculiar name that has been given upon the Chase irrigated colony now being developed from the name of the president of the company, Ethan A. Chase. The settlement is developing fast. The 1200 acres have been divided into 120 lots, and almost the whole tract has been sold. Machinery for a 350-horse-power electric pump, which will pump water has been put in place. It is estimated that the water can be pumped in a continuous stream. Press states that the Chases have put the Torrens land system and will issue certificates to the purchasers by certificates.

Grape Fruit.

THERE are some fine specimens of grape fruit on exhibition at the Chamber of Commerce, grown by R. W. Gerhart of Duarte. The grape fruit to plant. Mr. Gerhart has been a pound for his fruit on the tree.

Hynes.

HYNES, on the Terminal Railway, is a city in the center of a rich dairy and following notes regarding this place are from the Long Beach Tribune:

"It seems a golden opportunity awaits the town on the north. The true spirit of the place is seized upon the citizens. Hynes is fortunate in public-spirited men with capital to back the lay hold and put the wheels of progress in representative, while there this week, from the grace of J. N. Brannan, proprietor of the building. The floor space of the building he occupies with general merchandise calling for a large amount. He is associated with J. M. Hill in the Canning Co., the latter-named being the manager, the former secretary and treasurer. They make an immediate cash outlay of \$20,000 for the erection of a factory 500x100, with annexes. The pay roll will number not less than 100 men. Tracts have already been drawn to keep the town for this season's output. Vegetables are a commodity, yet some attention will be given to the season will begin June 1. Mr. Brannan's Tribune with a fine order of printing."

"H. P. Epperson is another promoter of the old settlers. He is a large land-owner, a well-disposed man, and serves as a real seller in all matters of prominence in the community."

"They also have a fine water system in operation. The supply comes from a well that delivers 125 miners' inches, furnishing water for domestic and industrial purposes over an area of 300 acres. The creamery joins the creamery."

"The Terminal Railway Company is now making plans for the placing of proper switches at the cannery and creamery."

"The Hynes Creamery is another good thing of country, and thousands of dollars are being distributed among the ranchers and the lactical fluid. During the month of December, 1899, \$4700 was paid out in this line of business for the year 1898, for the only; expenses of freight and up-keep of the line. In the year 1899, the figures read, \$5200 for expenses. The milk last year was 100 pounds, net. The skimming station is Bixby and Artesia. Their excellent product, the 'Crown Creamery Brand' and is an A. 1. Tribune representative is indebted to Mr. Hynes for his gentlemanly treatment and his information sought. R. R. Riggs is manager."

THE PRETTY VIOLET TREE.

[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh] The new and pretty ideas for home decoration of the violet tree. It has been taken up with the women of society who like to have every entertainment. The violet tree is a tentatively at luncheons, where violet is a favorite color. A brass stand about eighteen inches high in the shape of a tree. The branches are made of wire, and at the end of each branch are bunches of violets tied with purple ribbons. It is placed in the center of the table, and is of the dwarf trees of Japan, and each bunch of violets as she leaves the table, but no one can deny that it is a simple.

SOU BY SOUTHWEST.

By the Ancient Mariner.

THE petroleum excitement in this section continues to increase and reminds old-timers more and more of the Comstock days in San Francisco, when almost every bootblack and dishwasher held a few shares and carefully scanned the quotations in the afternoon stock papers. It is remarkable how little discrimination is shown by some of these in this section who are hastening to get rich by buying mining stock. Scarcely a day passes now that some new company is not formed and people of standing who are willing to lend their names to help boom an oil company, can get all the stock they want. There is certainly a sufficient range of glittering bait to satisfy the most unctuous sucker. There are solid companies producing several hundred barrels of oil a day and paying a regular monthly dividend, owning their own territory and capitalised at a quarter of a million dollars or thereabouts, whose stock is in some cases at or below par, and then again there are companies capitalised at a million dollars, owning nothing but some leases on problematical oil land, which are adding the full par value for their stock. It is the easiest thing in the world to form an oil company, if the one object is to sell stock. All you have to do is to get a lease on a few hundred acres of land anywhere within a few miles of where they produce oil, get a few good names on the directors, capitalise it for half a million dollars in dollar shares, get out a glowing prospectus and insert a few big advertisements in the papers, offering "for a limited time only" a few of the dollar shares at 10 cents each—the price to be advanced as soon as the first derrick is erected—and there you are. It is not a difficult thing to distinguish between such wild-cat schemes and those which possess real merit, but the average speculator, who has acquired the gambling fever, does not care to be bothered with such little details as this. He will continue to blow in his money and the enterprising individuals who run the layouts will continue to reap the benefit, for suckers are apparently as numerous as sardines in the bay of Avalon. Meantime, those whose corns are trodden on in the course of these remarks will continue to prate about running down the oil industry which, of course, is all fat-dead. The legitimate oil industry of California is big enough and strong enough to take care of itself. The best way to give it a serious setback would be to encourage schemers who are trying to skin the public, and thus discourage legitimate investments in what is apparently destined to become the leading industry of the State.

The Belgian hare show held in Los Angeles last week has attracted increased attention to this peculiar industry, which after spreading throughout the United States during the past few years appears to have found its climax in Los Angeles, the headquarters of all good and big things. A recent paragraph that has been going the rounds of the papers recommends the application of crude petroleum to the hair as an infallible receipt for baldness. This looks like another happy dispensation of Providence in favor of Southern California, for if petroleum will make the hair grow, why then the Belgian hare breeders of this section ought to be strictly in it, with crude oil selling at a little over a dollar a barrel.

I was induced to officiate as one of a committee of twelve at the recent hare exposition and was much interested in the business-like manner in which the judge decided on the good and bad points of hundreds of high-bred animals—points which were scarcely appreciable to the average non-expert. It was also interesting to note the enthusiasm displayed by the breeders in their pets. The public has by this time become pretty well accustomed to big figures in the hare line, and so it was not particularly surprising to learn that as much as \$700 had been refused by one of the high-grade animals which took a leading prize. As long as a hare of the male persuasion will earn for its owner about \$4000 a year, it would certainly be foolish for him to sell at any such figure. It is about time for some enterprising people to start an insurance company to take risks on hares. They would probably want to charge a pretty high premium.

By the way, the oil industry is not the only one in which unnecessarily exaggerated reports of prospects and profits are published. There are others. For instance, in the Puritan, a somewhat pretentious eastern magazine, for February, there is an article entitled "A Back Yard Industry," in the course of which the writer makes the following somewhat remarkable statements:

"I have made \$5000 a year off my hares straight along and could make as much more as I liked, for the market will consume all that might be turned out. . . . Three years ago I invested \$40. I have taken \$15,000 from the business since and have now a plant worth \$20,000. If any one can do better than this with any kind of stock I should like to know it." In another place he says: "I suppose I have sold about all that have been supplied to the market. I get \$5 apiece for them when disposed of for this purpose and the butcher sells the flesh at 25 cents a pound, getting 50 cents for the skin."

It is not necessary to point out how grossly exaggerated these statements are. The fact is that while a few individuals who have acquired a reputation by liberal advertising are able to obtain fancy prices for their stock, the bulk of the hare breeders, as may be seen by a glance through the advertising columns of the Sunday Times, often find it no easy task to sell hares at a very moderate price. In the exchange columns you will see them offered for bicycles, cook stoves, sewing machines, house painting, lessons in palmistry or "any old thing," and one man recently advertised a lady's wheel in exchange for "anything except Belgian hares." This does not by any means indicate that the raising of hares is a fizzle, or is piteous. It only goes to show that a great many people have rushed into the business with exaggerated expectations of big profits, such as those held out in the article above quoted. They have found that the raising of hares not only entails some expense and a considerable amount of

work, but also that the stories that were circulated as to the absolute freedom of the animal from disease in this section were, to say the least, exaggerated. That this is the case may plainly be seen from the numerous advertisements of magic cures for "smuffles" and other hare ills that are found in the papers. Those who go into the hare business expecting to make a small fortune in a short time will be disappointed, but those who start with the idea of raising market stock in the same way that chickens and other live food is raised are likely to make a comfortable addition to their income, although they need not expect to realize the prices quoted in the above unvarnished statement. And this is not an "attack on the hare industry," either.

One does not see so many growls about Southern California in the eastern papers nowadays as were common a few years ago. Whether this is because visitors to Southern California have acquired more knowledge or have lost some of their "cussedness" is an open question. Once in a while, however, some stranger from the blizzard section feels it necessary to send back some observations on Southern California to a home paper, which call for a little judicious criticism. For instance, that staid and reputable old New York publication, the Observer, in its issue of February 1, publishes as its leading article under the head, "Shall We Move to California?" a contribution, which, while containing some complimentary remarks about this section, also contains several statements which are misleading and unfair. The writer says he has had personal experience of three winters in Southern California, so that he should have had an opportunity to obtain a fair impression of what a California winter is like in seasons of exceptionally light rainfall, for the past three winters having certainly been among the driest ever known in this section. In view of this fact, it is surprising to note that this correspondent complains because rain falls, and "sometimes falls for twelve hours continuously in such quantities as to produce floods." Any one who has been able to distinguish a flood in Southern California during the past three years must have looked through some kind of a glass darkly as it were. Then, when there is no rain, the Observer correspondent—"Augustus" he calls himself—complains that the "dews begin early and are so heavy as to soak the herbage and run off the roof toward morning, as if there had been a smart shower." Dew tell! It is lucky for Augustus that he did not get drowned in the heavy dew. This is not all, however. "The nights, too, are so cold that blankets are required indoors throughout the year and none but hardy ranchmen and hunters could lie in the open without pneumonia." Augustus may not be able to lie in the open, but he appears to be pretty successful in doing that same thing indoors, to judge from the statements he makes. Why, there are hundreds if not thousands of people who come to this section with their lungs half gone and have been restored to health by living out of doors all the year round, in the mountain regions of California. Augustus goes on to say that "to sleep without careful exclusion of night air in certain districts exposes to a chill in California, as certainly as in Florida or Jersey." If he is one of those misguided individuals who believe that there are some special poisons in the atmosphere after sundown, and sleep with their bedroom windows tightly closed, it is not surprising that he finds it more difficult to lie in the open than in his study. The most cruel accusation brought by the Observer correspondent against the climate of Southern California is, however, his attack upon our sunshine. Now, Southern Californians have always been specially proud of their sunshine. They believe that it is a little better in quality and considerably larger in quantity than the brand of sunshine found in any other part of the world. In face of this it is quite discouraging to find Augustus saying "the sunshine is not perpetual. I have records of many cloudy days and of others when the sun was not seen at all." True, Augustus. We have never claimed that clouds are entirely unknown in Southern California. Even in this almost perfect climate we must admit that when it rains—and occasionally when it does not rain—there are clouds in the sky. This is something that we might wish to remedy, were it not

for the fact that many of our eastern visitors—like you Augustus—already complain from time to time about the monotony of our sunshine, and if we could show no clouds at all many of them might refuse to tarry with us, to the loss of our hotels, restaurants, transportation companies and others who make a living from such growlers as the Observer correspondent, who kick, but always come again. The record of the Weather Bureau in Los Angeles shows an average of about three hundred and twenty-five days with cloudless skies. If Augustus can point out any other place on the face of the earth that can make a better record we should be interested to have his statement. Then we have storms—awful storms. It is true that they are not noticeable to the average observer, but this other kind of an observer man may possess the gift of second sight. Here is what he says on this subject:

"Some parts of Southern California are comparatively free from storms, but a land which has a frontage on the Pacific Ocean, and the wild deserts of Arizona in the rear, cannot be free from occasional convulsions of nature. Sometimes the wind comes in fury and heat through the gorges of the mountains, uprooting trees, scattering tons of sand and dust over the fields, destroying the crops and damaging houses in town; and sometimes the sea, driven by tempests, throws down piers or wipes out a palm tree expanse above the beach. Both of these disasters have occurred this winter; and except for its bitter cold, I would rather face an eastern blizzard than a western sandstorm."

Augustus forgot to mention how the ostriches at the South Pasadena farm hide their heads in the sand when one of these terrific storms come along, while the feathers are all blown off their backs and collected for export to Europe and way stations. He is evidently not a very close observer, or he would not have overlooked such a striking fact as this. Perhaps the sand got into his eyes. The sun of Southern California seems to be a special aversion of this dissatisfied easterner. He reverts to the subject and says that "Californians expose themselves to the sun with apparent impunity in summer as well as in winter, but many transient visitors have suffered from following their example and while sunstrokes are rare, they are not unknown." It seems to us that the proper kind of habitation for this gentleman would be an underground cellar in which the sun has no chance to penetrate—such a cellar as they build for refuge in the blizzard regions of the Central States. But then, if that is the sort of life he wants to lead, what on earth does he come to California for—and keep on coming? It cannot be merely for the sake of sending growls to the eastern papers. Finally, Augustus hits us a heavy blow by making the solemn assertion that "careless and delicate people take cold or get fevers or other diseases here as they do in other parts of the world." We are unfortunately forced to admit that this is true. Nay, further, it is also true that people who consume too much boiled lobster and Welsh rarebit and other indigestible comestibles just before going to bed are liable to wake up in the middle of one of these cold California nights with symptoms of stomach ache. It also occasionally happens that people who partake too freely of the cup that cheers and also inebriates sometimes get an erroneous idea to the effect that they own the earth, just as they do in New Jersey and other eastern health resorts. Moreover, it has sometimes happened that people even die in Southern California. But then they are generally eastern people. Not that there is probably any immediate danger for this correspondent. It is the good, they say, who die young, and Augustus has evidently not yet arrived at years of discretion.

Surely Fresno is not going to imitate San Diego in bringing foolish accusations against Los Angeles. It has generally been assumed here that the people of the rabbit city possessed more sense. They recently showed their enterprise in establishing an exhibit in the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which movement was welcomed by the press of this city. Yet, in a recent issue of the Fresno Democrat that journal sets up a wall about an imaginary "conspiracy on part of the newspapers of Los Angeles and San Francisco to belittle and decry the importance of the leading city of the San Joaquin Valley"—what the Democrat calls "a freeing-out policy directed against the city and county of Fresno." What twaddle!



NEW YORK, January, 1900.

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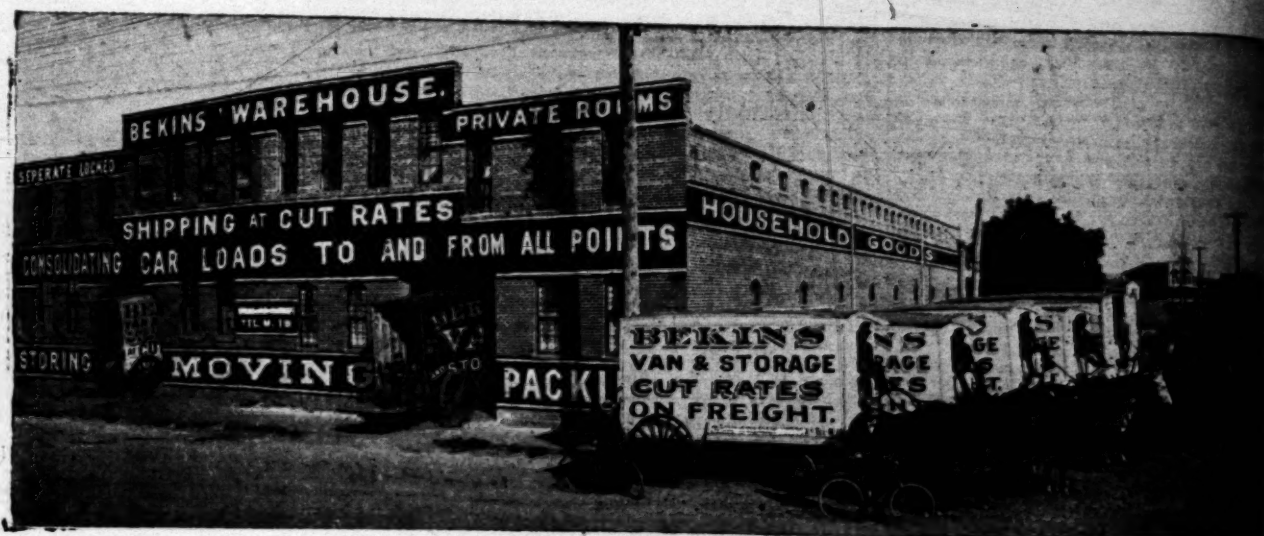
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ANGORA CATS.

SOME OF THE FINE POINTS IN THEIR BREEDING AND THEIR CASH VALUE.

[New York Tribune:] The cat family is having its lamings at present, and the Angora is in especially high favor, because of its generally superior intelligence and beauty. It can be taught tricks like a dog.

The "points" of a fine Angora, as described by an authority, are as follows: Small, orange-shaped head; nose rather short; large, brilliant eyes; ears small and rounded, with a tuft of hair on the apex; body not too long, and covered with long, silky hair, slightly curling; legs of moderate length; paws with tuft of hair growing out from the toes; tail long and flat, with abundant hair; rich color and correct markings.

There are ten colors, including the mixed. The pure white, black, blue and buff are the rarest, and, naturally, the most expensive, but brown, gray, mixed tiger and maltese, mixed black and white, buff and white, tiger and white, maltese and white, ermine and tortoise shell are as much liked by many.

The price of Angora kittens ranges from \$5 to \$25, and of cats from \$10 to \$100. Trick cats, of course, command special prices.

The Japanese are fond of cats, and their pet variety is a peculiarly handsome breed of yellow and black in large spots, with short tails. The short tail is a natural peculiarity, and the Japanese have a superstition that long-tailed cats possess the power of bewitching human beings. In Persia the cat is almost an object of worship. The Shah has fifty in his household, and every one has a special room and an attendant. When the Shah travels the cats accompany him and are carried by men on horseback.

So great has the popular fancy for cats become that a number of kennels have been opened throughout the country for the purpose of improving the rarer breeds. The Walnut Ridge farms and the Silverton kennels—the latter conducted by a woman, Florence Dyer—in Massachusetts; the "Angora Cattery," in San Francisco, kept by Mrs. A. E. Hoag, are devoted to Angora and Persian cats, and their owners do a thriving business.

Mrs. Clinton D. Locke has a "cat kennel" in Chicago, but her profits are given to the cause of charity, and not to personal gain. Mrs. Locke is the wife of the rector of Grace Church, Chicago.

King Max, a black Angora, and Ajax, a pure white, belonging to one of the Massachusetts kennels, are valued at \$1000 each. At Woodhaven, L. I., there is an orange Angora called Napoleon the Great, valued at \$5000. He weighs twenty-seven pounds, and has hair so thick and long that it has to be clipped regularly.

These thoroughbred cats are extremely sensitive to draughts and require great care. Kittens may be taken from the mother when four weeks old. Warm milk is their first food; then, as they grow older, bread soaked in milk. Feeding should be regular. About 7 o'clock in the morning warm milk may be given; at 9:30 o'clock more milk; at noon, bread in milk, or oatmeal; at 4 and 7 o'clock, more milk, always warmed. When they are two months old, beef or chicken broth may be substituted for the milk at one meal. Between two and three months the number of meals should be lessened, so that when the kittens are 3 months old they are receiving three meals a day, their allowance thereafter.

Once a week a teaspoonful of powdered willow charcoal should be mixed with the oatmeal, and a pinch of sulphur added to the milk occasionally prevents skin diseases. Grains should be supplied every day when possible, and catnip is desirable at frequent intervals. If skin disease appears, citron ointment or walnut cat wash may be used with advantage.

For cats, cooked meat or fish and vegetables; in fact, the ordinary family menu, without the sweets, constitute the bill of fare in the middle of the day. The bones must be removed with the utmost care and the food must be kept scrupulously clean.

REASON FOR AVOIDING KENTUCKY WATER.

[Washington Star:] "I'm not surprised," remarked the Lebanon dry goods drummer, "that those people down in Kentucky don't drink any more water than they do. I have just heard from a customer of mine in Eminence, a pleasant little town not far from Louisville, that a well-known citizen there, who has been troubled for a long time with a hacking cough, had a severe spell of coughing the other day and raised two square blocks of some kind of hard substance. His son sent them down to a Louisville chemist, who reported that they were blocks of limestone, caused by the limestone water the cougher had been drinking. I may add that the cough doesn't trouble him any

more, but just think of the liability a man is subjected to down there of having his bronchial tubes and his alimentary canal macadamized from Dan to Beersheba. I'd rather drink moonshine than run such a risk as that. I shore would."

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"Glimpses of South Africa in Peace and War"

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Portfolio No. 5 Contains:

Frontispiece—Umhlabesayi Fort. Lobatsi Railway Station. Morning Parade at Fort Belingvie. Palapye Siding. (Artistic Group.)
A Natal River—View on Mooi River.
Wagons Trekking. First Through Train. Forest Scene. In the Bluff Bush.
A Transvaal Volunteer. Native Coiffure. Amusements in Camp. The Kaffir Dance During a Quiet Day.
Between the Chains. Commissioner Street. Banyan Tree. View on Trants Kloof River. Wilds of Tugela. Banana Plantation. Gold Digger's Hut. Interior of Native Chieftain's Hut.
Quarrying Marble. Opening a Gold Reef. Frere Bridge, Destroyed by the Boers.
Natives Making Fire by Abrasion. Domestic Scene at Native Kraal.
Zulu Chief and Warriors. Braying a Hide. Lions River Cascade. Rapids in Umgeni. Cutting Sugar Cane. Tea Plantation.
Sketches in Natal—Rickshaws Waiting for Hire. Parish Church Bells. Maritzburg. Indian Coolies Cultivating Pineapples. Laing's Nek, the Scene of the British Defeat. (Artistic Group.)

Terms of Distribution.

Every reader of The Times is entitled to participate in this distribution of "Glimpses of South Africa" Portfolios. Bring or send 10c in silver to cover postage, wrapping, mailing, distribution, etc., together with an order cut from page 4 of this paper, and you will receive Portfolio No. 5, containing 16 pages of photographic reproductions, 9 1/4 x 12 1/4 inches in size of

"Glimpses of South Africa In Peace and in War."


Copies can be seen at this office. Back numbers can still be had. Portfolio No. 6 will appear next week.

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